Henry Ford Talks About the Future

November 10, 1934

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Nov. 10, 1934

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Remember last winter

This year, play safe with EVEREADY PRESTONE

THE GUARANTEED ANTI-FREEZE

Put Eveready Prestone in the radiator—just *one-shot* and your car will be safe from "freeze-up" until Spring.

It costs far less than many apparently "cheaper" substitutes. For Eveready Prestone at $2.95 a gallon is ALL ANTI-FREEZE. *Not* diluted with water. Check the important Eveready Prestone advantages. No "freeze-ups." No rust. No boiling-away or overheating. Do not confuse Eveready Prestone with any anti-freeze containing alcohol or glycerine.

Make the *Nose Test:* From the standpoint of evaporation there are only two kinds of anti-freeze—the kind that boils away ("treated" or not "treated") and the kind that does not boil away. There is no middle ground.

An easy way to make sure that you get an all-winter one-shot product is by the lack of odor. Eveready Prestone is absolutely odorless and *does not boil away* even when the engine is running at high speed.

A Specific Guarantee

National Carbon Company, Inc., specifically guarantees that Eveready Prestone, used according to directions, will protect the cooling system of your car against freezing and clogging from rust formations for a whole Winter; also that it will not boil away, will not cause any damage to car finish, or to the metal or rubber parts of the cooling system, and that it will not leak out of a cooling system tight enough to hold water.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
GENERAL OFFICES: New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC and Carbon Corporation

SAME LOW PRICE! $2.95
Per gallon

FIND YOUR CAR ON THIS CHART

IMPORTANT! The price per gallon of an anti-freeze means nothing unless you know *how many gallons* you will need during the winter. You can't get that information on a boil-away anti-freeze—you don't know how many gallons you will need. But you *can* get it for Eveready Prestone... and here it is. See how reasonably you can get two-way protection *all winter long* against both freeze-up and rust with *one shot* of Eveready Prestone—one shot because it won't boil off, no matter how warm the weather gets between the cold snaps. First cost is last cost—no trips back for more.

MODEL	10° above	Zero	20° below
	No. of Gallons		
Auburn			
6-80,'29; 6-85,'30; 6-52,'34	1	1¼	2
8-100,'32; 8-101. 8-105,'33	1¼	1¼	2¼
8-50,'34	1¼	1¼	2¼
Austin			
1930,'31,'32,'33,'34	¼	¼	¾
Buick			
8-50,'31; 32-50,'32	¾	1	1¼
34-40,'34	1	1¼	1¼
60,'32; 50,'33; 50,'34	1	1¼	1¼
80, 90,'32; 60,'33; 60,'34	1¼	1¼	2¼
80, 90,'33; 90,'34	1½	2	2¼
Cadillac			
341-B,'29; 355-A,'31; 370-C,'33	1½	2	2¾
370-A,'31; 355-C,'33; 452-B,'32	1¼	2¼	3
355-D,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
370-D,'34	1¼	1¼	2
Chevrolet			
'29; '30; Stand.'33; '34	¾	1	1¼
'31; '32	¾	1	1¼
Master,'33; '34	¾	1	1¼
Chrysler			
75,'29; 70,'30	1¼	1¼	2
66,'30; 66,'31	1	1¼	1¼
6,'31; '32; '33; '34	1	1¼	1¾
Royal 8; Imp. 8,'33	1¼	1¾	2¼
8; Imp. 8,'34	1½	2	2¼
Continental			
40, 60,'33; 41,'34	¾	1	1¼
De Soto			
6,'31; '32; 8, '31, '33	1	1¼	1¾
6,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
Dodge			
6,'29; 6,'30; 8,'31	1	1¼	1¾
8,'32; 8,'33; 6,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
Essex-Terraplane			
'29,'30,'31,'32	1¼	1¾	2¼
6,'33	1¼	1¾	2¼
8,'33	1¼	1¾	2¼
6,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
Ford			
A,'29,'30,'31; B,'32,'33	¾	1	1¼
V-8,'32,'33,'34	1	1¼	1¾
Graham	1¼	1¼	2
827, 837,'29; Cust. 8,'30	¾	1	1¼
6, 8, Cust. 8,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
Hudson			
8,'30; 8,'31,'32,'33	1¾	2¼	3
8,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
Hupmobile			
L8,'31; Cent. 8,'32; 417, 421,'34	1	1¼	2
	1¼	2	2¼
	1	1¼	1¾

MODEL	10° above	Zero	20° below
	No. of Gallons		
Hupmobile			
M'29; 222,'32; 422,'34	1¼	1¼	2¼
226,'32; 326,'33; 426,'34	1¼	2	2¼
La Salle			
345-B,'32; 345-C,'33	1¼	2¼	3
350,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
Lincoln			
8,'31,'32; 12-136, 145,'34	2	2¼	3¼
Nash			
6,'29; 8,'32; 1070,'33; 1220,'34	1	1¼	2
6,'30; 6-60,'31; 960,'32	¾	1	1¼
8-80,'31; 980,'32; 1130,'33	1	1¼	1¾
1090, 1190,'33; 1290,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
8,'32; 1080, 1180,'33; 1280,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
Oldsmobile			
F29-6,'29; F30-6,'30	1	1¼	1¼
L-33-8,'33; L-34-8,'34	1¼	1¾	2¼
F34-6,'34	1	1¼	1¾
Packard			
633,'29; 726,'30; 826,'31	1¼	1¾	2¼
8v Sup 8,'33; '34	1¼	2¼	3
745,'30; 845,'31; DeL '32	1¼	2¼	3
Pierce-Arrow	1¼	2¼	3
125, 126,'29; A, B, C,'30	1¼	2	2¾
41, 42, 43,'31; 54,'32	1	1¼	1¾
840-A,'34	1	1¼	1¾
836,'33	1	1¼	1¾
Plymouth			
U,'29; '30; PF, PG,'34	1	1¼	1¾
PA,'31; PB,'32	1¼	2	2¾
PC, PD,'33	1	1¼	1¾
PE,'34	1	1¼	1¾
Pontiac			
'29,'30,'31; 6,'32	1¼	1¾	2¼
V-8,'32	1	1¼	1¾
8,'33,'34	1¼	2	2¾
Reo	1	1¼	1¾
Mate '29; 15, B-2,'30	1¼	1¾	2¼
F.C. 6,'31; F.C. 6-21, 6-25,'32	1¼	1¾	2¼
8-21, 8-25,'32; S-6,'34	1¼	2	2¾
Roy. N-2,'33; Roy 8,'34	1	1¼	1¾
Studebaker	1¼	1¾	2¼
Com. 6, 8,'30	1¼	1¾	2¼
Dict. 8,'32; 6,'33	1¼	2	2¾
6,'30; 6,'31	1	1¼	1¾
Com. 8,'31, 32,'33; Dict. 6,'34	1	1¼	1¾
Pres. 8,'33; Com. 8, Pres. 8,'34	1	1¼	1¾
Pres. 8,'29,'30,'31,'32	1	1¼	1¾
Willys	1¼	1½	2
77,'33	1¼	1¾	2¼
99,'33	¾	¾	1
	¾	1	1¼

IF YOUR CAR IS NOT ON THIS CHART, *see your dealer. Space here does not permit the listing of all cars but he has a chart showing the cost of Eveready Prestone all-winter protection against freezing and rust for all makes and models of cars, down to 60° below zero.*

SEE PAGES 38 and 46

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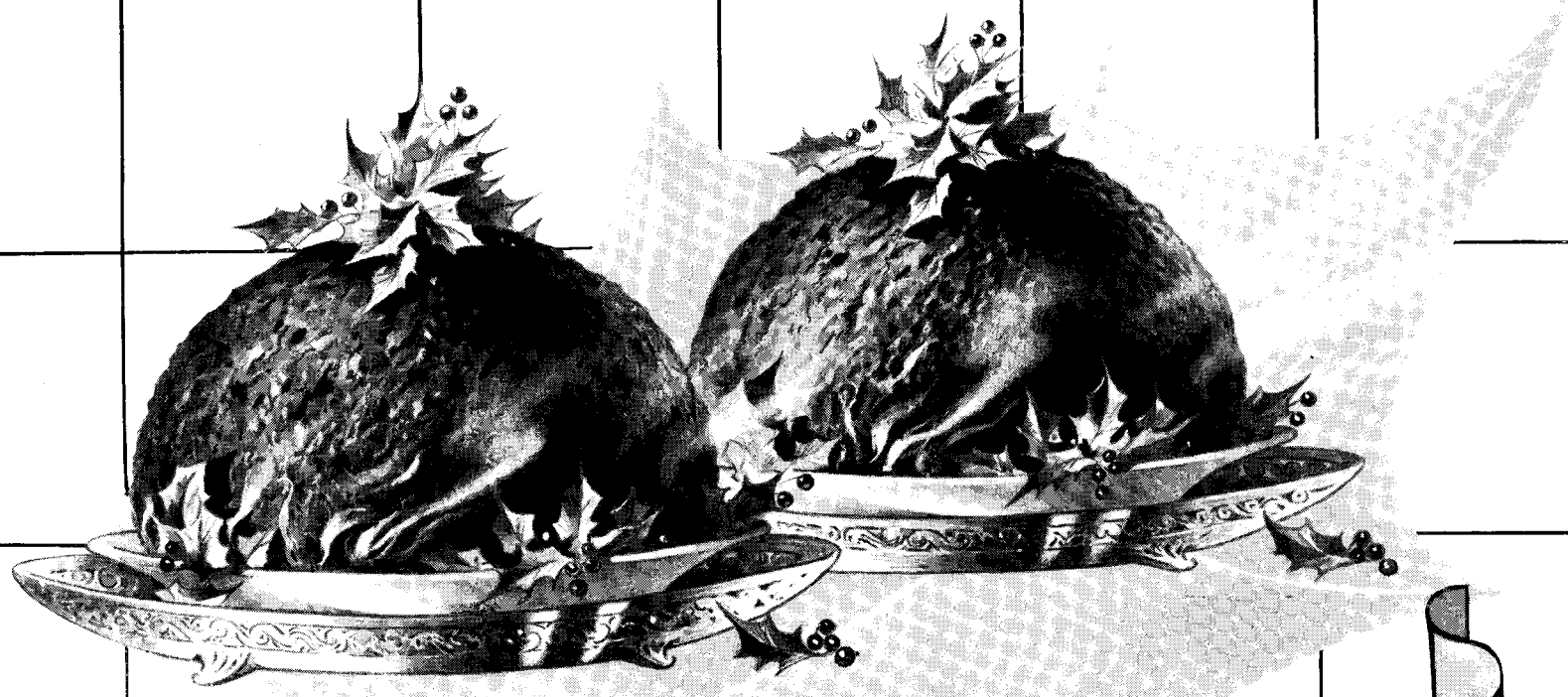

Proof of the pudding

One Christmas goody may look very much like another. But everybody knows that the proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof. Great differences there! America has tested Milky Way by eating it—and loving it. That's why it outsells all other candy bars—everywhere. Made in a beautiful sun-flooded factory, where cleanliness is law and only the finest ingredients tolerated, it proves its worth by the quality it holds. Buy it by the box for the Christmas parties. Mars, Inc., Chicago, also make Snickers, The Three Musketeers, Honey Almond, Toasted Almond Slices, Two Bits, and Thrills.

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Next Week

THERE were nine Hindus out in that rice field—nine Hindus and a man named Dolan. They were having quite a fight. The Hindus kept closing in on Dolan and clawing and chopping at him. He would back away, lashing out at them with long lefts and rights, taking a lot of punishment and not seeming to mind it. Pretty soon there was one man standing up and nine were on the ground.

Tim Reardon saw that fight and thought he had found a new world's champion. It was a pretty good guess at that. Peter B. Kyne tells you all about it in a brilliant short story, "The Play-Boy Champion."

IF YOU were to meet a sinister-looking individual on the street, with a furtive look in his eye, his hat pulled well down to conceal a pair of horns, and a long, barbed tail looped over his arm, you might be tempted to believe you had run into a munitions manufacturer. At least that is the picture which the Senate Committee, kicking up the preliminary surface dirt, labored to construct. Now the committee is about to meet again to formulate its recommendations, over which a brisk congressional fight will presently be blazing. For your information John T. Flynn dauntlessly investigates the facts "Mid Shot and Shell."

SEAMAN LINN and Fireman Dunnevan had been buddies for years. They'd been in jams together in Manila, in Shanghai, in Panama. Together their pants had been thrown into brigs. Together they had been fined, reprimanded and, infrequently, praised. Now everything was spoiled—Linn had been promoted. For a time Dunnevan thought that God hated him. But that's not so. God loves United States sailors, and Frederick Hazlitt Brennan proves it in "The Breaking of Cox'n Linn."

WHEN a guy is a big shot on the campus, with fraternities rushing him and a good prospect of being football captain next year, you don't expect him to remember the one-arm lunch-room where he used to sling pies—or the girl who used to make them. Anyhow, that's the way Delphine figured it. George S. Brooks tells her story.

LOU LITTLE continues his absorbing series of football articles. James Gould Cozzens writes the Short Short Story. And Kyle Crichton, Laurie York Erskine, Ray Tucker, Arthur Somers Roche, George Agnew Chamberlain and others provide a variety of thrills. As you would expect.

This Week

November 10, 1934

Cover by Harry Beckhoff

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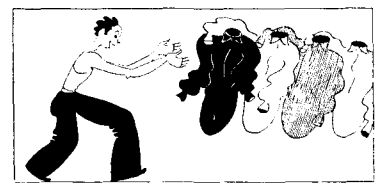
Any Week

JUST before the people of Mississippi decided they'd rather have the Hon. Theodore (Baa-Baa) Bilbo in the United States Senate than the Hon. Hubert D. Stephens, Mr. Philip J. Toomer of Hattiesburg dropped in at a Stephens meeting. The orator was hurling ex-Governor Bilbo around pretty roughly. Presently he plunged right into trouble. "If you will tell me one thing Bilbo has ever done for me, I will vote for him," he cried. From the audience came the destructive drawl: "He built you a home at Ellisville." Then Mr. Toomer reminds us that the state home for the feeble-minded is in Ellisville.

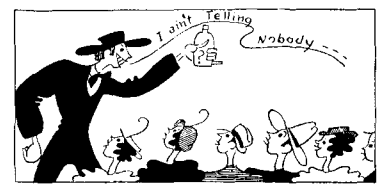


MR. DAN PADDEN of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is deeply interested in shirts. "I've read of the Brown Shirts, the Silver Shirts, the White Shirts, the Black Shirts and the Blue Shirts. Maybe more. I just want them to know that I'll join any of them if a shirt goes with a membership card."

WE FIRMLY believe the next year or so is going to be worth seeing. Among the portents we notice comes one in a letter from Mrs. J. Pronk of Tacoma, Washington. Mrs. Pronk says that her brother-in-law got himself a nice job and hustled that evening around to the hangout of his cronies. He was pretty enthusiastic because he'd been out of work for more than a year. But his pals manifested no interest whatever. In fact, several of the more outspoken let him down hard. They, like he, had been working on government projects when the spirit moved them. "So you've got a job, hey?" said the group's strong man. "And you expect us to get excited just because you've decided to go over to the capitalists."

"THIS," writes Mr. Glenn R. Branning of Rockford, Illinois, "is positively not a kick. I do not agree with all your opinions but neither do I always agree with my wife. And both of you are of exceptional merit in your respective fields. But what I want to know is who is the bird who writes the Any Week column. He, like Baron Munchausen, cleverly extricates himself from some very tight corners and my hat's off to the fellow who can turn a kick into a wisecrack and make us like it."

BUT we are not to be badgered into revealing our identity. It's like the medicine man Mr. George E. Jurgenson of Minneapolis, Minnesota, listened to a couple of weeks ago. "He was selling a quart of something for two bits," says Mr. Jurgenson. "He wouldn't tell what its name was or what it was good for, but he was doing a swell business. 'No, lady,' he'd say, 'I ain't telling nobody what the name of this wonderful tonic is. I don't dare. My life wouldn't be safe if certain big interests in the East knew I was selling it for two bits. No, ma'am, and I ain't telling what it's good for. I don't dast. But it's yours for two bits. Three tablespoons a day for five days and you'll be astonished, yes, ma'am, astonished. Thank you. Thank you. But I wouldn't dast mention no names.' "



WE HAD just about decided to say nothing about Bruno Richard Hauptmann and all the miserable unfolding of a loathsome crime, but Mrs. William G. Patsuris of New York City asks us whether we are not warm with admiration for Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh for their "calm, intelligent dignity while surrounded by the hysteria of the yellow journals and the limelight battling of the politicians." And we're glad to find that we are.

AND Mr. Fred Bastian of Denver, Colorado, knows a police chief to whom a highly agitated citizen carried a whole headful of good news the other night. The citizen told the chief that he had stumbled upon a meeting of Communists who were planning to invade Canada's lumber and mining camps this winter and "fight to the death." Whereat the chief ordered that his men were to do everything in their power to facilitate the plans of the Reds. "And," added he, "if I catch any of my men delaying any of them Bolsheviks in this town when they want to go to Canada, I'll beat their ears off with a nightstick."

"THE movies have double-crossed us," screams Miss Lou Fenstermacher of Los Angeles, California. "Here we worked up a swell scare to the effect that if Sinclair is elected all the big movie studios will move out of California. And all the producers promptly denied it."

FROM EPIC to Ipecac.

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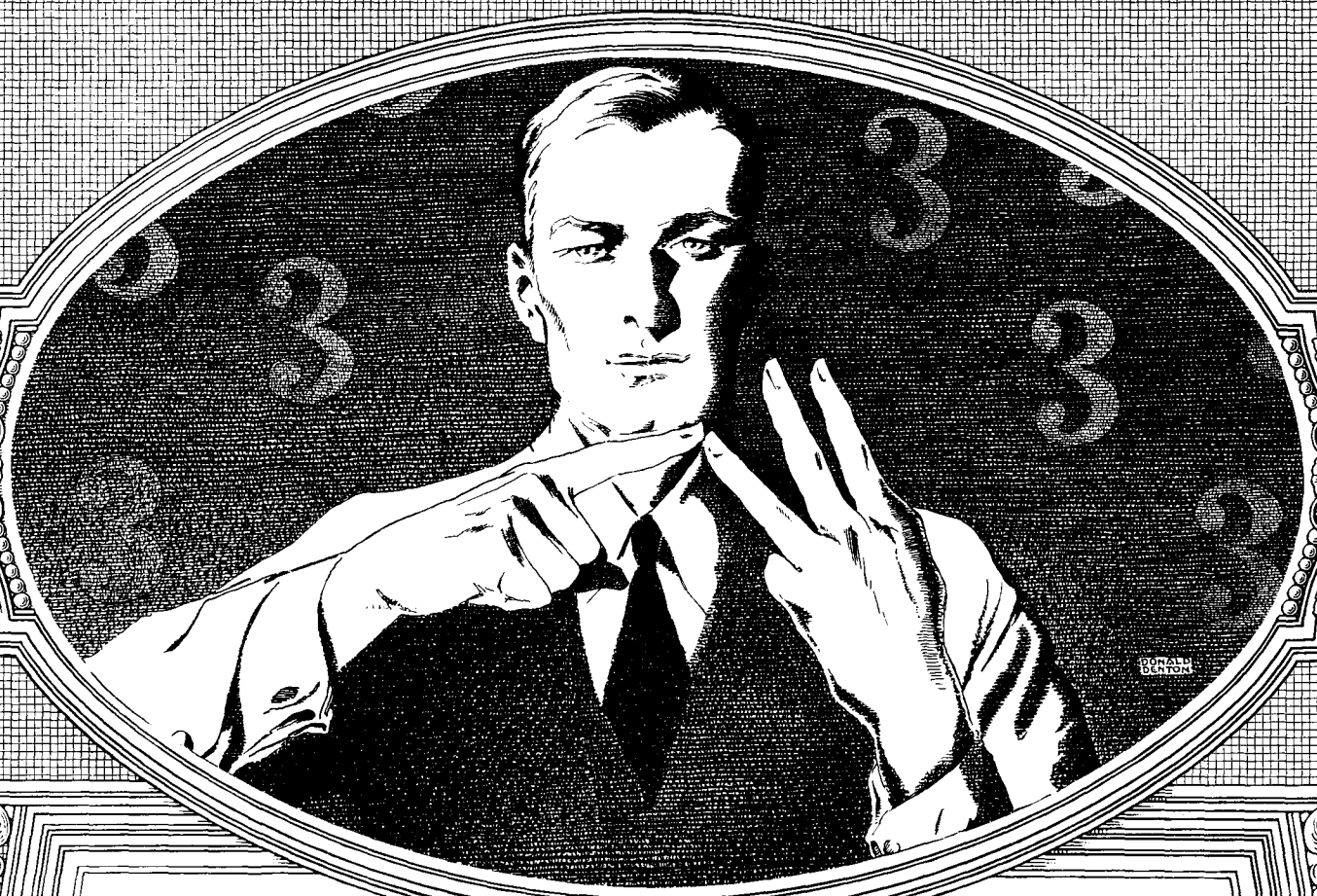

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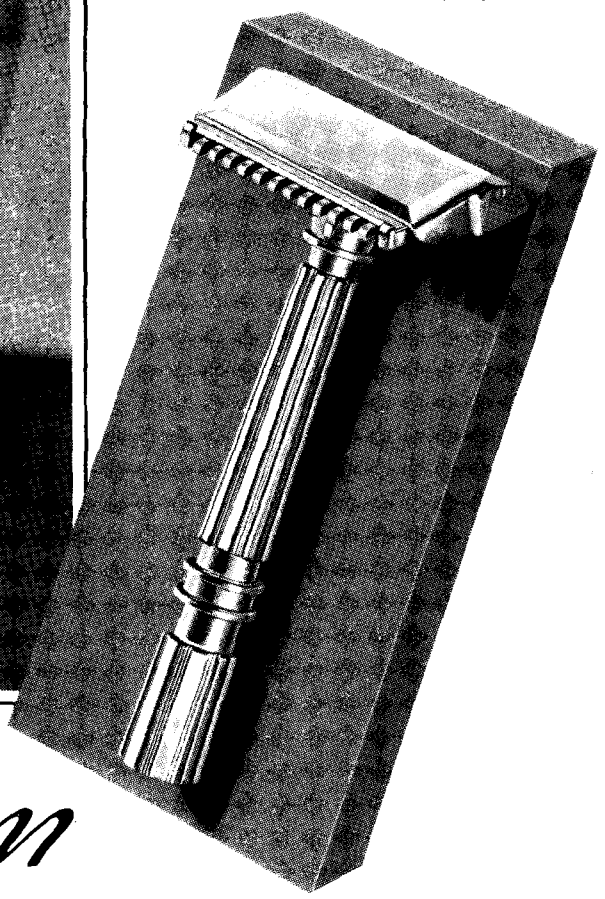
Don't skip this. One-piece *Gem Micromatic Razor has* no *take-down parts. Opens and closes with a finger-twirl. Operating mechanism (concealed in handle) can't corrode or get out of whack. Guaranteed* forever.



Young Man take a tip from the barber!

USE the *one* razor which reproduces the barber's long, gliding, scuffless stroke: buy a Gem and learn to shave *right* from the start.

Gem's flat, *full-contact* top tightens every contour (like the barber's stretching fingers) and gets every bristle at *root level.* This enables Gem to work so *closely* that a *once-over* will control the heaviest stubble for 24 hours. No need to explain how *that* protects tender skins from needless irritation.

Dual-Alignment (exclusive patent) locks the blade uncreepingly at five points in exact shaving position and prevents disfiguring scrapes. You can't maul yourself with this simple, fool-proof, *one-piece* razor.

Gem's straight, tugless sweep gets all the stubble without need of the twisty, criss-cross strokes that cause irregular beard growth and encourage ingrown hairs — responsible for most of the unsightly blemishes usually credited to approaching maturity. Men who use Gems have clear, healthy, unmarred skins.

50% thicker, Gem Micromatic Blades are made of surgical steel so toughly textured and tempered that it withstands 4840 separate stroppings. That's why Gem edges remain keen so *much* longer that *no* substitute at *any* price is cheaper.

Your dealer will supply a handsomely boxed outfit with gold-plated razor — guaranteed unbreakable for a lifetime — with a liberal supply of blades, at $1.00.

Or smartly packaged regular dollar razor with a single- and a double-edge blade (to test which style you like better) for your quarter and our coupon.

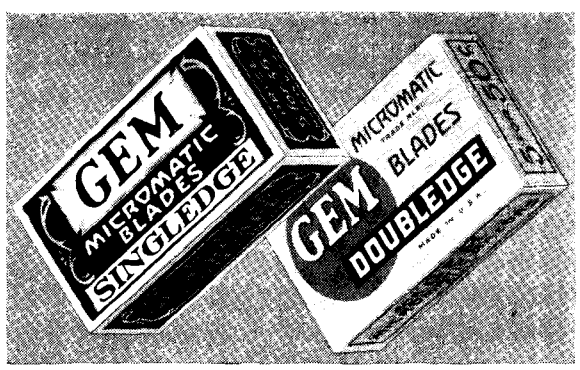
© G. S. R. C. 1934

Gem Safety Razor Corp., Dept. C20, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edge blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____
(STREET) (CITY) (STATE)



GEM MICROMATIC *Razor and Blades*

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Henry Ford says — This is the day of Opportunity

in an interview with

Kyle Crichton

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THE offices of the Ford executives in Dearborn are in the Engineering Laboratory Building and, because the individual offices are separated only by a glass partition, you can see everything going on in any one of them by standing up in another. From where I was sitting I could see Mr. Ford in the next compartment talking to a young man who was arranging an anniversary for McGuffey of McGuffey Reader fame.

When he was settled with the McGuffey gentleman, Mr. Ford came in and sat in a straight chair and pulled up his legs and began to talk. He sat as tall, thin men often sit, with his head resting on the back of his chair and his left knee pressed against the edge of the desk. At intervals he would bring up his right foot and rest it against the top of his desk.

What I was interested in were Mr. Ford's views of the future and particularly any words he might have in the way of comfort for the timid business souls now going around in a dazed condition.

"Timid business men . . ." said Mr. Ford and laughed and paused. "Well, I don't know . . ." he began hesitatingly, and then suddenly he said: "*Work!*" in his low voice with the Mid-Western intonation. "Yes, that's what they have to do," he went on. "The men who have the factories have to go back in them and run them. They have to think about getting ahead."

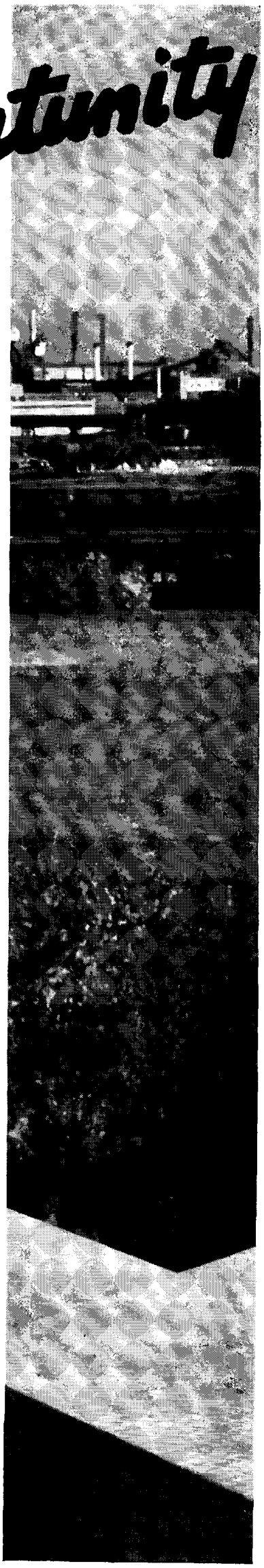
When Henry Ford speaks he allows the words to come forth in little bursts, rather flatly and not dogmatically, but as if these are things he knows and is repeating for a new listener. When the listener thinks he has finished, he adds another low phrase and nods his head as if to say, "Yes, that's it."

"They have to go on improving things and making them work," he continued. "I was talking to a man the other day. 'If we could only get back to 1929,' he was saying. Always wanting to go back. You can't do that. They're still thinking about the stock market, trying to buy something that'll make them rich. That's what they were doing back in those days—buying something. Buying anything. They sold them anything."

"Then you're not worried about the future?"

"I'm not worried," he said decidedly, clipping the words in a hurried fashion and then sitting back in the chair and looking at me in a way which said that this was something which never entered into calculations at the Ford plant.

"But what about unemployment? Have you any cure for that?"



America's leading industrialist, Henry Ford, at the age of 71 retains all his old faith in individual enterprise and looks optimistically ahead

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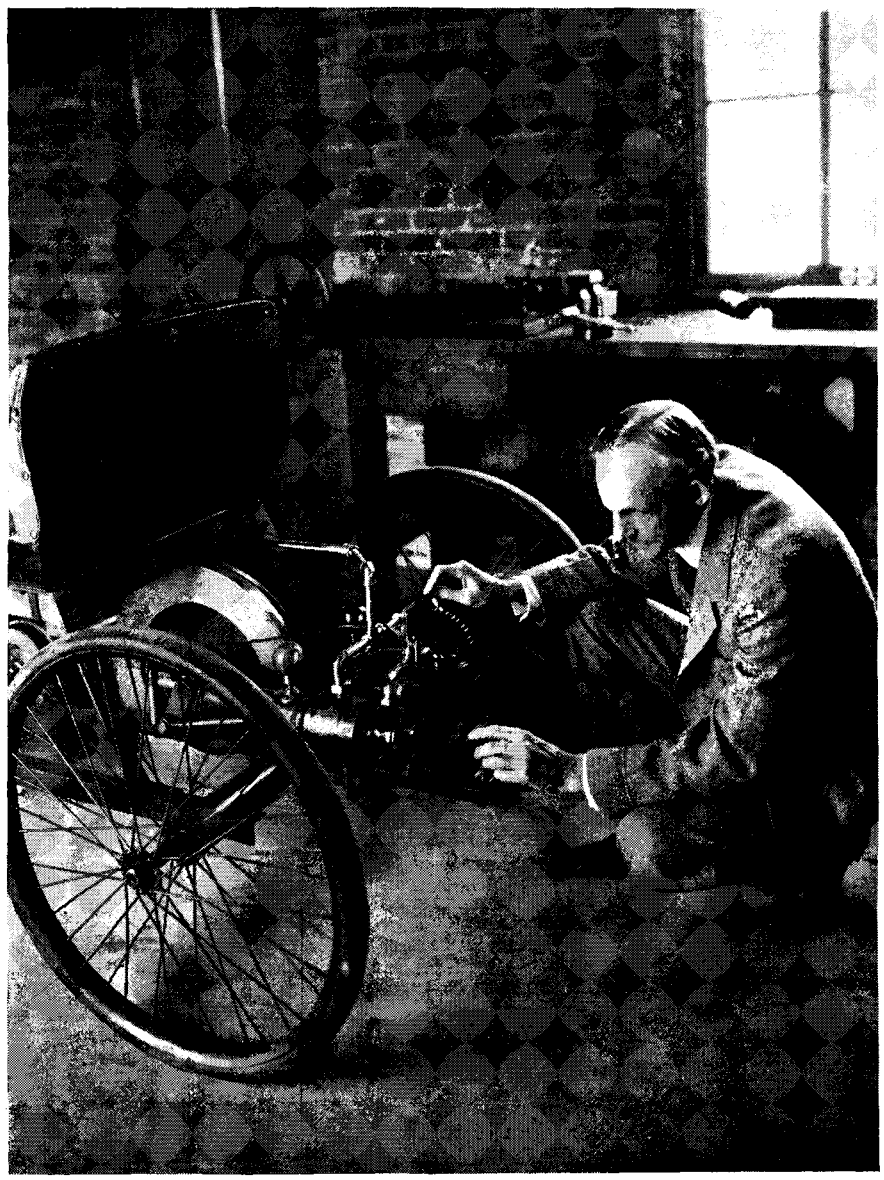


The first Ford automobile, now a museum piece, was the herald of vast industrial change in America

"The way to stop unemployment," said Mr. Ford, "is to give these people something in place of relief. That will stop relief entirely. They'd get along. That's how people learn to get along. The idea that people like to live off a dole is wrong. People don't thank anyone for a dole. This is something the politicians don't seem to know. They think they are making voters through the dole. They are only making enemies. The dole-takers always turn on the dole-givers. They would thank anyone who gave them work and the chance to be independent, but they hate anyone who pauperizes them. There may be a few in this country who are content to live off government gifts, but it is a libel to say that most of them are. With half a chance our people can get along."

"But how would they get along?"

"They'd get along," he said firmly. "People know how to get along in a country like this. Nobody's going to starve in America. They'd find how to do it."

"Did you read where Sir Josiah Stamp had asked the British scientists to withhold their new inventions for fear of what they might do to the world economic structure?"

Mr. Ford sat up.

"Yes, there are some minds like that —never see the future—want to peg all progress at the point we reached yesterday. There were men who wanted to do that in 1776. And in 1876. They'll still be here in 1976. But they don't count. They think we have enough progress to last us. We haven't even started. We are in the ox-team period of every art. The circle we are now in is going to break out into a wide circle. Sir Josiah should look forward."

He sat back in his chair and turned to us.

"Why, those homeless boys, those boys riding around in box cars. That's where we're going to get the new inventions. Why, it's the best education in the world for those boys, that traveling around. They get more experience in a few months than they would in years at school."

"But what if the unemployed didn't want to be taken off relief? What if they got resentful about it?"

"Oh, that's the revolution talk," said Ford, throwing up his hand and sinking back in his chair. "Just give them a chance at making a living and see how quick they'll grab it."

Synthetic Pork and Soy Beans

"Do you know of any new invention likely to stimulate business as the motor industry did years ago?"

"Things like that all the time," said Ford. "Now take the cow. . . . One of the most inefficient machines we have. And the pig. A pig eats four times more food than it produces. . . ."

"Do you mean we'll soon have synthetic milk and pork?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Ford decidedly.

"And the soy bean—when did you get interested in that?"

"I read something about it four or five years ago and then I got all the books I could find on it. . . . Then a fellow came in here from China a couple years ago, an Irishman. He knew all about it; been raising soy beans for years over there. You can get just about anything out of them. And with everything else, they refertilize the soil. It gets better all the time."

"It's a success, then?"

"We're painting all the cars in the plant with it right now," answered Mr. Ford.

He went over and picked up a steering wheel from the table.

"There's a steel rod in there but the covering is a product of the soy bean," he explained. Then he came back and sat down again.

"How about the NRA, Mr. Ford?"

"It doesn't matter," he answered, evidently meaning that it troubled him very little one way or another.

"But if it broke down completely, if it collapsed?"

"It wouldn't make any difference," he said. "Politics don't change things in the long run. . . . It only makes a noise."

"Even if the very worst happened?"

"Even if the very worst happened," repeated Mr. Ford. "It wouldn't make much difference. Things always go on all right. Don't forget that this is the United States and these are the American people. They are not going to let anyone hurt them. No politician can injure this country."

Then he suddenly sat up straight and it was plain that this was something he was very much interested in.

"Getting in debt . . . that's the worst thing," he said. "That's how men want to start in business. They borrow money. They think that's the way to do it. They're licked before they start. Yes, sir, that's it. They're licked before they start. Go into debt and you're through. They come to me with their business troubles and I say to them, 'When did they trick you into borrowing money?' The time to borrow money is when you don't need it, then you will have leisure to discover that the other side of 'credit' is debt. The debt industry is the largest industry in the country, and its worst curse."

"What he should do, then, is save up his money and start in a small way?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Ford earnestly. "Start in a small way and watch the work himself. It'll grow if he watches it. That's the way you have to do it."

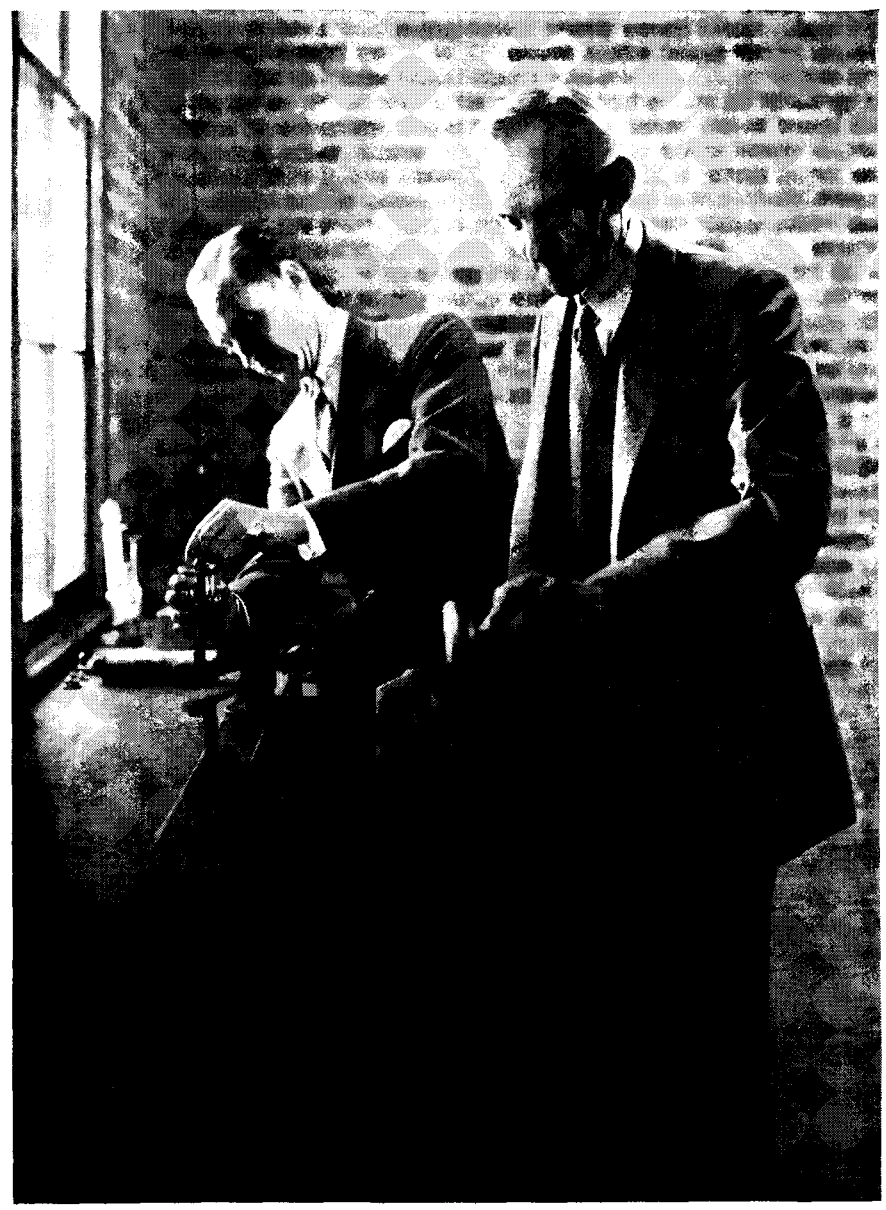
Great Days for Small Businesses

"What prospects do you think the small business man, the small manufacturer, has in these times?"

"The best he ever had," said Mr. Ford. ". . . Unless he starts in debt. If he does that he'll never get anywhere. You have to start your own business and look after it yourself. That was the worst thing about the stock market boom—it took good managers away from their work. That's the hardest thing to find—people to run things. I have a man over in one of my village plants, right near here. I don't believe I've seen him in three years. Never go near him. We give him his diagrams and the tools to turn out his quota and he does it. Why, you know that fellow is turning out the best material in the world. . . . Making improvements on it all the time.

"We must have a care for small businesses in this country. Small business men practically carried the country during the depression. NRA or anything else that makes it hard for a young man to start, or a small business to hold its own, is a menace. We learned a lot by mass production and by concentrating large populations in industrial centers. But now the trend is the other way. What we learned in the big shop we can

(Continued on page 26)



Edsel and Henry Ford. They are examining part of one of Ford's first internal-combustion engines

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Dance Routine

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Jean Stark

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

THE team of Evangeline and Otto danced out of the silver spotlight that had encompassed them for one hundred and twenty thrilling seconds. Applause brought them back upon the stage, applause that filled the house with the magnificent roar of a pounding surf that would not be denied.

Under her platinum wig Evangeline's eyes shone big and black with the stagey blackness of mascara well applied. The circular flounces of her silver dancing dress fell demurely about her feet. She bowed three times, a flower bending before a black velvet curtain, and then she was gone.

Otto said, "I hear you're taking Barry back." He kept in step with her to their dressing-rooms.

"I'll get you placed," she promised. "You'll never have to go back to small-time."

"You know that isn't what I mean! I'll miss you like the devil—no matter what circuit I play. No one can take your place with me. . . . If you change your mind about things, let me know. I'll come flying." His blue eyes looked candidly down into hers, his hands gripped her shoulders, then his dressing-room door slammed and she opened her own.

Barry was waiting for her, undecided whether to take her in his arms or not. For days she had known they would meet again like this, like all their other reconciliations, breathless, agonized over never-forgotten, bitter words, aching to regain that lost ecstasy of their first year together. She saw the magnificently-shaped head turned to her, the groping hands. She forgot everything but the need to feel his arms about her. Wordlessly, she lifted her mouth to his.

Evangeline had begun her career alone, the small-town girl who made good at Kiwanis and Rotary Club affairs, then a long engagement of one-night stands. Three years of taking every offer that came her way enabled her to study abroad for a year. The Argentine, Rodriguez, made her his partner. Night clubs hailed them; a revue starred them; but Rodriguez was inclined to hurl furniture and scream, so she left him for an Italian with the eyes of a dove and a mad jealousy.

LONDON called, giving her escape. There she found Barry and fame, love and the adulation of crowds at the theater door every day of her life. American vaudeville offered her eight thousand dollars a week for a tour. She took it but dreamed of the Orient, worked for it, accepted a contract for a few months that stretched into three magnificent years.

Evangeline had ten books of clippings. Barry had two. The press said he was as good as any of the men who were attempting to bring classic perfection to modern dancing. Determined to be famous for his own ability, Barry left Evangeline. But his string of partners were so many pretty dancing dolls and he returned, broke, brooding and lonely.

Then women came between them, rich, lovely, young. Always Evangeline took him back. After the latest quarrel he obtained a contract for himself and a new partner on a second-grade vaudeville circuit. The girl was sweetly pretty, talented, very much in love with him. They were instantly successful and Barry was elated. He didn't need Evangeline, he was sure, to keep him in the spotlight. For a while he even thought he loved the girl but when Evangeline offered him divorce, he became panic-stricken, sending her a humble telegram. He loved only her.

Foggily, she sat down and thought some more, and wrote a note

He sat before her now. He needed a shave badly. Evangeline was glad that he had hurried, scarcely able to wait to meet her here. His trousers were bagged. Crumpled cuffs showed at his wrists but his hands held hers endearingly. They had talked for two hours, building plans. His tour was nearly over. He would fly to his last engagement and then tell the girl that he was through. His eyes went to a pile of new photographs of Evangeline.

"You can take any you wish," she said. He picked two, put them in his suitcase. "Oh, Barry"—looking at her clock—"we're going on in a few minutes. I want to speak to Otto afterward for a little while. . . . He'll be all right about it."

"He'd better be!" Barry returned, smiling. He kissed her, went out.

She sat quietly, thinking. She felt sorry for the little dancing partner. She might take it hard, the poor little thing.

Evangeline's glance rested on a bottle of Madeira that Otto had left for her the day before. "You don't eat enough," he had chided her tenderly. "How do you think you're going to keep up this stiff routine if you don't get enough nourishment?" . . . Barry had never noticed her poor appetite when they toured. But Barry was different.

EVANGELINE stood up, placed the bottle deep in the corner of Barry's unlocked bag. She saw his three dancing suits and his street clothes. Foggily, she looked at the latter, a beautifully-pressed suit, fine shirts and ties. Foggily, she sat down and thought some more, and wrote a note that she placed beside the bottle of Madeira. . . . She had given him the wine so that on the trip he would find perhaps a needed, cheerful glow. If she hadn't thought to make him a little gift, she wouldn't have seen the one thing she needed to see to convince her that wherever Barry was involved, there she would find some worm of discontent.

She changed her silver gown for endless yards of gray chiffon. Blue lights would make her a peacock cloud—yellow, a moonflower. The best dancer in the world needs a world of lights to make magic her art, to change her from a woman to a dream. Evangeline touched black shadow to her eyes with steady hands and hurried to the wings. Otto met her.

Her arms and her heart flew out to him. He knew what it was to work so hard, to love, to lose that love courageously. At twenty a woman wants romance with a man like Barry. But at thirty, finding the flame unsteady, an illusion, perhaps, she begs security, content. There would never be content with Barry. He would continue to give her but scraps of himself. For her he would be shabby, irresolute in everything but the conviction that no matter how he erred, Evangeline would take him back. For the other women in his life he would save his best suit, his perfect shirt. For his Big Scene with someone else he would be immaculate. . . . "Variety says your dance routine is the most sensational this country has seen in ten years," Barry had said an hour ago. And so it was, because of Otto. It would stay that way!

Music stirred through the house like a river heard sweetly through a forest. Evangeline and Otto whirled into the blue mist that struck thunderously upon the stage.

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Screen Maiden

By Sidney Herschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The story of a brave man, a coward, and a girl who's glad San Francisco had a strike

Yes, she was kissing him. There was no mistake about that

THE Naniwa Maru, flag in idle folds so that the golden globe appeared only as a segment in the California sunshine, was being warped to her pier, and Tommy Ingram, without the pleasant or dutiful need to discern anyone waiting to greet him, continued to look southward, where fifty freighters lay anchored. Almost all were deep in the water; only those which had thrown perishable cargoes into the bay were riding high. Strike. Waterfront strike.

Rumor on the liner had it that while the shipment of Chinese gold would be removed under guard, even such a precious consignment as the Orient-Export's — Tommy's company — must remain aboard until the strike was settled. Otherwise, it would be carried back to Japan . . . silks, lacquers, porcelains . . . the collection of grimacing Nô masks, white and colored, the kakemonos and screens, the crystal gazing balls, the rose-black-gold Kwannon. . . .

Ingram had secured more than his share of the shipment. He inclined his head toward the irate man beside him, listening: "It's a damnable outrage," the older man growled. "Striking. Now. The pups. Tying up commerce. Something ought to be done. If I were President, I'd . . . it's those Reds. Don't tell me it isn't. Eh?"

"Absolutely," agreed Tommy. "Just what I say, sir."

The black dots on the pier became people. Here and there Ingram could see the flash of a bright hat, or the shimmering of a bare golden head. While he watched, and as his companion at the rail sought the lower deck in order to get ashore as soon as possible, a lady said sharply, "I have tremendous sympathy with the strikers. The way they've been exploited! And the pig-headed employers . . . don't you feel the same way, Mr. Ingram?"

TOMMY said instantly, "I certainly do. It's a shame."

He wished that McMasters could have heard him. McMasters, who'd been afraid for six years to let Tommy return to the States where he'd be under the Old Man's eye, just because of a little argument or two, which Mac had managed to keep Mr. Hendricks from hearing about; just because McMasters feared Tommy would continue saying the wrong thing. Hendricks himself had finally insisted that Ingram deserved a vacation in San Francisco, instead of three months at Benguet (where Tommy had informed a couple of second lieutenants that West Point wouldn't play Wisconsin because the Badger tackles were too rough) . . . or Macao (where Tommy said he thought it was just a public fight) . . . or Canton (and what Tommy'd said to the youngest and most warlike member of the Japanese commission was whispered from Peiping to Tokyo) . . . or . . . it was the same everywhere. Tommy would say something, and then trouble began. Only when he was working did he manage to curb his tongue.

For his long days on the Naniwa Maru, Ingram had followed McMasters' warning. He was proud of himself. Not an argument. Not when he'd had one cocktail, or two, or three, which had always been the danger point. He was, many a woman said, not only the most interesting-looking man aboard—Tommy was burned dark by sun, tall, thin, and smiling—but a miracle of manners. Chesterfield himself. The Old Man would catch him in no mess into which words might lead him. He would agree with anything anyone said, no matter what he thought about it.

Ingram went down the gangplank after most of the passengers had already landed; he went at once to where his baggage stood under the "I" division. There were a good many people under "I" . . . Itoia, Itayama, Imatsu . . . but the people gathered about Ingram's trunk were not Japanese. It looked to Tommy as if they were waiting for him, which, obviously, was impossible. He knew no one in San Francisco except as signatures to business letters.

One girl was half leaning against his up-ended trunk. Her dress was white, but, instead of being unrelieved and stiff with starch, Orient-fashion, the short sleeves ended in a scarlet flare of silk, and the frock itself revealed the lovely litheness beneath. Her hat, close on her dark hair, was fire-colored also. She looked, Tommy decided, very, very swell, even if she had the habit of peering intently at passing men who came near the "I" division, instead of being only interested in the men and girls of her own group. They were all rather nice, thought Tommy; a keen, noisy lot of bantering youngsters, waiting to welcome somebody they all knew and liked, whose name, like his, began with the letter I. He wished, a trifle lonesome, that it might have been Tommy Ingram.

SOMEONE called to the girl beside his trunk, "He isn't tearing here to find you, Lou. Maybe he's all tied up in a hot shipboard romance."

"No," said the girl in white and scarlet. "He—"

It was then, at the precise moment that she broke off, that Tommy saw she was staring at him. Then, pushing aside whoever was in her path, she rushed toward him, and threw herself against him.

"Darling," she cried. "Oh, Tommy, darling!"

She . . . yes, she was kissing him; there was no mistake about that. She kept on kissing him, too, and Tommy's arms went around her. The grave Japanese lowered their eyes at such an improper exhibition in public.

Breathless, at last she held him off.

The kisses had unsteadied Tommy, as did the scented warmth in his arms, but, over the saucy scarlet hat, Ingram could see the smiles of the others . . . some bet, was it? They were making a monkey of him, were they? He sup-

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Tommy actually managed to drive his fist against the nearest faces half a dozen times while the nearest men gave back

posed that this girl had made the wager with one of the men—a tall, older man—because he, at least, wasn't smiling at all, but was frowning. While Tommy was trying to decide what he was going to say when the explanations started—in the pre-reformation manner—he kissed the girl again, doing a remarkably fine job of it.

Half against his lips, she pleaded, "Oh . . . don't. Not . . . not . . . like that. I—"

"I know," Tommy said. "You were just—"

It was easy for her to stop his words; easy, and, to Tommy, very pleasant; then, so softly that only he could hear, she whispered, "Please. Be . . . nice. Call me Louise. Lou. Smile and say things. We're engaged. Please." She added urgently, "I had to, Tommy Ingram. It . . . it won't . . . hurt you. . . ."

Somebody jeered, "Skip it, you two! You can't make up for six years in six minutes."

TOMMY thought, as the girl stepped back, and then to his side, "if it hadn't been for Mac I'd have been mad right away. Being made a part of a game. Anyhow, I'm glad it wasn't a bet." He began congratulating himself, as the girl introduced him, that he hadn't said a single sharp, undisciplined word. Control. That was it. Without control, for example, there would only have been the first cold kiss. After this, he believed he'd be safe in any situation.

"Lou, sweetheart," he said, "it's great to be back."

"Right in the nick of time, too," a girl told him. "How about it, Perry?"

The one man who was in his thirties bowed slightly. Instead of answering, he said, "The boss' daughter and the hard-working apprentice . . . I didn't believe it happened except in some novelist's scrambled brain. Does everyone remember Pride and Passion? I was opposite—"

"He knows you're Perry Brandt," interrupted Nancy Nye. "Don't you, Tommy?"

Ingram didn't; he said, bowing slightly, "Of course."

A customs inspector was requesting Tommy's keys; the girl continued, "Did you see Perry's Love Enchained, Tommy? That was the picture Lou was in. The first. We all went to see it, and Lou gave a party afterward. Mr. Hendricks saw it, too. And was he wild!"

Tommy said, "Was she that rotten?" so casually that Louise Hendricks pinched his arm contentedly, smiling at him.

"Rotten?" Jim Carlton chuckled. "Say, Ingram, if my girl got mixed up in a soul-bite like Lou did, I'd—"

"It had nothing on that last one of Tommy's," insisted Halma Prentice. "But of course Tommy's been kissless for six years. You ought to pass him around, honey. We could try and make it up to him."

As Tommy said, "Why not?" they all continued talking, swiftly, lightly. It was rather difficult to keep up his quick, easy comments. Louise Hendricks. That was who she was. The Old Man's daughter, and they were supposed to be engaged. What was the Old Man going to say about that? Tommy was beginning to wish that he'd forgotten the warning McMasters had given him; it might have been better by far if he'd pushed the girl away when she'd swarmed all over him. . . .

Watching the inspection, her arm through Ingram's, Louise said, "What atrocious shirts, darling. Don't let them rib you. How long must you wait here? We're all having dinner at the house, you know. You're staying there. Where did you buy that dreadful yellow tie?"

"Sure," agreed Tommy. "The shirts are rotten; I've been horsed by experts before; I'm hungry, and I hope the Old . . . Mr. Hendricks appreciates my company; the tie cost eight yen in Osaka, which is more than I'll pay for ties when we're married, if you buy many red hats."

"You can kiss me, after that," said Louise.

Tommy observed that Brandt appeared to be receiving little pleasure from even the swift contact of lips. The actor, eyes narrowed, said, "You're not only the apprentice who won the master's daughter, but also the he-man from Borneo . . . what a combination of circumstances!"

"Not me," protested Tommy vigorously, cheerfully. He recited a quick tale of adventure, of desperate pariahs attacking a single white man outside one of their villages. "That didn't happen to me," he ended. As a matter of fact, it had, and Tommy still bore the mark of the knife. It was the time he'd gone after the gold-lacq Korin screen, supposed to be owned by a pariah who had once been a great personage. He recalled the screen now; it was a part of the O-E shipment on the Naniwa Maru, and it was a gem. Recollection of it, and its story, made him smile and glance down at Louise . . . brown eyes, black hair . . . same tremulous and tender lips. . . .

"We knew that," Perry Brandt said. "You just go round in rickshas, buying pink pajamas and tea cups and trinkets."

Even the inspector, almost finished with Ingram's belongings, glanced up at the tone of the actor's voice. Although Ingram's lips tightened, he said only, "Not pink." He didn't add, "The Orient-Export doesn't cater to actor's trade." He didn't add anything, and McMasters ought to be proud of him.

EVERYONE began to talk, after that, all at once; they left the pier together, separating only when they went for different machines. Louise, Halma Prentice, and Brandt had driven down in the girl's roadster; returning, she and Tommy sat in front, with the other two in the rumble. As she turned the switch, and the engine hummed, a patrolman stepped over: "Please drive straight along the Embarcadero, Miss," he ordered. "No stopping. The strike, you know."

Louise nodded. On the waterfront street, deserted by all save groups of pickets lounging in the shade, she said to Ingram, "You're really a love, Tommy. Wasn't Perry wild? He'll be a good boy now, and not let any leading ladies get in his hair again. I hated to pick on you, but it had to be someone he didn't know, and he believes we were that way before you went to the Orient. I found your picture in the office. Dad had a file out. He was looking up your record. Your face looked good-natured. . . . I had the idea then. Isn't it perfect?"

"Hundred per cent," said Tommy. Looking away from her, he saw two men step from an old touring car, near the wall of Pier 115; they walked toward the closed entrance to the dock. "I hope the chestnut is worth pulling out of the fire. When do I fade out of the picture?"

"I KNOW how you must feel. You stick around, Tommy, until I'm sure Perry has learned his lesson. Wasn't it fun, the way he couldn't control his feelings? Every time you kissed me, he—"

"You mean every time you kissed me," said Tommy.

"Don't go sour on me, Tommy. You're going to have a grand time. Why, Halma and Nan are just gnashing their teeth, waiting to have a shot at you . . . and Dad was afraid you'd have a foul time, not knowing anyone! Wait until he learns we're engaged. Don't worry; I'll make it clear that I'm throwing you over, or . . . or I'll tell him the truth. He'll see you couldn't help it. Why, he said you were about the only O-E man in the Orient who always managed to keep out of trouble, and he wanted you here to see if you were real—"

"Lavender and old lace," said Tommy, grinning. "That's my motto. I . . . say, is that part of my welcome?"

Her foot went to the brake. "What *are* they doing, Tommy?" she demanded.

There was a curse, a shout for help . . . and then the crash of a club on a drunken head. The two men, strikebreakers, were being attacked by a swarm of pickets.

As Ingram's hand went to the latch

(Continued on page 41)

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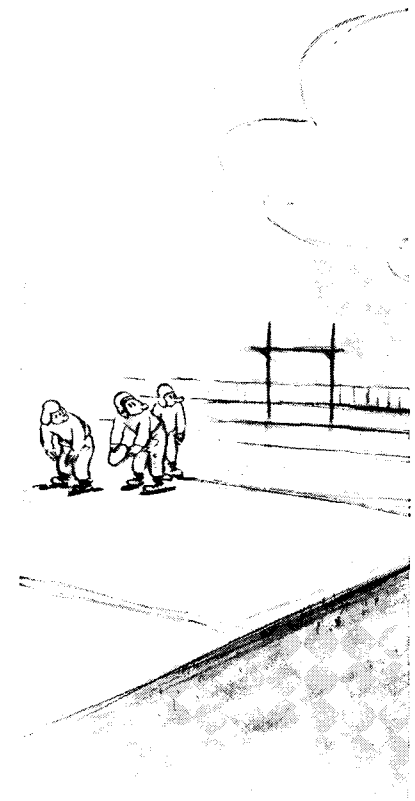
Good Scouts

Spying upon rival football teams is a thing of the past. But scouting is now universal. Princeton and Yale, the last major non-scouting teams, returned to it this season. Why? Because it makes a better game both for the player and the spectator. In this article Columbia's famous coach shows you why

By Lou Little

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK OWEN



COME over here, Reader.

Yes, I mean you, sitting there in the arm-chair reading this issue of Collier's. You always have been a football fan and I've often heard you, from your seat in the stands, second-guessing these ends and tackles when they were fooled. Now I'll give you your chance.

I'm going to send you into the game as a defensive end. I'll give you the easier job and make you the defensive right end. That means you'll be facing our opponents' so-called weak side. Nearly every football offensive, you know, is equipped to throw more plays and more power to its right than to its left, so the defensive left tackle and left end naturally have to face more power.

But that doesn't mean an easy assignment for you, Reader. This team we're facing has a tricky, deceptive attack, as well as real power. This is the first game of the season and we've been unable to scout them. But we know from a year ago that they have blended a hidden-ball offense with their fast power and they're sure to be pretty dangerous coming back to the weak side from their unbalanced strong-side formation.

So you will have to be cagey, Reader, else you'll be caught flat-footed. When that ball is passed, three backs probably will start to scurry in three different directions. They're dangerous. We learned that last year. This quarterback is fast and shifty, a good passer and a nice punter. You can't be sure just what is going to happen when he has that ball. He'll usually be the deep man in their formation, the "tailback" or the "threat back." The left half, who is big and fast—well, you can't trust him, either, although he'll not do much except run with the ball. Yes, I know, it's true that Caruso never did much except sing, and Christy Mathewson was practically useless except as a pitcher.

The right half? Well, he'll block and he may carry the ball on that reverse play. Don't let them fool you on the reverse play when there's a spin with it. I'm afraid of that play. You'll have to guess when the right half has or hasn't the ball on the reverse to your side. The fullback—he'll block or carry the ball on line plunges. You'll not be seeing much of him out there at end, I think; not, at least, when he has the ball.

All right. Are you ready, Reader? They've got the ball on our 40-yard line, first down. You know, offensive life begins at the 40-yard line. They're looking pretty dangerous and they're getting ready to flash some of that smart stuff. That quarterback has a wise look. Get in there now and do your stuff, Reader, old boy. I'll be watching you. Don't forget to report to the umpire and don't talk until after one play.

You'll Probably Get Fooled

As a matter of fact, Reader, I know you're going to be so busy in there in the next few minutes that you won't have a chance to talk at all. So, from my seat on the coaches' bench, I'm going to tell you what is happening to you.

First down, ten yards to go. You're playing about two yards outside the offensive end. The ball is passed. It goes to the quarterback in the deep position. He spins around and that's the last you see of the ball on this play. The big left half, who has been stationed at the right of the quarterback in this formation, comes charging wide around your end. It looked as if he took the ball from the quarterback and he's too fast and too dangerous a runner to let him get around you into the open field if you can help it. You can't see the ball but his right shoulder is dipped and his arms are locked in closely to his crouched body as he runs.

You think you'd better play safe and chase him, so you don't charge in but change direction and start to the outside after him. But just as you do, that big running guard belts you unexpectedly with a side-block and down you go. As you clatter to the ground in a heap with the guard, you see the right halfback, who has come across from the right wing, racing through the wide hole you have left between end and tackle. He has the ball tucked under his arm and he has two interferers with him. You're fooled. That left half going wide around your end had merely faked at taking the ball from the quarterback. The right half had taken it on the quarterback's second spin, cutting it off-tackle through the hole you left. I told you to watch the right half on that reverse inside you, Reader. What's the matter? What's the matter?

Well, it's a seven-yard gain. Our defensive right halfback tackled the runner but you didn't look so good on the play. They're second-guessing you up there in the stands now, Reader. But try it again. Line up.

Now the ball goes back again to the quarterback in deep position. Once more he spins. Again the big left half comes cruising over off your flank with that right shoulder dipped and his arms folded in. The big guy is trying to fool you again, eh? Well, you're saying you won't be fooled this time into leaving that hole open for the reverse play. Instead, you drive in sharply and you brace yourself for the block that consarned guard will be aiming at you.

Touchdown!

Yep, here's the right half coming again on that reverse, trying to slice inside you as he did before. So he thinks you're a sucker, eh? Well, not this time. Here's that interfering guard. Bang! He didn't drive you out that time. You've got the hole between tackle and end closed up tighter than an insolvent bank. This reverse play isn't going very far.

Hey, get up, Reader. That whistle means they've scored a touchdown. And do you look bad! You're fooled again. That big left half had the ball all the time. This time the right half was faking on the reverse you thought you stopped inside your end. Well, come on out of there. You've had enough. I have a sub waiting for a chance to get in there. You can sit down now in your comfortable chair and finish reading this article. Perhaps you've learned your lesson. Perhaps next Saturday you won't sit up there in the stands and criticize these boys when they're fooled and caught flat-footed by the deception of modern football. You know, there was still one other variation of that play. If they had not gotten away for a touchdown that time, the next play probably would have found the quarterback spinning twice, faking to both halfbacks and then plunging back through the left side of your line for a nice little gain.

Popular Misconception: The football scouts' return to the home team

Where Scouting Proves Its Value

By now, perhaps, you have gained an inkling of the reason why both coaches and players in intercollegiate football believe that scouting, as practiced these days, has a useful place in the sport. Perhaps you begin to understand why it makes for a better, more accurately played and more interesting contest. Scouting would have helped you in facing those deceptive plays. I'll try, as we go on, to show you how and why.

Harvard, in 1931, had one of the finest teams in the East, both from the point of view of potential power and of excellence in coaching. But Harvard, as ever, was closely scouted. No team in the East, I believe, is more closely watched from Saturday to Saturday by its prospective opponents than Harvard. That is partly because it is still a high football honor to defeat the Crimson and partly because Percy D. Haughton him-

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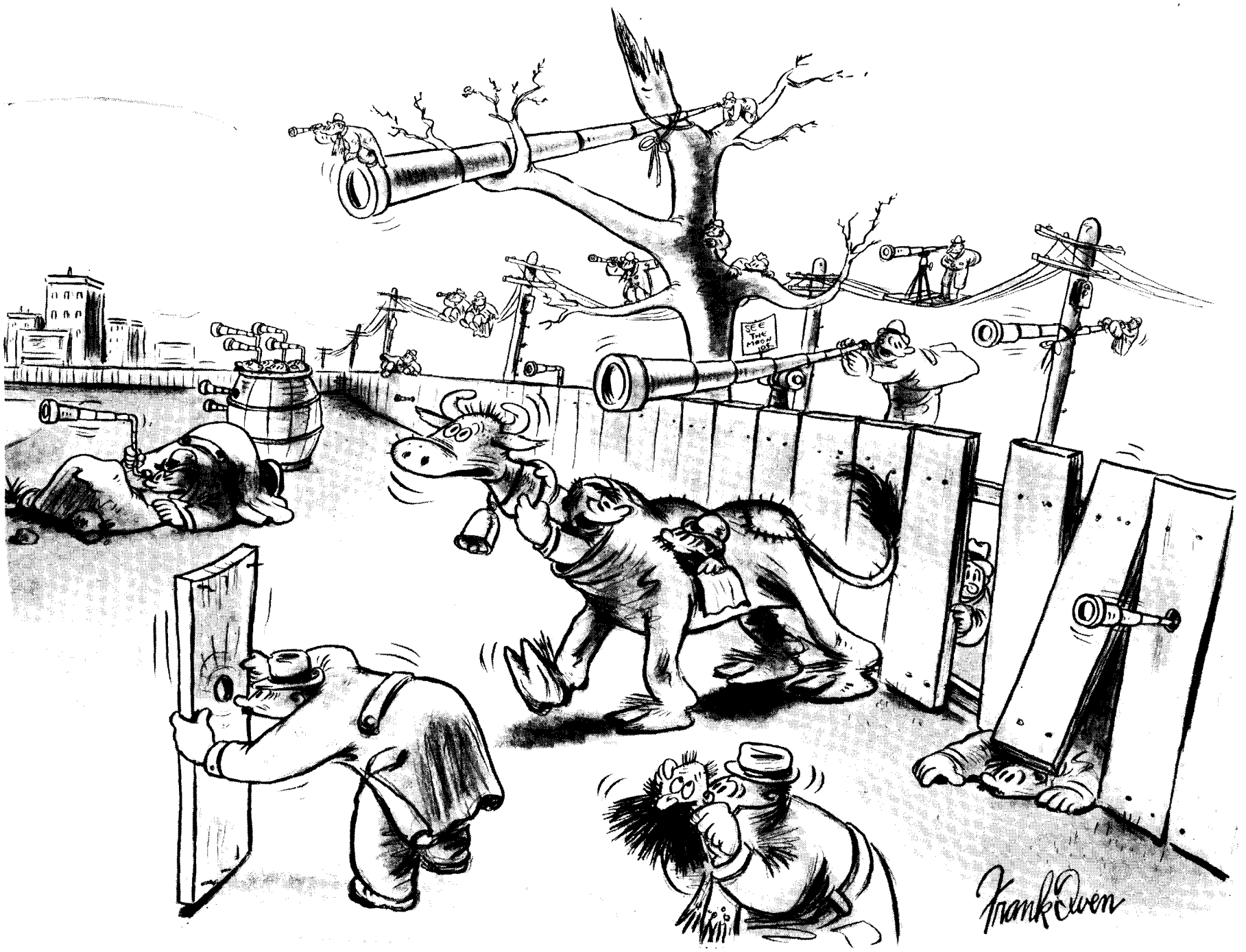

Back in the "good old days," there were occasional cases of spying on secret practices, of signal stealing and similar bad-boy tricks

self, when at the head of the Harvard football establishment, was one of the keenest exponents of scouting.

The scouts watching this Harvard team in its early games noted, however, that Barry Wood, quarterback and outstanding forward passer, almost never ran with the ball when he lined up in the deep position. When he was back there, they reported to their teams, it was at least a 25-to-1 shot that Wood would either pass or kick. The result was that when Barry lined up back there, defensive teams learned to expect a pass and would harry the eligible receivers unless, of course, a punt was the obvious play. But with Wood up close, the play was a buck or a slant and the defenses set themselves accordingly.

I have no doubt that Wood had plays from that position with which he could have crossed up the opposition frequently. He used his other weapons with extreme effectiveness. But even so great a back as he often develops tendencies in play-calling which are difficult to correct in action. Harvard was undefeated in that 1931 season until its 3-0 setback by Yale in the final game. But Harvard's scores against no major rival ran high and it is more than likely that the ability of Yale to anticipate Wood's moves was a tremendous factor in the three-point victory which came from the toe of the Blue's "Mighty Atom," Albie Booth.

Dartmouth three or four seasons ago developed what is known in the scouts' jargon as a "giveaway" which must have been a definite handicap to the potentially powerful Big Green in making its attack function consistently against strong teams. Because of the change in systems which has installed my friend Earl (Red) Blaik of West Point fame as Dartmouth's head coach, I feel it is divulging no confidence now to discuss what was an interesting point in scouting.

Habits That Betray Plays

Dartmouth's basic formation then was the double wingback, a balanced line with the end on the weak-side "split." That means there was a space of about one man between the end and his tackle. The wingback on that side played a yard behind the line and between the end and the tackle or, as we say, "in the hole." The strong-side wingback, of course, flanked his end in the normal position.

It was from such a formation that Al Marsters, one of the greatest of Dartmouth backs, had run with notable success in 1929 until his untimely injury in the Green's heartbreaking 16-12 defeat by Yale. Marsters' position had been the deep, or "tail-back," position. You understand that the terms of quarterback, left half, right half and fullback mean little these days so far as the positions of the men on the field are concerned. Instead, the backs usually are numbered 1, 2, 3 and 4 or designated as right wing, left wing, bucking back and tail-back.

Early in the season, the scouts who learn to look for such things noticed that when Dartmouth lined up, the "back in the hole" frequently took a position closer than normal to the line of scrimmage while the wingback on the other side was back perhaps a foot more than the usual stance required. That, developments revealed, would mean only one thing. The strong-side wingback was to carry the ball on a reverse play and the "back in the hole" was edging up to get a better blocking shot at the defensive tackle.

On the other hand, when the play was going to go to the opposite side, it was discovered that the "back in the hole" almost invariably edged over to a point virtually behind his own tackle. Meanwhile, the strong-side back lined up closer to the scrimmage line.

You can see the value to the defense of knowing little things like that. True, it didn't do Columbia much good that season because Dartmouth, intercepting passes and running back kick-offs and punts for touchdowns, defeated Columbia by a thumping score. But the power of the Green's running attack definitely was hampered both in that and the next season because opposing players usually knew to which side the reverse play was going before it started.

Scouting Isn't Spying

Scouting, as many good people seem not to realize even in these days, is an honest, aboveboard phase of football far removed from the espionage features with which some endow it. Spying, I know, is totally nonexistent in college football today. That statement may be accepted as one hundred per cent true. Years ago there were occasional cases of spying on secret practices, of signal stealing and similar bad-boy tricks. But I don't believe they ever were very prevalent. I know I never have encountered any such instance either as player or coach. I know also that if I were presented with the entire signal code of an opposing team, I should decline the gift with alacrity, even aside from the ethics of the situation. Knowing the other team's signals could be a very positive handicap. In these days, of course, the almost universal huddle system has taken the shouted signal out of football.

But when rivalry runs high, misinformed suspicion sometimes sneaks along behind. And it seems to me that the system of recognized scouting has done more than any other single factor in football to combat suspicion.

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Two on Safari

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

BALLARD MALLORY, a young American who, with a knowledge of strange, far places second to none, is stranded in London, secures a remarkable assignment. While old Lord Morland of Morland looks on, the firm of Grast, Furman and Menck, solicitors, agrees to send him in search of a boy—the Honorable Laurence Morland—who, looking for gold, has disappeared in the interior of East Africa. All of Mallory's expenses are to be paid. Should he find the boy alive, he is to receive only a nominal salary. If he can prove, incontrovertibly, *that the boy is dead, he is to receive a bonus of five thousand pounds!*

Wondering what can be the meaning of that huge bonus, Mallory sails for Cape Town. Aware that he is engaged in a mysterious and perilous enterprise, he holds himself rigidly aloof from the other passengers. One passenger, however, interests him—a lovely, dark-eyed English girl who, likewise, speaks to no one. More than mildly tempted, he introduces himself. The girl, to his amazement, admits frankly that she had been longing to meet him. And within a short time they are friends.

Mallory is a brilliant conversationalist, a charming raconteur. He is, moreover, a remarkably handsome man. He fascinates the girl; he is fascinated by her—he does not, however, confide in her. When she asks him what his destination is, he is none too specific. "I'm going," he evades, "up the East Coast a ways, to the little port of Inhambane." He then tells her that, in order to reach Inhambane, he must take a train from Cape Town to Johannesburg, another to Delagoa Bay (Lourenço Marques) and from there a coasting vessel. The girl listens eagerly. Then— "I'm going with you."

"That," Mallory replies frigidly, "is out of the question."

Out of the question? He doesn't know "Jo" Cascoden! . . . Arrived at Johannesburg he finds all the seats on the Delagoa Bay train taken for a week. An influential friend, however, arranges for a special train. As he climbs aboard, he observes some handsome luggage—*Jo Cascoden's!* Instantly he signals an official, insists that the girl be put off. Too late. The train is moving, gathering speed. They are off, together—off for one of the weirdest, wildest adventures any man and woman have ever had!

III

BALLARD MALLORY scrambled aboard as the Delagoa Bay Express pulled out from Johannesburg. Somewhat stunned that his own stupidity should have supplied half a railway carriage to the girl he was trying to lose, he spent quite a little time rearranging the jumble of his baggage. When he sat down it was to the consciousness that only the partition at his back divided him from Miss Cascoden. He had expected to stock up with reading matter at the news stand in Park Station; he had bought not a book nor a magazine, not even a paper. All he could do was to sit and stare through the window or sit and think.

Who would have thought she would have stayed at the station through all the time it had taken him to get away from Townley Rawlins? But she hadn't had to! How long had it taken him to get Rawlins to telephone McGarragh? About ten minutes, and that was how long she had had to wait. He could blame only his own wits. If they had been working properly he would have thought of some way to send her packing to a hotel before he started flooding the train with last-minute extra accommodations. At sunset he took a decision; he went to her door and knocked.

"Come in."

He entered and sat down facing her, his back to the engine. "Do you mind if we have a little talk?" he asked.

"No," she answered, without turning her head from looking out upon the empty landscape, dotted only here and there with a lost Dutch farmhouse.

He studied her face in profile and abruptly it took on a meaning never before discerned. It had the look of one who has said a last goodby to friend but not to foe—a look of abject loneliness. Except in moments of physical exertion it had always been serious and it was serious now, but with a gravity purged of every triviality. What remained was something startlingly basic, real as stripped bone, yet retaining the essence of a noble demeanor. All he had intended to say faded from mind, leaving behind in its stead such a desire to be of help that for a moment it clogged his throat.

"WHAT'S the matter, Jo?" he asked as soon as he was sure of his voice.

"Nothing," she answered in a flat tone. "Nothing matters."

"You won the first turn," he said encouragingly.

"I'll win them all," she answered, not vauntingly but as though she knew herself to be in league with destiny.

"You can't," he told her, "not without my help." She lifted one shoulder and let it fall, dismissing his assertion. "Are you still determined to follow me?" he asked weakly.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I want to go where you are going."

"Yet it has nothing to do with me personally, with what I am," he stated, a puzzled look in his eyes. "Your body convinced me of that once and for all."

"My body?"

"When it drew away from me as if I were something vile."

"You must be mistaken," she averred, after a barely perceptible pause.

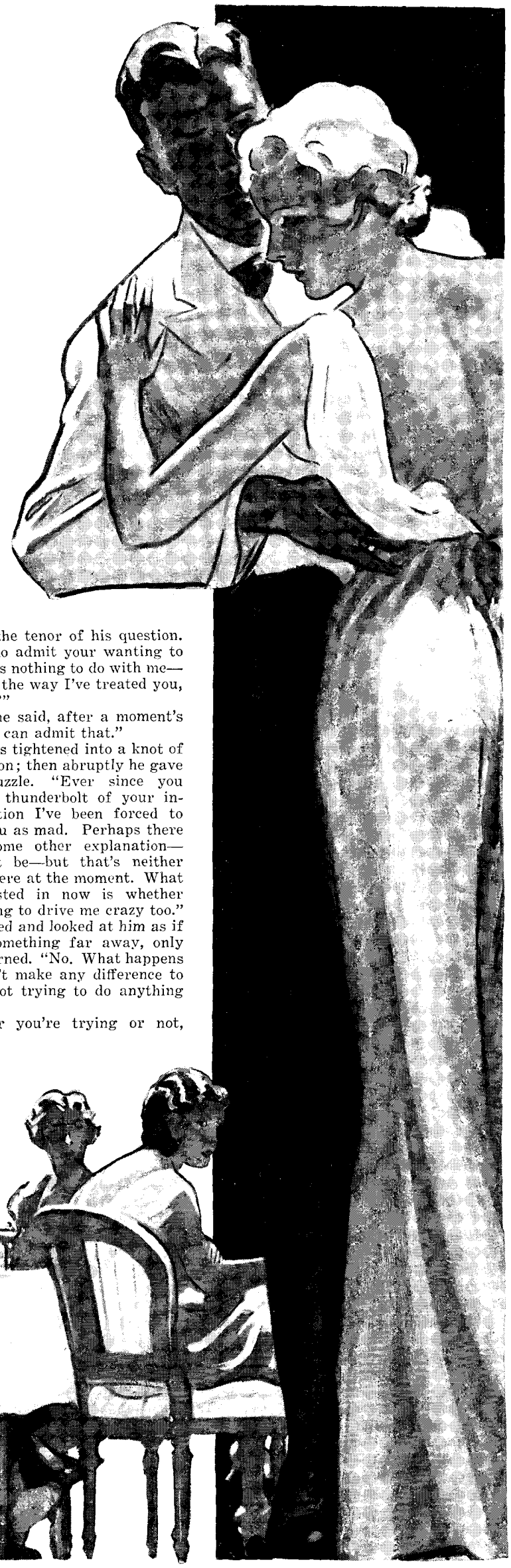
"Then why—" he began and broke off, to change the tenor of his question. "But you do admit your wanting to go along has nothing to do with me—how I look, the way I've treated you, what I am?"

"Yes," she said, after a moment's thought, "I can admit that."

His brows tightened into a knot of concentration; then abruptly he gave up the puzzle. "Ever since you hurled the thunderbolt of your insane intention I've been forced to think of you as mad. Perhaps there may be some other explanation—there must be—but that's neither here nor there at the moment. What I'm interested in now is whether you're trying to drive me crazy too."

She turned and looked at him as if he were something far away, only dimly discerned. "No. What happens to you can't make any difference to me. I'm not trying to do anything to you."

"Whether you're trying or not,



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They attained to isolation—isolation from others as well as from themselves. To all intents they were alone on the floor, and presently they were alone in fact. Other couples had sat down to watch

you're doing it!" he declared. "Why don't you come straight out—tell me what's back of all this?"

"I can't."

"You think I wouldn't understand?"

"No—not that. I think it might be the only way of beating myself, of stopping me from doing what I want to do."

HE STUDIED her for a long time, striving to make her conscious of his gaze, but without success. Her passivity was like a wall, so unscalable it neither repulsed nor invited. In that moment he felt a first premonition of the inevitable. This young girl was not a mere person; she was a force—a force he might possibly defeat by strategy but never destroy while breath remained in her body. Her project, taken simply as a project and from her point of view, now seemed less absurd. Given enough money and sufficient determination, it was quite true she could go where he went and he could do nothing to stop her.

The very axiom he had quoted to Menck to the effect that Africa keeps no secret would be relatively as true for her as it was for him. She could certainly follow and find him if she was willing to pay the price—part of it in cash. His eyes bored into her. Faced with necessity, how far would she go? How much discomfort could she stand? How much grueling fatigue? With the scales nicely balanced between success and failure, where would she draw the line? She had the rapt look of the fanatic, of one who would burn at the stake rather than fail. While he still stared her head fell forward and she buried her face in her hands.

"Crying?" he asked.

Instantly her head went up and she raised dry eyes to his. "No. I've never cried in my life."

"Never? Not even when you were a little girl?"

"Never."

He believed her, and immediately not premonition but conviction of the inevitable descended upon him with a grip so strong it wrenched him around on his foundations, leaving him faced the other way. Deep inside he was for her. Her youth, beauty and indomitable courage rose up before him in accusation. Was he the kind to watch their wreck on the tribulations which would beset any tenderfoot in Africa, let alone a woman? Since he felt she was bound to go through in any case, why not help instead of hindering her? Evening had fallen and in the dusk her face gleamed at him, softened and appealing.

"I'm ready to make a bargain with you," he said.

"What bargain?"

There was a lengthy pause before he continued: "It's based on what you seem to be and what I am. As for you, you've convinced me you're strong enough to carry your end of what I propose; and as for me—I'm protected by what you did to me."

He hesitated and she took advantage of his pause. "I dislike riddles," she said. "Please say plainly what you have to say."

"I'll take you along," resumed Ballard, "make things easy for you, in exchange for a price."

A TELLTALE glint in the darkness betrayed the swerving of her eyes to his face. "What price?"

"It's so small it sounds absurd. Only that you'll tell me why you shrank the way you did the first time I touched you."

It was her turn to pause. "When?" she asked finally.

"Why, when we started to dance," he answered, puzzled. "The minute I—"

"No, no," she interrupted, "not that! I mean, when must I tell you?"

"Oh," he exclaimed with an odd sinking of the spirit. So, not only had there been a reason, but she knew what it was! The thought was like the flick of a whip on a wound still sore and his pride winced again at the blow. "Any time," he continued dully, his senses only half alert. "Now. Whenever you like."

"Whenever I like?"

"Why, yes," he answered in the same dull tone.

"Then I accept," she said promptly. "I promise I'll tell you the day I get where I want to go."

He had been trapped; he knew it and did not mind. A bargain was a bargain, and as for his side of it, he would carry it out beyond the letter. He rose, snapped on the lights for her, and without looking back returned to his own compartment.

EARLY next afternoon Josephine awoke from a nap to a sense of stifling, as if a blanket of gauze had been drawn across her face. She raised the blind and looked out upon a macabre scene—half desolation of the desert, half weird forms of cactuses and flat-topped thorn trees. The low veldt had fallen suddenly upon her and its indolent air quickened the pace of her lungs while it slowed the beat of her heart, producing for a time a mild sense of oppression. She felt clammy in her traveling suit, and though not tired, still too lazy to move. She had slept fairly well during the night and all morning had been expecting rather than waiting for Mallory's appearance. He had not come, and the passive attitude she had assumed where he was concerned seemed an obstacle to her going in search of him. But, after all, she thought, why not? She washed her face and was just finishing tidying herself before the small mirror when he knocked.

She slid back the door. "Come in."

"I came to tell you," he said, "we'll arrive in about half an hour."

"Thank you. I'm ready. Won't you sit down?"

He took the same seat he had occupied on the previous evening. "Sleep well?" he asked.

"Splendidly. And you?"

"Rotten. But what else could I expect?"

"Why?"

"You; yet the fact that you were here, across a thin partition, hadn't anything to do with it. My promise was what kept me awake."

"Perhaps you want to take it back," she said with apparent indifference.

"No; I'm not that kind. Part of the time I've been thinking of ways and means, and as for the rest, I've been going through readjustment—schooling myself for the strange rôle I've got to play."

"AREN'T you making trouble for yourself? Why should it be so strange? All you have to do is to tend to your business and trust me to tend to mine."

He smiled faintly without looking at her. "Nothing is as simple as that—not even in Africa! Has it ever entered your head you're an extremely attractive young girl?"

"I'm not quite a ninny," she answered frankly. "I know my arms and legs are all right and that people can't seem to help looking at my face when I'm in action—riding to hounds or playing games. But the way a person looks isn't what makes her attractive."

"What does?" he asked curiously.

"I know, but I can't put it very plainly. It's something like closing a switch. If you turn on the power, you're attractive; if you don't, you're not. You just stand there without being anything in particular."

He laughed shortly. "You've tried it out, have you?"

"Every girl has," she answered, and

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Women and Horses First

By Frederick Mertz

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

A slashing polo game—fast and furious from start to finish. Two men fighting each other every moment. A girl with some questions to answer watching them

THE minutes before it happened were so casual. Under one of the arches that enclosed the Keiths' patio, Bill Andrews sat working slowly through a tall drink. Dance music was being alternately brash and sentimental in the Keiths' long living-room; and to the accented beat, couples moved rhythmically past the lighted windows.

Bill Andrews wasn't dancing. He hadn't driven sixty miles just for an evening of the continuously shifting house party that seemed to make up life at the Keiths'. But they had thrown their place open to the Valley Ranchers for the coming week-end of polo at the Alamitos Club. There had been questions of feed and stabling, and of borrowed trailers for part of the polo string that Bill Andrews' teammates were bringing in. Andrews couldn't very well have walked out on Clark and Myra Keith the minute he had settled all that.

So he finished his highball, without especially noticing at first that one of the guests was a dark-haired girl, in a backless dress that was like a scurry of autumn leaves. She drifted across Clark Keith's talk of polo ponies, across the muffled beat of the music. Beyond those open windows, her gracefully poised head appeared again and again—a finely drawn profile, a proud little shoulder that the lamplight touched with warm gleams. And every time she passed by, something gay and young stirred in the corners of Bill Andrews' mind—something that was near to him and yet curiously far away.

"Who's that?" he asked suddenly. "The girl with her hair piled up inside the comb?"

Keith brought his round red face into the light from the windows. "Oh, *that* girl. I'll remember her name in a minute. She's related to the Sidwells some way."

THE undefined memory that had been signaling to Bill Andrews through the muffled gayety of the dance music was suddenly clear. "Is Grant the name you're trying to think of?"

"That's it. Judy Grant."

"Of course," said Andrews. "Judy."

"The Sidwells have got a New York brother—an important one. I think he married this girl's sister."

"He did," said Andrews. "I very distinctly remember that he did."

He sat forward, rangy and lean and very brown in the dinner jacket that had been his last-minute concession to the Keiths' hospitality. His heart bucketed a little while he watched for Linda Grant's kid sister to move past those windows again with the same proud, smooth grace that had been Linda's.

He was recalling week-end hospitality in an old limestone house that looked across railed pastures to the Catskills; faces out of the days before he had had to quit his engineering course at M. I. T. and take over those sun-blasted acres that were his heritage. He remembered a softly lighted dinner table; the elder Grants at opposite ends of it; Linda's calm loveliness beside him; and on the far side, a dark youngster who regarded him with wide-eyed gravity while he answered her father's queries about round-ups and open graze and the merits of western saddle stock.

Among the deep-grass meadows of the Ruyskill, talk about the routine of western ranching must have sounded especially bleak and forbidding. But Bill Andrews hadn't thought of that at the time. He hadn't thought of it until Linda told him of her engagement to George Sidwell.

"So you know her?" Keith inquired.

"I used to know the family."

Andrews got up and went into the house, remembering a leggy black-haired child perched in a window seat of the Grants' library. It was odd, crossing the Keiths' dance floor now, to watch something in her face move out toward him in swift recognition.

"Hello, Judy," he said.

"Bill Andrews!"

Her eyes, so like Linda's, came alive through the young maturity of her composure. She touched the arm of the tall young man behind her.

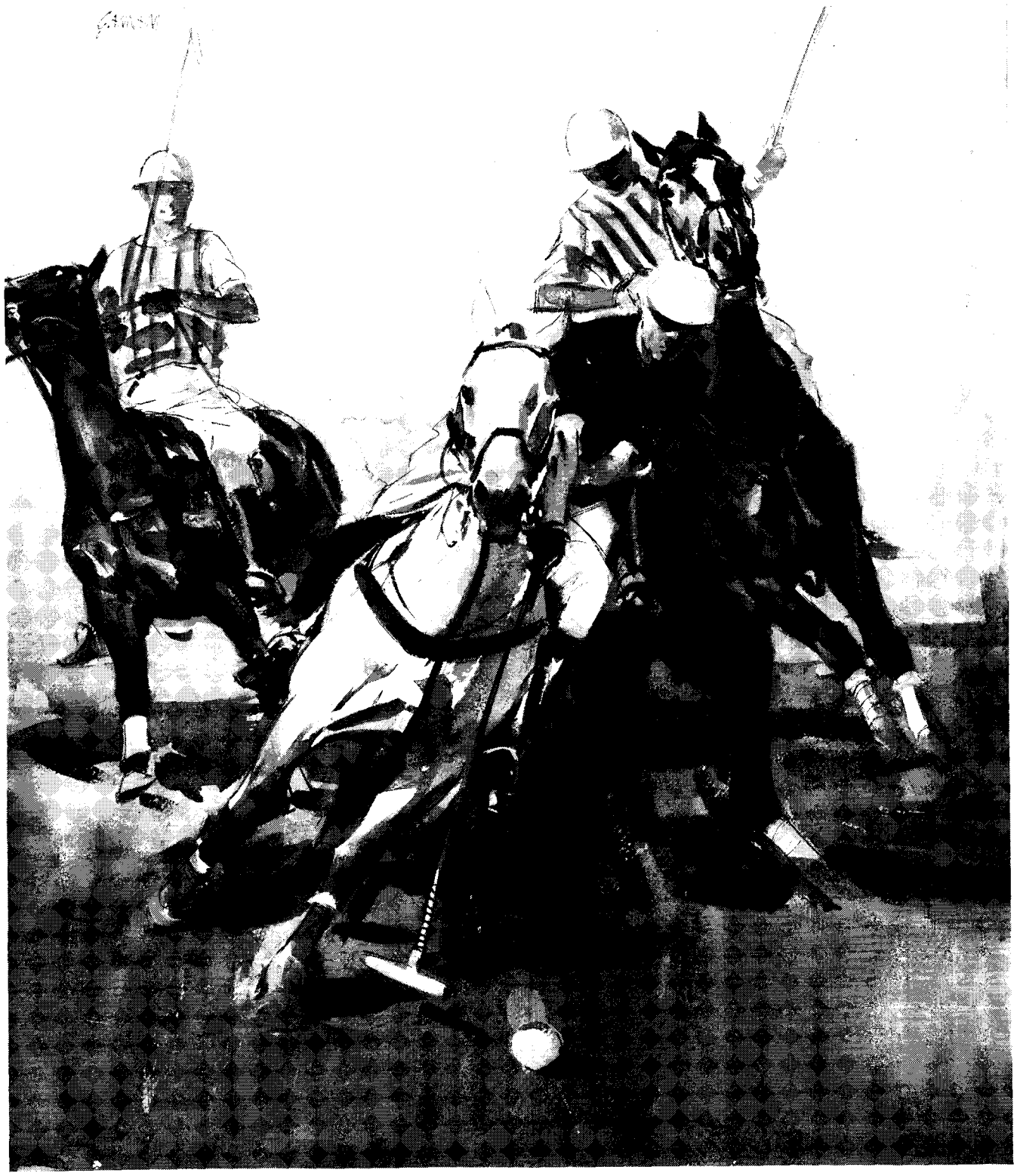
"Bill, this is Brad Norcross. Mr. Andrews."

Andrews had time to approve the younger man's sun-reddened blond leanness and the hard confidence of his grip. Then the music began again with an iridescent splintering of banjo chords. And without Andrews quite knowing how, Judy Grant had moved quietly into his arms.

"I DON'T suppose you remember," he told her, "but this has happened to you before. We danced a square dance at Ruyskill once, that year it rained all summer."

"It wasn't a square dance," she corrected. "It was a waltz, and a very nice one. Everybody'd gone over to the Ruyskill Hunt dance. And I'd turned on the phonograph—and you came into the library and said, 'May I cut in?' as if I hadn't been sitting there alone."

Where Linda's eyes would have been



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wide and softly lighted, Judy's crinkled at the corners when she smiled. But dancing with her was like dancing with Linda again.

"It comes back, doesn't it?" said Andrews. "You were pasting snapshots in a big album—"

"—and you pretended not to notice I'd been crying because I couldn't go to the dance."

A warmth of shared recollection shone in her eyes.

"And you," he said, "pretended not to know that I was as flat as a hog-tied calf because Linda had turned me down—and that was why *I* wasn't at the dance."

"I didn't mean," she said slowly, "to bring that part of it back to you, after all this time."

Andrews' lean, brown face managed a grin.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "You were mighty sweet to me then. I appreciated it. And it's been nice to dance with you again. But here comes that man, figuring to cut in."

"Brad?"

"Yep."

"He's taller than his pictures look, isn't he?"

Brad Norcross was upon them now. He took Judy away, in a pattern of slow new dance steps; and Bill Andrews finished out the tune with his hostess, Myra Keith, who was fortyish, and more interested in horses than in battling sunburn or gray hair.

"We've been press-agenting your ponies to this Santa Barbara gang," Myra told him. "Some of them will probably drive out to your place tomorrow."

"Glad to see 'em."

"They'll be staying over to see Brad Norcross in action—that is, if he'll ride for Alamitos."

"Well," said Andrews, "why not? If it makes a game—"

SHE shook her head. "You're wrong there, son. This'll be one of those afternoons that you'll have to charge up to experience. Not that you Valley boys couldn't be a high-goal team—if only your ranches didn't keep you so darned busy!"

Bill Andrews grinned. "It's a habit that ranches have."

Driving home over the long, dusty back-country roads, he found that something was interfering with his usual preoccupation with feed and the price of beef. He knew what it was long before the headlights of his roadster funneled white against the sprawling tile-roofed walls of his ranch house.

He let himself in; and leaning against a door post of the low-ceiled living-room he saw accustomed things again with the strangeness that must have touched him seven years ago, when the place—as he had thought—was ready for Linda. The comfortable chairs must be standing as they were because he had wanted her to catch the view of foothills across that slope of eucalyptus. And in the shadows of the dining-room were shelves of blue Mexican glass that he had thought would please her.

In the past seven years he had worked and played hard enough, he told himself, to have snapped out of this. But he hadn't snapped out of it. He knew that now, remembering how Judy Grant had looked at him with eyes that might have been Linda's.

And he knew that if the years just past were to live over again, the price of a profound loneliness was not too high to pay for the hopes he had once held about Linda. He was sure, because he had seen Norcross and Judy Grant dancing together in the self-isolating silence that was the fashion of youth.

An echo of this knowledge was in him the next morning when, riding in from the branding chutes, he saw Judy Grant wave to him from one of the deep-casemented windows of the ranch house. Some long, shiny-looking cars glittered in the driveway, but Judy Grant came toward him alone through an empty living-room.

She said, "This is just the way I thought it was, except that I didn't know the fireplace cut across the corner."

"Mighty nice to see you here. The place looks some better with you in it. Did the others—?"

"They all went down to the stables to look at your ponies. I—I stayed here to look at the house first; but Brad couldn't wait to see the horses. You know how keen he is about horses."

Now, abruptly, Andrews knew about the man who was riding against him. In the grip of play, Norcross would kill a horse rather than lose

"I suppose. You know, I believe that's a young fellow who's going places, Judy."

"Do you think so, Bill?"

She seemed to test her own words, to catch the significance of them as she spoke:

"Brad's asked me to marry him."

She went over to one of the deep chairs beside a window; and he heard himself say inanely, "If he hadn't asked you, he'd have been a young fool, and he doesn't look like a fool. Luck to you."

He took a cigarette from a box on the wide sill near her.

When she sat so quietly studying his face, she seemed to come from farther away than the brief distance between them. She seemed to come right across seven years, as if she had been waiting to talk with him as soon as he would find time to turn away from other concerns.

"I wanted to let Brad go down to look at the horses alone because I'm going to ask if you'll do something for me."

"Of course I will!"

"You were saying," she began after a moment, "that Brad looked as if he might be going places."

Bill Andrews nodded. "I think he is."

He thought of the crowd—or rather of one person who was watching

"Everybody else thinks so too. But—"

He asked, filling in a pause, "What is it, child?"

Her brows were drawn faintly together, while she found words for what she wanted to explain. "I guess I want a low-down," she said thoughtfully. "I've got to know what he adds up to—with somebody like you."

He knocked off the ash of his cigarette on the sill. He didn't know what to say.

HER hands made a baffled, groping gesture. "Bill, you can't see what it's like to have been growing up these last few years! I mean, girls I've known all my life—some of them marrying such queer little men who happen to have steady incomes. And that makes Brad seem so wonderful. There's his polo—and he'll probably be Master of Hounds for the Ruyskill Haven Hunt in a year or so. And he's being trained for one of those executive jobs that run with the Norcross enterprises."

"That's a pretty imposing list of recommendations, isn't it?" Andrews said, after a moment's listening thoughtfulness.

She leaned forward. "I want to know what he *really* is. Tell me honestly what you think—oh, not now! After Saturday. After you've played against him at Alamitos."

"Oh," said Andrews, "he's going to be in that, is he?"

"Brad's quartering part of his string at Santa Barbara this winter. He's wired for the ponies he wants."

Andrews protested: "With all the people who know him, who've known him for years—why would you want to set up my judgment against theirs?"

"Because you could tell, better than anyone else in the world, what chance there'd be for Brad ever to love me the way you loved Linda. Is it crazy to expect something like that, Bill?"

Her hand was on his arm, and for an instant the imploring pressure made him search her face with a deep, impersonal regard, as he might have looked at a pony that had shied for no apparent reason. He knew now as well as he would ever know that he could never make any report on Brad Norcross. Something in his life had changed since last night, when he had watched an unknown girl dancing with Norcross at the Keiths'; and the change meant that nothing he could ever tell her must count against Brad Norcross.

Together, from the window, they watched Brad coming up from the stables with his party.

Bill said, "Whatever you get, Judy, it won't be good enough."

Then the room was filled for a while with those young people whose cars brought an unaccustomed glitter to the ranch-house drive.

ON SATURDAY afternoon the Valley Ranchers team eased their ponies from the shade of the stables into the blaze of sunlight upon the Alamitos polo field.

The strengthening of the Alamitos team by the addition of Brad Norcross had not caused the Valley Ranchers to change their lineup. The weary-faced, hard-hitting Smoky Laflin would lead their attack from Number Two position; crazy-riding Tex Waters would be up forward at Number One; and steady old Clem Hutchinson would play back, from which position he could cuss them all to best advantage. Bill Andrews rode Number Three, as usual the tough key position from which a man attacks or defends at choice.

Watching his teammates, Bill Andrews grinned a little as he saw them visibly falter at sight of the crowd. Then they strung out, loping slowly through their practice shots, awkward and crowd-conscious as they tried to unlimber their mallet arms.

At the minute gong Clem Hutchinson pulled them together. They sat in a loose-knit group, lounging slack on their horses, cowboy fashion, while Clem's drawling voice laid down the law.

"This here is a little fancier than what we're used to," he said. "They're saying they'll eat us alive. Kind of looks like we worked ourselves into a bad place." The lean muscles rippled along his jaw as he shifted his chew of eating tobacco. A faint, hard twinkle was in his eye. "But we'll see can we save a little something out of this ball game yet."

None of the others said anything. These were not lifelong sportsmen, to whom polo was a beginning and an end; they were cattlemen whose business it was to govern long miles of grazing lands, thousands of head of stock. There wasn't a six-goal handicap among the four of them. They had taken to polo simply because whatever they did they did in the saddle always. Just four stubborn, hard-riding men on good

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PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Gone are the days when if you could fox-trot you could dance. It takes imagination to get by in the great open dance spaces that have sprung up everywhere since repeal—the orchestra leaders are playing waltzes you'll never fit a one-step to, and their tango has gone completely native. So watch your step, and start cultivating the whirls and zoops

Summer dancing on the Biltmore's Moonlit Terrace, one of New York's popular skyline dining places

WELL, that's over—and no casualties!—though there were moments during that two-hour rehearsal of an exhibition dance that was to last sixty-eight seconds when I had thought to see blood shed.

They came toward me, the big Spaniard laughing and mopping himself with a table napkin, the girl small, cool and collected.

"If you've never seen a ballroom dance team rehearse, you must have thought us quite mad," laughs the Spaniard. "Did I threaten to kill her? I usually do. And I always examine her to make sure she carries no concealed weapons. We have danced together for eight years and we are still Gomez and Winona and she still lets me kiss her, don't you, darling?" And he lifts her high above his head and kisses her on the way down to prove it.

We sat down to orangeades in the huge restaurant clinging to the Palisades near the Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge—deserted at this mid-afternoon hour but already preparing with hundreds of fluttering tablecloths, thousands of white balloons, and a great sloshing of bars and scampering of waiters, for the guests who would descend upon it that night.

Winona is the serious, the business-like member of the team.

"This is only one of hundreds of big dine-and-dance places which have sprung up all over the country since repeal," she informs me, quirking a slim eyebrow above her glass. "They've even converted disused theaters into continental restaurants like the famous Wunderbar in Berlin, you know. They make the orchestra and balcony into a restaurant, terraced and set with tables, and on the stage, all through dinner and supper—eating and drinking is practically continuous—they give a show. In between acts, the stage is used for general dancing. They've done this to the old Hammerstein Theater, to the Casino de Paree, and a number of others. Something had to be done, dancing has become such a craze in the past year.

No sooner did repeal ring out than this revival of dancing set in and we got to thinking. We got to thinking that the "speak" and the night club weren't really such hot places to dance, after all, what with a cover charge that looked like a mortgage on the old farm and then having to dance on a postage stamp, in such a smoky atmosphere that we felt as though we had toothpicks in our eyes.

We're Through with Night Clubs

We got to thinking of the good old tunes—the Blue Danube and the Merry Widow and Beautiful Lady—and the way we used to twirl and zoo-oop to them. And all of a sudden we were through with night clubs. Just like that!—through with them. We sighed for the great open dance spaces and Strauss waltzes and a bottle of Burgundy at our good right hand.

And now, if you're feeling up to it, we'll go right into our statistics. First—seventy-five per cent of the hotels throughout the country have opened up grills for the cocktail hour, really the old *thé dansant* which, you may remember, was no effete tea-drinking affair. Many hotels which heretofore have had only the most refined dinner music, now have a jazz orchestra instead; a number have two and three bands. Second—fifty per cent more ballroom teams are employed than one year ago—and where there's an exhibition team there's general dancing.

The big hotels, flinging out roof gardens, digging sub-grills, opening huge ballrooms, and offering dancing at the cocktail, dinner, and supper hour, soon established themselves as the chic places to dance.

There's more to this than meets the eye and ear—the larger dance floors brought in a new style in dancing, or, rather, an old style revived. No longer will the all-purpose fox trot, danced indiscriminately to waltz, tango and even rhumba music, get us by. The best orchestra leaders like Whiteman, Madriguera, Vallee, Coleman, etc., are edging away from the slow, mushy blues which induced the semi-coma necessary to the proper performance of the fox trot *à la* alma mater and are seeing to it that the waltz is made difficult if not impossible for those who try to do a one-step to it and that a tango is played with its native rhythm, not as a fox trot.

Once more high-powered executives (who've been neglecting their dancing lessons since 1929) are leaving their offices at 4 P. M. for their dancing classes or the cocktail hour at some swank hotel and once more the sum total of money spent on dancing lessons in these U. S. A. (which even during the depression was a cool $50,000,000 per annum) is rising to new highs.

Back to the Dancing School

"And so," says Gomez, "many people will have to learn to dance all over again, the men especially. American ladies really dance very well." Can we accept the compliment—or is this just Spanish applesauce? At any rate the Latin point of view is most illuminating—and very appealing to the ladies. Do go on, Mr. Gomez, you make us feel so glamorous.

"To my way of thinking, it's the man's duty to show the lady off. Most men think only of themselves and indulge in a tricky step with an air of, 'If you can't do this, you're just out of luck,' whereas each man should try to make the lady he's dancing with appear the most attractive woman on the floor. A lady goes out in the evening after having spent hours on her dress, her coiffure, that little nose, those pretty pink nails—and the man should appreciate

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Marriage for One

The startling experience of that modest golf fiend, Julian See, who had to beat a better man—or stay a bachelor

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

WE WERE sitting idly on the veranda, the three of us, staring at the pale moon, two of us slightly consumed by the fires of jealousy. It was a lovely night for moons, jealousy and beautiful women, and the beautiful woman was Dorothy Bonham, who sat between us, wearing a blue velvet confection, silk stockings, white pumps and a care-free smile. The jealousy-eaten victims were myself and Roy Erskine, whom I have always mildly detested, first because he thinks he is a handsome dog and a lion with the ladies, and second, because he is.

Roy resembles a British grenadier and has yellowish hair, tousled and tawny. Most girls admire him and so he struts, and if I hate anything it's a strutter. He can play golf to beat the mischief, whereas I am not so hot, although I have my occasional good days. I waggle too much and suffer from unsteadiness, shaky knees and a poor eye for direction. Roy believes he could marry any girl alive, and when he selected Dorothy it was bad news for me, as I have been trying to marry her myself and have spoken of it constantly. This has been going on for months and months, Dorothy taking the negative.

"I don't care which one I marry," she remarked, continuing the conversation. "You're both attractive boys. . . . I often speak to Father about how nice you are—both."

"You mean it's a matter of indifference to you?" I inquired glumly.

"Why, certainly. Roy's a sweet boy. So are you, Julian."

"You wouldn't actually marry the fathead?"

"He's asked me to, haven't you, Roy?"

"Two times a week for years."

"Well, so have I. And I knew you first. This creature crashed in on a lovely romance and gummed the works, as he is always doing. Why don't you go on home and leave Dorothy and me here in the moonlight?"

"GO HOME yourself," Roy suggested amiably. "You're not welcome here, not on this side of the porch. You are boring me terribly. I try to have a word with a girl alone, but no, there is always some human carbuncle destroying the scenery."

"I'm not going on this way forever," I said hotly. "I'm pretty tired of this big loon, always hanging about. We've got to have a showdown, because it's wrecking my health."

"What health?" Roy asked. "You never had any visible health."

"I think it's delightful to have two such charming friends," said Dorothy in her sweet voice.

"Well, I don't. I'm getting so I can't sleep nights. I'm commencing to see spots, and we've got to do something."

"What?"

"You'll definitely have to say which. You cannot have both of us, and am I glad about that! If you want to marry the stuffed shirt on your right, merely say so here and now and I will fade into the woods. If you wish to marry the man you should marry, in all common sense and reason, which is me, just say the word and I will run this porch pest into the clubhouse."

"Can't we go along as we are?"

"No," I said firmly.

"No," Roy added. "I'm weary of looking at Julian. Let us be rid of him for good and all."

"Well," said Dorothy in a thoughtful tone, "there's the club's annual tournament. You're both playing. I'll marry the one that stays in it the longest."

She spoke in a soft, calm voice and I glanced at her in the moonlight, noting how beautiful she seemed.

"You can't mean that," I protested. "You wouldn't leave the fate of three lives hanging on a golf score."

"The little man means he's afraid," explained Roy, who is not a bad golfer.

"Well, if he's afraid—" she began.

"I am not afraid," I said bitterly. "In my opinion, it is utterly ridiculous to trust one's future to such a silly chance. If he happened to outlast me and you married the poor egg—well, there goes your life in ruins. Dorothy, I plead with you—"

AT THIS point she arose somewhat coldly, saying she was going home and the two of us formally escorted her thence, leaving her at her door and departing together.

"Thank heaven, it's settled," Roy remarked airily. "I always wondered if an intelligent girl could even think of you as a husband, and now I know she meant to marry me all the time."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning I can slap you down at golf or any other game, and everyone knows it, including Dorothy. Didn't she look sweet tonight?"

"She looked lovely, but her mind is apparently gone. I may not even compete in the tournament."

"It will make no difference," he said lightly. "Well, here's my corner. So long, Dismal. Go home and take yourself a pill."

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The gallery snickered, and the snickers bothered Roy

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The Helpin' Fool

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

B'r Charlie does a little light prayin' for rain—another chronicle of Little Bee Bend, where it's pretty hard to surprise the foreman, but it can be done

GILES splashed through the sticky mud of the bayou path, waded water ankle-deep through the front yard, and presently seated himself glumly upon the Widow Duck's porch. He was in need of comforting words and he knew if anybody in the world could give them to him it was the Widow Duck.

She sat in her split-hickory rocking chair, carding soft white cotton for a quilt stuffing, and maneuvering a snuff brush in her mouth with her lips and tongue. She appeared not to take the slightest notice of the foreman's presence, but after a minute or two of silence and some vigorous workings of the snuff brush, she spat far into the yard and, without even looking toward Giles, she grumbled:

"Well, start tawkin'."

The Widow Duck was in bad humor herself. From her porch she could see water standing in her own cotton field, just across the road. For three days, since the big rain, she had watched that water. It had gradually receded during that time from a complete inundation to a point where now it stood only in the middles and low places. But water in the middles and low places was bad, coming just as the cotton was squaring. It would make the boll weevils breed too fast and she knew it.

"Hit ain't on account er I'm de best foreman in de Red River bottoms," Giles began modestly, "dat makes Little Bee Bend de best cotton plantation in de country. And hit ain't on account er we's got de richest land or de biggest mules or de best niggers or de smartest bossman."

The Widow Duck didn't even take the trouble to grunt.

"Hit's all on account er all er de best we's got gits out and pulls together."

The Widow Duck spat once more, laid her carders aside and removed the snuff brush from her mouth. "Giles," she said deliberately, "what else did de bossman tell you?"

Giles fidgeted. He wasn't fooling the Widow Duck. He never had been able to fool her about anything and he felt ashamed of himself for having tried it again. "He told me plenty," he declared bluntly. "He told me a heap I already knowed, and a heap I didn't know. And he didn't tell me a heap I knowed. And all of hit was bad."

"So," the Widow Duck snorted, "you comes and tells me us is got to pull together, hunh? How you think I been pullin' for goin' on I don't know how many years, now? Giles, you's a big man when de goin' is good but when she git tight, you come to me wid a tale like dat!"

Giles was rebuked and he felt it. He had begged for comfort and had been administered gall. The Widow Duck, whose cotton was fairly safe now, except from over-infestation of boll weevil, had no call to be grumpy about her luck, when the water was actually standing over the tops of the cotton stalks on most of the place.

"Water," he blurted out, "standin' three foot deep on de Windmill cut and can't git down for a week. And I ain't had de cheeks to measure how deep hit is on New London. Dat cut was headed to make three hund'ed bales er cotton. And now efn we gits a bale we'll be lucky."

"I never did like dat New London cut, nohow," the Widow Duck snapped. "Hit's too low."

"When she do make cotton," Giles said sadly, "hit'll make two bales to de acre, and inch-and-sixteen' staple."

"And when she don't make cotton," countered the Widow Duck, "us which live up hyar on de front side er de place got to feed all dem hongry niggers dat didn't make no cotton crop."

GILES meditated a few seconds. "She either make hit or she don't," he concluded sadly. "But when she do—"

"De Bible say," the Widow Duck broke in, "'Cast yo' cotton seeds in de low ground and verily hit will return unto you, wadin' in de water, preachin' a sermon wid rocks in yo' hand, and nothin' in yo' kitchen, but wharfo' abide ye on de high ground and hit'll be a long worm which don't work bofe ways.' So say de Sperrit, Giles. God will change conditions."

Giles ever paid little attention to the Widow Duck's scriptural quotations and he listened now with only half an ear. But it set his mind to working.

And as his mind worked, his wrath began to focus on one idea. "Did dat one-laigged nigger Charlie pray for any rain last Sunday?" he demanded suddenly, and without waiting for a reply, he added viciously, "Efn he did, I'm gonter hold his head under de water to he drowns!"

"Don't go blamin' B'r Charlie," the Widow Duck advised. "He prayed a little for rain, on account er we needed a little rain, and you know dat's a fack."

"A little rain, yas," Giles admitted. "But looky yonder at what us got!"

"Don't blame B'r Charlie for dat," the Widow Duck went on. "You know good as me us jest had a right sweet shower, up hyar on Little Bee, whar B'r Charlie prayed for. And Willow Chute would 'a' dreened off dat in no time, efn hit wan't for Bodcau and Red Chute backin' up and floodin' all over us. You can't blame B'r Charlie for what happen in Bodcau bottoms, Giles. B'r Charlie do's right good on Little Bee, but de Lawd wouldn't pay him no mind, do he git to ramblin' all over de country wid his prayin'. B'r Charlie ain't holy enough to pray down all dis water."

Giles went back to the barn, bitter in his soul. Four days ago, Little Bee Bend Plantation was well on the way to making the biggest crop it had ever produced, and today it was a fact that less than half the land would produce any cotton whatever. Before the rain, everybody had been happy. Now, even the highest ground along Willow Chute would yield far less than the normal crop.

"De only thing certain about hit," Giles mumbled, "us ain't gonter make much cotton dis fall."

There was small comfort there, and he trudged on.

AT THE barn Giles found nothing to raise his spirits. Field hands sat around sadly and silently. Those whose homes had been flooded had moved their families into the cabins with the people living on higher ground. The arrangement was none too happy. The bossman had announced that, since the floods, the merchants in town who had been free with their credit had closed down to the barest necessities. There would be meat, cornmeal, lard and molasses in the rations, and not more than just enough of those.

Nobody had a word to say about anything. They just sat around and stared at Giles. It was with their eyes instead of with their tongues that they kept asking, over and over, "What must we do?"

Giles didn't know the answer, so he wandered off from the barn, and toward the blacksmith shop.

B'r Charlie was hammering away, and Giles thought it would relieve his own nerves if he went over and started some sort of a row with the one-legged blacksmith. Two separate ideas came to him as reasonable causes for a fuss.

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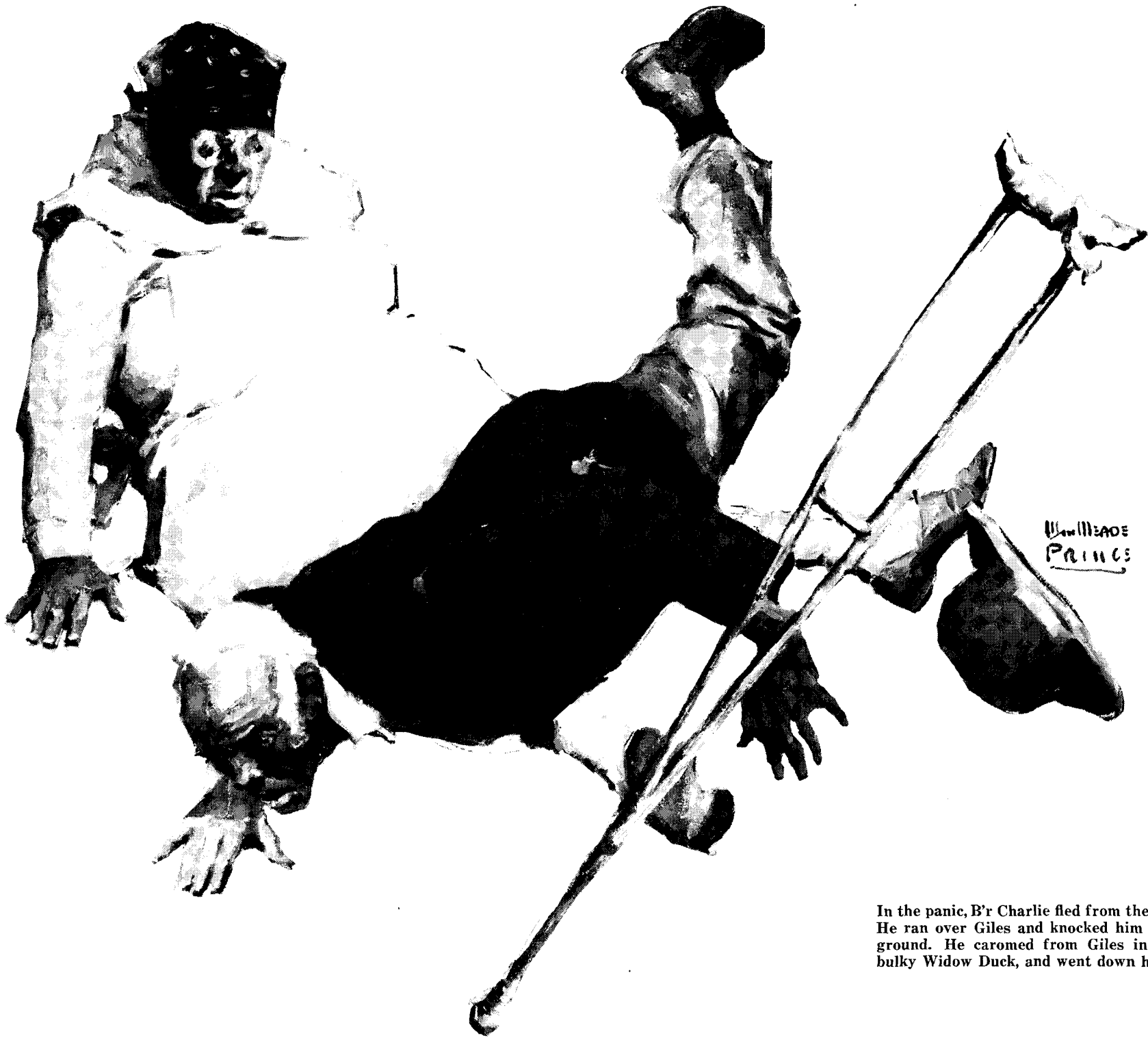

In the panic, B'r Charlie fled from the noise. He ran over Giles and knocked him to the ground. He caromed from Giles into the bulky Widow Duck, and went down himself

B'r Charlie, only the week before, had cautioned Giles about being too proudful before the Lord, just because the crop was getting along so good. "Proudfulness is ogly," B'r Charlie had told Giles, "and God don't love ogly. 'Be ye tharfo' humble in yo' soul, or verily will I come in de night time and turn yo' cream to clabber.' "

"Efn dat one-laigged nigger so much as say one word about dat," Giles decided, "I'll wring his neck. And efn he don't, I'll make a humbug wid him about burnin' up so much coal in de forge."

B'r Charlie was a complete disappointment. He merely said, "Hy-dy, Mist' Giles," when the foreman came into the shop, and went right on with his hammering. Giles noted with some disgust that there was no fire at all in the forge, and that B'r Charlie was only hammering on a rusty bolt, a thing to which Giles could not possibly object.

"Well, Charlie," said Giles, "things looks mighty bad."

"Dey sho' do," agreed B'r Charlie.

"I ain't never seed 'em look worser," Giles offered.

B'r Charlie put his hammer down and pitched the bolt into a scrap pile. "When things gits tight," B'r Charlie philosophized, "and looks de blackest befo' de stawm, hit's up to de righteous to git humble in they hearts and git to prayin'."

Giles snorted menacingly. "I hyars you done a little prayin' last Sunday, befo' de big rain."

B'R CHARLIE squirmed uncomfortably. "Well, Mist' Giles, I'm gonter tell you. Ev'ybody knowed we needed some rain, so I figgered hit was my time to he'p out a little. You knows we all lives hyar, and ev'ybody got to pull together. So I got down and prayed for rain. But, Mist' Giles, I swear to my soul, I jest prayed along sort er average like. I didn't bear down ve'y hard. But I reckon I been so holy, hyar lately, I jest natchally put more stuff on dat prayer den I had in mind to. You know I been powerful holy, all spring."

Giles chuckled—the first good chuckle he had had since the rain started. "Nigger," he said, "de rain which fell on Little Bee ain't what's ailin' us. Hit's de rain which fell up in de hills, at de same time, and backed up Willow Chute f'm Bodcau and Red Chute."

B'r Charlie felt relieved of the responsibility, but at the same time, it was a blow to his pride, once he had convinced himself that his prayers were potent enough to bring so much water. He thought hard for a minute. "I knowed hit," he declared presently. "Hit's dat Splitter workin' evil agin me."

"Hit's what?" Giles demanded.

"Splitter," B'r Charlie elaborated. "Hit's a preacher call hisse'f Sin Splittin' Samuel, revivin' back in de hills and he been workin' evil agin me. He done all er dat prayin' for de rain up in de hills so's hit would flood down disaway."

Once more, in spite of the gloomy outlook, Giles was forced to laugh.

The conversation with B'r Charlie did not take a drop of water off the plantation, and the crop prospects were just as bad as they had been, but Giles somehow felt better after the talk. His mind had quit worrying about what had already happened and was now busy trying to figure out what was to be done about it.

As Giles stepped from the blacksmith shop, Johnnie T splashed up. "Mist' Giles," Johnnie T said, "I wants to git dat tin to put on my house."

"What tin?" Giles asked gruffly.

"De tin for my house roof," Johnnie T explained. "De bossman tole me last week he'd git me de order any time I wanted hit. So I figgered whilst I was layin' 'round waitin' for hit to git dry enough to work, I'd put de new tin on."

"Dat de way you figgered, hunh?" Giles grew lofty as Johnnie T shrank.

"De bossman hisse'f tole me—" Johnnie T insisted.

GILES relented a trifle. "Listen at me, son," he explained carefully. "De bossman said dat, last week. Well, since last week, us done lost about four hund'ed bales er cotton in de weather. So what de bossman said to you last week don't count. Last week us was rich. Dis week us is po' fo'ks. Us ain't hardly buyin' rations, no more."

"Yassuh," Johnnie T nodded, "but de roof do leak a heap."

"Well," Giles said briskly, "hit's twenty big niggers layin' about de barn doin' nothin' but feelin' sad for theyse'ves. You go tell dem niggers to git

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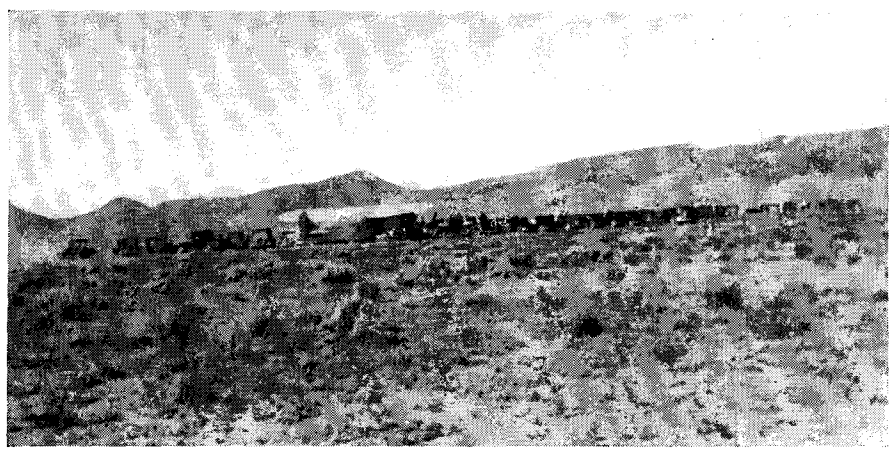
Singing in the Sun

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

It doesn't take spring and young love to set the Southwest singing in the rain. That's easy. But when an inexorable sun in a brazen sky month after month scorches life out of the range, it takes courage to raise a song. They have that in the Southwest, though. Come to a barbecue

Ranch owners, cowboys, shopkeepers —all joined in the O-Bar-O barbecue



The lower plain, beyond the O-Bar-O corral, scene of the horse races, the final event of the day's program

Big Whit, they say, is the best barbecue man in the Southwest

YOU can inflate and deflate the value of gold. You can alter the monetary standards and do tricks with gold and silver and paper so that something which costs a dollar today will cost either less or more than a dollar tomorrow. In a changing, kaleidoscopic world there is one thing alone which remains static, unchangeable, untouched by adverse circumstances—the courage, the hope and the faith of the American pioneer, the man of the range, who has borne the brunt of the devastating attack which nature has made and is making against the cattle country. They have fought a hopeless fight so far and ranchers have lost almost everything but their faith and their courage and their hope, and if you'll spend a day in the cattle country you'll see this courage, this hope, this faith. You'll see. . . .

Big Whit stood there and the glowing coals in the barbecue pit touched him with burnished gold. There were fifteen kids there on the grate, and there were five short yearlings—almost done, for they had been on the fire four hours now.

Big Whit was singing softly under his breath as cowboys sing when they are alone. He was singing:

"Oh, bury me not on the lone parareee
Where the coyotes howl and the winds
blow freeeee."

Big Whit had been a cowhand once; now he had his own ranch over by Eagle's Nest. Funny thing about Whitaker—he was lopsided on two subjects. The first was the subject of barbecues. Anytime anyone in Lincoln County was going to hold a barbecue he got hold of Big Whit and Whit would carve and cook the meat, and they said that Big Whit was the best barbecue man in New Mexico or, for that matter, in the whole Southwest. Then—baseball.

Whit never saw a big-league baseball game in his life but every day he'd get the El Paso and Albuquerque papers and read about Ruth and Cochrane and Hubbell, and there wasn't much about baseball that Big Whit didn't know. When he got his own ranch and started to wonder what brand he'd use on his cattle—why, naturally he chose a baseball brand. It's funny to see a lot of solemn-eyed cattle browsing around with the mark of a baseball on their shoulders.

They were giving a barbecue at the O-Bar-O ranch in Bernado Gap and naturally they'd asked Big Whit to cook the meat. Whit knew how to develop a searing fire that touched the beef and encased it in a thin, unfilterable mask that kept the juices inside.

It was three A. M. now and the ranch was asleep. Now and then you'd hear a thin whinnying from the corral where a horse had been disturbed by the distant and almost unheard scream of a mountain lion or the impudent laugh of a coyote. The blue canopy of the sky was sprayed with stars and the stars looked as though they'd been tossed up there by a careless hand. The dark bulk of the Tucson Mountains loomed to the east, and to the west the sharp outlines of the Carrizozo Mountains etched themselves against the blue and the gold of the New Mexico night, softened by the pale light of a lazy moon.

Big Whit kept one eye on the meat. "Look at them stars," he said, and what matter if he was his own audience? "More stars up there than there are ants on the earth—and I mean red ants as well as black ants."

Soon a frail and tremulous dawn peeped an apprehensive head over the Tucsons. Made bold by the quiet and peace of the valley, it grew stronger and now the cedars on top of the peaks stood out in bold relief. The night crept silently out of the valley and in a dazzling cascade of golden shafts the sun burst over the mountain—and suddenly it was day. It was five o'clock and Whit looked complacently at his meat. It was about done. Whit knew that cowboys were even now saddling ponies over in Capitan, in Carrizozo, in Ruidosa, preparing for the long ride to the O-Bar-O ranch. He knew that automobiles were starting from far off Sante Fe—from El Paso, from Albuquerque, for everyone in Lincoln County was invited to this barbecue, the first big one to be held in years.

Five Hundred for Lunch

The ranch began to stir itself. Mexican girls took possession of the kitchen, made huge pots of coffee, made flapjacks, and looked too at the enormous boilers on the stove in which frijoles had been simmering all night. Now in the clear light you could see cattle moving down the mountain sides and you could hear the restless stirring of the horses. Tom James, foreman of the ranch, came out to see that everything was ready.

The day before he and his cowboy helpers had built a fifty-foot bar and they had built long tables and benches and had also made a platform for dancing. Far down the valley there sounded the metallic, staccato bark of a motor and soon a huge truck passed the corral and came up to the ranch house.

"Two hundred gallons of beer," the driver shouted, "and it's all iced."

"That ought to be enough," Tom James laughed, and he helped them unload it and put it behind the bar.

"The meat's ready," Whit reported. "The beans are done," a Mexican girl said. And now the crowd began to come. Automobiles, horse-drawn buckboards, trucks, horses—every possible means of conveyance had been utilized by the men and women of Lincoln County. Ranch owners, cowboys, Mexicans, shopkeepers, state senators—all followed the dusty trail that led to the O-Bar-O ranch.

By eleven o'clock there were five hundred people on the ranch grounds and still they came. Old friends who hadn't met for years greeted each other happily. A group of Mexican vaqueros rode up. One of them rode a small paint and behind him, clasping his waist with thin but sinewy arms, sat his six-year-old daughter. They had ridden thirty miles that way but when he helped the child from the horse she was bright-eyed and untired.

Sheriff McCamant and several of his deputies were there and their guns were at their belts. There were no Indians there, though. It is still an offense against the law to serve an Indian a drink in New Mexico. Indians apparently have never learned how to drink.

Now the barbecue was served. Mexican helpers from the ranch kitchen stood

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has made the experimental method in government a political pastime, but practical progress through trial and error is old stuff to an unheadlined and underpaid group of men who move in a hidden underworld at Washington. They are the bread-and-butter scientists of the Department of Agriculture, to whom a successful skirmish against a destructive insect means more than the outcome of a presidential election. So modest in manner and scientific in spirit that they deprecate their valuable achievements and putter behind shabby scenery without fuss or flourishes, they seek only to make Mother Earth bear and behave at her best for the sake of her hard-up children of the cities and of the soil.

They are a rare race of men. Their painful reticence and modesty in this sinful city of personal ballyhoo is too good to be true; it starts tears of surprised appreciation in the eyes of anybody who has hung around politicians at either end of Pennsylvania Avenue. Whereas even the most conscientious officeholder will spread-eagle himself now and then, these men always wind up a description of their discoveries and experiments with the warning that "It may not work out as we hope."

They give full credit to associates and helpmates as far distant as Europe or a state experimental station out in the sticks. They shun publicity, beseeching interviewers to err on the side of understatement. They live in constant fret lest the youthful departmental publicists in their anxiety for a "good story" will exaggerate their doings. They just don't seem real.

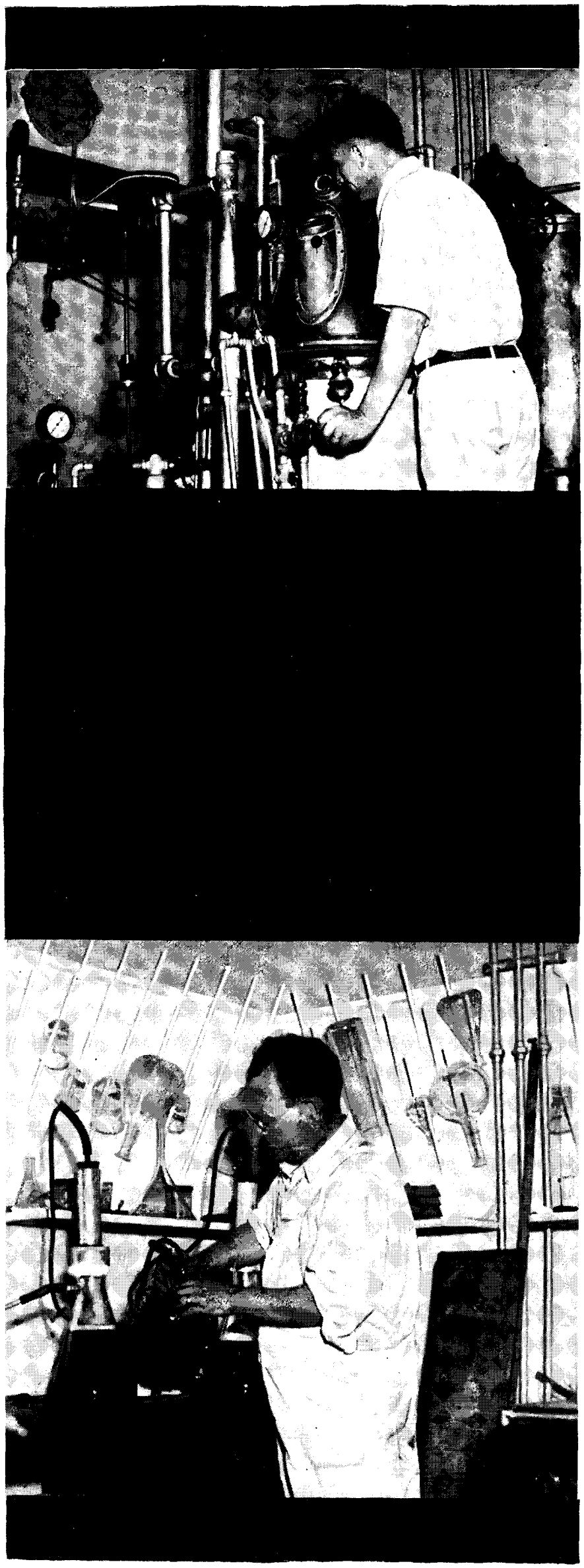
They ask no reward of money or fame, and they usually get what they ask. Although their salaries range only from $2,000 to $6,000, and they depend for raises upon such a notoriously unscientific body as Congress, they regularly reject fine offers from commercial firms. They prefer the academic aloofness of their barns, their laboratories and their experimental farms, which nobody invades with the demand that they speed up their work so as to take advantage of a profitable order. Some leave now and then for larger returns on the outside, but they often come back to the fold.

They never watch the clock. Many fit up their attics and cellars with equipment so that they may continue their experiments after and before office hours. They go home afternoons loaded down with boxes which contain plants, insects, ears of corn, test tubes and cultures. Even when they are shelved for age, they beg for a little space wherein to serve as a free lance in the war of science against nature. Working in remote crannies and makeshift cubbyholes, bustling about in shirt sleeves, puffing at tobaccoless pipes, this strange breed lives amidst scientific shadows and silences.

Medicine for a Monarch

King George of England may not know it, but he owes his majestic life to a medicine developed in a gloomy, rickety building which stands on the soft Virginia slope where it rolls upward from the Potomac River at Washington. It was here at the department's experimental station that two comparatively unknown youngsters married a mold from an ancient ear of corn to corn sugar, and evolved the royal cure. Although the physicians who administered it were knighted for their minor part in relieving the king's pains, the two local boys didn't get a raise or a headline.

Doctors Horace Terhune Herrick and Orville E. May didn't set out to manufacture a medicine for monarchs. They wanted to cheapen the cost of a remedy



—calcium gluconate—for such democratic diseases as hives and rickets and other illnesses caused by a deficiency of calcium in the system. Until they succeeded after long and tedious research, calcium gluconate was a chemical curiosity manufactured by a few European firms and retailing for $150 a pound. Now it is a common, garden variety of cure which sells at any drug store for three dollars a pound. Even the "forgotten man" can afford it.

They started with only a hopeful idea. Dr. Herrick wanted to test his theory that the rare gluconate could be produced from the action of a mold on glucose. But for months it seemed impossible to discover the right kind of decay to mix with the corn sugar. They tried 149 varieties of mold, feeding it to the glucose in various amounts, in different temperatures and in many different circumstances. All failed. But on the 150th attempt an ear of corn which had been decaying since 1912 furnished a perfection of rottenness, and the precious medicine was produced.

When the king's physicians ransacked medical centers to find a cure a short time afterward, they visited the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, which had just received a few samples of the Herrick-May preparation. Expert diagnosticians suggested that it might be just the thing for what ailed the king, and so it was. "It was just a shot in the dark," says Dr. Herrick.

The two royal "fermenters" labored under most unfavorable conditions. As they nursed their noble molds, deafening explosions shook their flimsy building. Smoke veiled the windows of their laboratory. Shattered glass fell not far away. But they never raised their heads; they are used to such scientific static.

An Experiment in Dust

To them it was only the symptoms of another experiment down the slope a pace—an experiment with dust. It signified that D. J. Price, the department's combustion expert, was seeking to save property by blowing it up. He was showing firemen, insurance officials, farmers, millers and other manufacturers that sometimes dust can be more destructive than dynamite. In his office at Washington they had stared incredulously when he told them that particles of wheat, corn, powdered milk, rice, spices or cotton could, under certain circumstances, blow out the mightiest masonry—the stronger the walls, the bigger the blow. They didn't believe when he declared that in eighteen years drifting dust had touched off 374 explosions which ended 277 lives and ruined $33,000,000 worth of property. They shook their heads when he insisted that mills made mostly of glass furnish surer protection than those of granite against these dangerous hazards.

So he escorted them to his little gray mill—a frame structure studded with square glass windows. He lined them up a safe fifty feet distant. Locking the windows and closing all vents, he dumped a bushel of cornstarch in one wing, fanned it into the air and ignited it with an electric spark. The flame ran along the lower level, then leaped upward to the tower. With a roar it exploded, smashing every pane of glass. Had the walls been of brick, they would have collapsed upon workmen and firemen inside. Then he repeated the test, but this time with the windows hanging outward so that imprisoned gases could make their getaway. There was no explosion, no noise, no clouds of smoke—only a wheezy cough.

Mr. Price's experiments have revolutionized factory construction, fire-fighting and the handling of dust products.

(Continued on page 28)

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Shadow of Doubt

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

SOMEONE who leaves no clue to his identity murders Len Haworth, New York's wealthiest playboy, in his apartment—shoots him with a .38 revolver. His body is found at 2:05 on the morning of the day he was to marry Trenna Plaice, a motion-picture actress. Police Sergeant Wilcox and a squad of detectives go to work at once.

There are three suspects: Sim Sturdevant, a prominent advertising man, who, in love with the actress, had knocked Haworth down only a short time before the tragedy; Trenna Plaice, who had entered Haworth's apartment the evening preceding the shooting, but had not been seen to leave it; and Lisa Bellwood, a débutante, who had been with Haworth, in his apartment, about the time he was murdered.

Sturdevant, interrogated, says that he had gone to the Merrygoround, a night club, to offer a radio job to Inez Johnson, the star of the revue. Haworth, intoxicated and accompanied by Lisa Bellwood, had insulted him; and he had promptly knocked him down. He maintains, truthfully, that on leaving the resort he had walked to his apartment and retired.

Trenna Plaice is equally insistent that Haworth was not in when she reached his apartment; that he had come in, intoxicated, at 1:30, with a woman (whom she did not see); that she had slipped away, unseen, and gone home. . . . Lisa Bellwood admits that she was the woman with Haworth. He had, she says, become shockingly intoxicated; she had taken him to his apartment, remained fifteen minutes, and departed.

Cognizant at last of what Haworth's true character had been, Trenna tells Sturdevant that she loves him. Secure in the knowledge of his own innocence, certain that Trenna is not guilty, he looks to the future confidently—and receives an appalling shock. Lisa Bellwood insists that he lunch with her. He does so. The girl makes it quite clear that she is interested in him; after which she calmly announces that she *may* tell the police that on leaving Haworth's apartment house *she had seen him, Sim Sturdevant, in front of it!* Another shock follows quickly. Trenna admits something of which the police are unaware—that she owns a .38 revolver!

Inez Johnson, too, surprises him. She confesses to him that, instead of going home shortly before the murder (as she had told the police she did), she had followed Haworth. "I did it to protect you," she quavers. "I thought he might kill you."

"The police won't look for anyone else," she said. "But you can"

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STURDEVANT opened his desk and took out several copies of a contract. Despite himself he smiled slightly. There were comic elements in this tragedy. Lisa Bellwood claimed she had seen him outside Haworth's apartment, but had given a half-way promise not to tell the police. Now Inez Johnson had exacted from Sturdevant a promise that he would not tell the authorities that she had followed Haworth home. Or had she followed him that far? His fingers released the contract as he looked at her.

"You followed Miss Bellwood and Haworth all over town? Exactly what do you mean by that?"

"Here and there and everywhere," she replied.

"In a taxi?"

She nodded assent.

Sturdevant shook his head in exasperation.

"Where did you pick up the taxi?"

"Outside the Merrygoround. You see, when I told the boss I was going home I was really upset, nervous. I mean, it was pretty thrilling getting your offer to go on the air. Then that brawl with Haworth got me jittery. I was really going home. But as I reached the sidewalk I saw Haworth and Miss Bellwood getting into a taxi and I suddenly thought of what a bad actor he could be. So I stepped in a car and gave the driver my address. But the second we started off I told him to follow Haworth's car."

Sturdevant groaned in dismay.

"Don't you know, you pretty little idiot, that the police will check up on your story? They've probably questioned your taxi man now."

Despite her evident fear, she grinned at him impudently.

"Old bucks like Saunders aren't the only ones that think little Inez is one hundred and five pounds of sugar. That taxi man of mine would lie all day and all night for me. I was a little ashamed of what I'd done—you know, it looked as though I were jealous of Haworth and Miss Bellwood—and I told him to say that he took me straight home."

"I don't see why you bothered to do that. If he did take you home, his testimony would be proof enough. I should think you'd have simply told him not to mention chasing around town." His brows drew near together, separated only by a furrow above the nose as he frowned. "Who would have asked him where you went?"

"I DIDN'T want him gossiping to other taxi men. You see, he's quite a friend of mine. He's been around the Merrygoround all summer and fall, driving me home four nights out of seven. He tells me his troubles. His wife had a baby in September and I slipped him the necessary."

"But why have him say that he took you home?" persisted Sturdevant.

She colored.

"You're hard to convince, baby. *Lots* of men go for me. You'd be surprised, although you shouldn't. Just at the moment I have a heavy sweetie. I kind of like him. But is he jealous! Does he want the time-clock punched! I didn't want to sit down with him and battle twelve hours over why I didn't go straight home. He'd have me in love with the taxi man, with Haworth and with you. Not that the last would be hard," she added mischievously.

Sturdevant shook a monitory finger at her.

"You and I are doing business together," he laughed.

"Fraid-cat," she jeered.

"I'll tell your sweetie on you if I ever find out who he is," he threatened.

"You know him," she giggled. "Reed Ryan of the Crier."

"So-ho? That's why Ryan happened to be in the Merrygoround?"

"I wouldn't wonder," she smiled. "He's grand, Mr. Sturdevant. Honest, he is. But he burns if I look at anyone else. Now, he rang me up in the middle of the night to tell me that Haworth had been killed, and that I'd probably be questioned by the police about your fight with Haworth. So I rang up my taxi man and told him to swear that he'd taken me right home. He'll stick to that story."

"IDIOT is too mild a word," said Sturdevant. "This is a murder case, Inez. If you're caught in a lie you'll be suspected. Your taxi man could state that he drove you around but wound up at your apartment. That would prove—or did he finally drive you home?"

"That's the point," she whispered. "He got nervous about the wife and baby. You see, we followed Miss Bellwood and Haworth to his apartment and parked across the street. My driver was pretty fidgety. He asked if I'd mind sitting alone in the car while he phoned his wife. You know, she hasn't been so well and neither has the kid. Well, it took him some time to get her on the phone. He was gone fifteen minutes. About two minutes after he left me, Miss Bellwood came out of the building and drove off in another taxi. See what I mean? I *could* have gone up into Haworth's apartment and killed him. I didn't, but you get the point?"

"Did you see Miss Plaice leave?" asked Sturdevant.

She shook her head:

"I didn't see her; several women, some with escorts and some alone, left the building but I didn't happen to recognize her."

"But you did see Miss Bellwood?"

"I saw her all right. Then I drove home, as soon as my taxi man came back."

"You should have told this whole story to the police at once," he told her.

"Why? I'd only get myself into a row with Reed, and have the police on my neck. You wouldn't tell on me? You said you wouldn't."

"I won't," he said. "But just the same—" He paused and studied her. Could she possibly be the kind of a girl that would do murder? But she had an alibi that was good enough. Why would she make these admissions to Sturdevant, which she didn't have to make, unless she were innocent?

The office telephone rang and he answered it.

"Mr. Saunders," said Miss Maley.

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"Send him in right away," he replied.

"Saunders," he said to the girl.

"I ought to read the contract." she giggled. "There ought to be a clause in it that the hand-holding rights belong to Reed."

Despite his worry, Sturdevant responded to her mirth, and was smiling as he rose to greet the proprietor of Saunders Soap.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Saunders," said Sturdevant. Tentatively he extended his hand. The afternoon papers had his picture, told of his quarrel with Haworth; they had also printed photographs of Inez Johnson, spicily detailing her part in last night's fracas. Perhaps the owner of Saunders Soap would prefer a different advertising agent and a different star on his program.

But Saunders gripped his hand warmly; with a gallantry that was not natural to him he kissed the hand of the little blues singer. Sturdevant feared lest the old man break when he bent, so brittle did he seem.

"Contract signed?" he asked as he straightened up from his salute to the girl.

"Not yet," replied Sturdevant.

Old Saunders shook a veiny hand at the girl.

"What's the delay, little girl? I think it's a mighty fine offer."

"So does she," said Sturdevant. "We were just discussing various matters."

"THEN let's settle the business now," suggested Saunders. His wrinkled face became a mass of creases as he smiled. "Take a tip from me, Sturdevant, and never make members of your family directors in your business. Battled all through lunch with a lot of stupid in-laws. Just because they married my daughters they think they know more about my business than I do. They don't want Miss Johnson now. Afraid that she's involved in this Haworth business. Oh, I don't mean that they think she had anything to do with what happened to him, but they don't like what publicity you've had today, little Inez. They make me ill. That's the trouble with this country. We're too afraid of what people will think. Now, my own belief is that the public will applaud us for signing Miss Johnson. There's too much interference with the private lives of artists. Little Inez has done nothing wrong, and until she has, Saunders Soap is proud to have her."

Old Saunders was a conceited man, too prone to involve himself in harmless but silly affairs with young actresses, but he had plenty of sturdy courage, and Sturdevant found himself feeling respect for the old man.

"I think you're right, Mr. Saunders. Miss Johnson can't help it that the newspapers print her name."

"It may even turn out to be good publicity," said Saunders. "Anyway, we want her."

Sturdevant held out a fountain pen. Inez rose from her chair and walked to the desk. She took the pen and leaned over and signed her name. Old Saunders beamed on her.

"I think we ought to go out and drink a toast to your signing," he said.

The girl looked whimsically at Sturdevant; the latter shrugged.

"Okay," said Inez, "but mine will be tea. You're not going to ply me with grape, Mr. Saunders. I'm just a young girl from the country and I don't feel safe with blades like you."

Saunders beamed upon her; he looked pridefully at Sturdevant. He pulled in his rotund stomach, that consorted so ridiculously with the rest of his skinny body, and proudly escorted the girl from the office. Sturdevant looked after them, shaking his head. But Inez knew her way around. And for that matter old Saunders was not a vicious sort of man; he was, rather, a silly old buck. To be seen with youth and beauty was about all that the old man asked of life nowadays.

STURDEVANT bent over his desk, resting his rugged jaws in his hands. Inez's tale was hard to take. Still, she was no fool, this little blues singer. Unless her story were true she certainly would not have told it to anyone. Common sense—and she had plenty of that—would have commanded silence.

Slowly, almost heavily, he rose from his desk and put on his coat. In the outer office he paused to speak to Miss Maley.

"Won't be back today," he told her. "You can run along if you want. I think you really ought to get an office boy to look after the place when we're both out."

Her lips straightened thinly.

"No use wasting money. When your business justifies it I'll be the first to suggest larger offices and a staff of employees. But even if you can afford to lose money, I don't want you to do it."

"But an office boy's salary wouldn't be much," he argued.

"When one is needed I'll engage one," she ended the discussion.

Smiling, Sturdevant left the office. Miss Maley would protect him from his own extravagances no matter what he said or did. And perhaps she was right. Times were better, but his income was still but a fifth of what it had been a few years ago. This venture into the advertising profession looked promising enough, but so far it had barely paid the rent and Miss Maley's salary. The acquisition of the Saunders Soap account meant a great deal to the business, but Miss Maley was probably right: until other clients joined Saunders it was as well to go slow. After all, to maintain a business out of one's private income was silly.

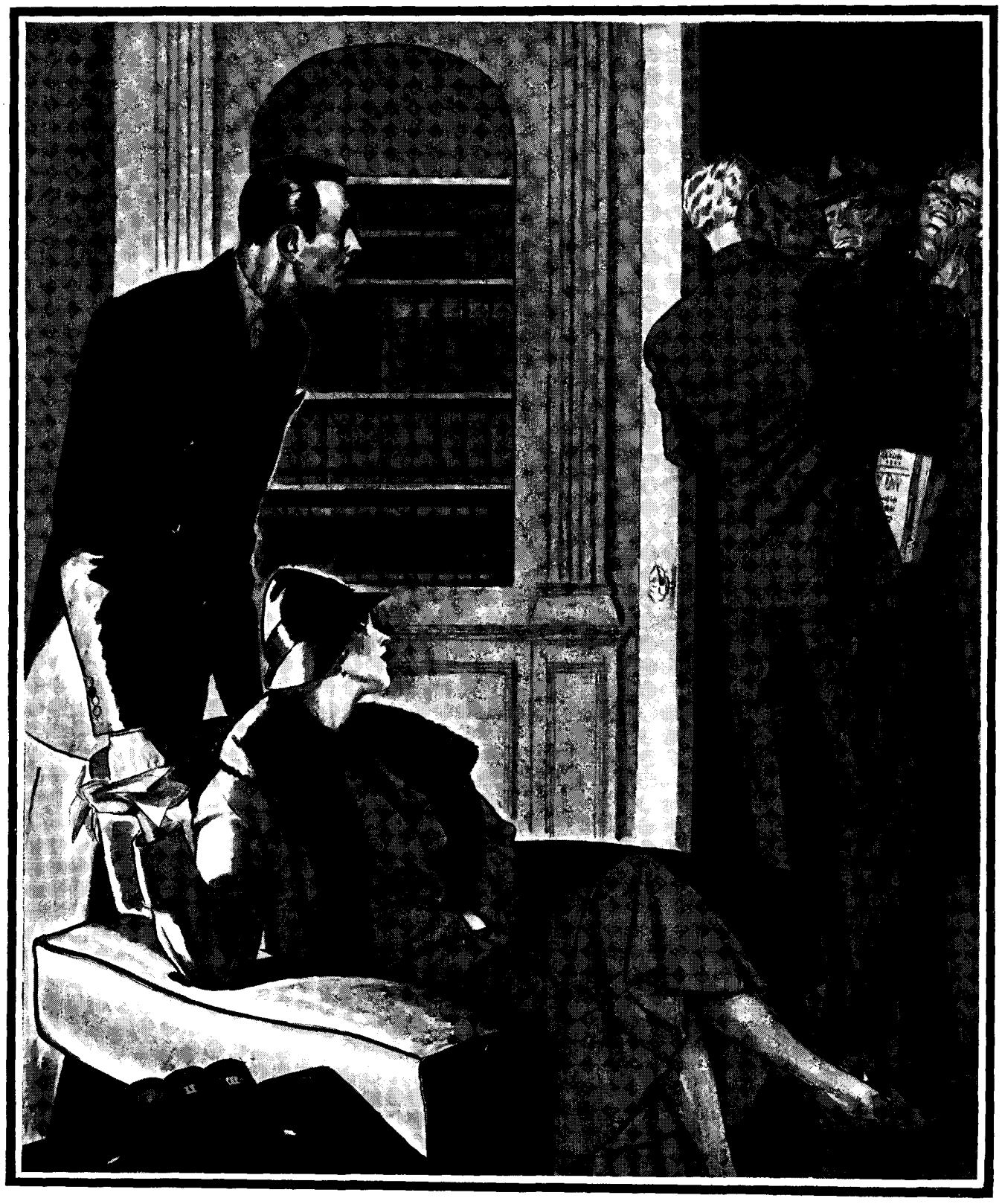
IT HAD stopped raining when he reached the street; the air was clean and cold. He decided to walk the short distance to Park Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street, where Granby's office was located. He turned down Fifth Avenue and as he paused for traffic at Forty-second Street he became aware that a face in the group around him was familiar. The man was not distinguished in appearance, but there was something vaguely familiar about his countenance. Suddenly Sturdevant recalled that he had seen the man outside Trenna's apartment an hour or two ago. Understanding came to him.

He crossed Forty-second Street and turned east at Thirty-eighth Street. At Madison Avenue traffic halted him again. Across the street was the man that had been outside Trenna's building. He was certain now. The police were not accepting too fully his tale. He was being followed.

Well, he had nothing to hide. He squared his shoulders and continued on his way to Granby's office.

He rode in an elevator to the seventh floor and turned down the corridor to the lawyer's suite. An office boy gave his name to a clerk and in a moment he was ushered into Granby's private

(Continued on page 45)



Reluctantly the group departed. Granby followed them, chatting amiably

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This is the Day of Opportunity

Continued from page 8

apply in the small shop, and the people can live in villages or in the country. We have been working at that for fifteen years, and I tell you it is coming."

Mr. Ford is sitting on the edge of his chair as he says this and it is plain that his real interest is in the changes that he sees coming.

"Do you think you could start again as you originally started and make a success of it?"

"Yes, sir, I could and anybody could who didn't go into it just to make a fortune," answered Ford. "If he just wanted to do good work and would keep up on things and build his plant, he could do it. Where there was one opportunity when I was a young man, there are thousands now."

"Then you don't think the little business man is going to be wiped out by the big combinations?"

"He never had a better chance in his life than right now," said Mr. Ford.

"Do you think capitalism itself is in decline?"

"No, sir, I don't," said Mr. Ford. "Of course it depends on what you mean by capitalism. If you mean making money work for dividends—yes, there will be some change. If you mean making money work for production—no. That is what money is for. That is my kind of capitalism. Money is simply one of the tools with which we create wealth. It was a sad day when people began to think that money itself was wealth."

"How about your plan of combining farming and industry and particularly your plan of enabling your workers to get a piece of land so that they may work it when the plant isn't at capacity?"

Somebody Has to Run Things

"We're doing it," said Ford. "Anybody can do it. But it is the hardest job I ever tackled—that is why I believe it must be right. It takes managing. . . . That's where we're short. Somebody has to run things like that. You can't take a man who has spent all his life at a machine and throw him out on a farm and tell him to start raising things. He has to be helped and taught. It's the same way with the farmers. When you try to connect them with some industrial work that can be done on their farms in connection with processing their product—they have to be told how to do things. They write in to me from all over. The best way is for five or six of them to get together. That's the only way to do real farming or the new things that farmers will be doing. We bought some farms over here a year or two ago. Well, we just took out the fences and it was all one farm. You could plow a furrow a mile long. The English didn't believe we could do it. Over there we took a piece of land . . . an old gravel pit." Mr. Ford chuckled to himself. "We're raising everything on that tract now. It's the way you go about it. . . . And having somebody to run it. You always have to have that."

"What is your idea about strikes, Mr. Ford?"

"Men seldom want to strike, unless there is something in the management that provokes them to it. I have looked into some strikes where I have had to tell the employers that they were not fit to employ men. It doesn't pay to jump at conclusions until you know the facts. Remember, I am speaking about strikes where the men really want to strike, and most of these could be prevented by a little common sense.

"But there is another kind of strike which is procured by one business in order to hurt a rival business. Or it is paid for by some financial interest to embarrass a business so that it will be forced to borrow money or to take in stockholders. Most of the strikes in the United States are of this type. I could tell you some things about that—but just study them for yourself and see. Strikes are financed just as bootlegging was financed—by big interests who are getting something out of them."

"About the soy bean, Mr. Ford—aren't there other substances from which all sorts of products can be made? We refer specifically to the experiments with soft coal from which they extract everything from food to gasoline."

Rubber from Goldenrod

"Yes, I know about that," said Mr. Ford, "but that takes too long. I always remember what Mr. Edison said about rubber. He couldn't wait for the trees to grow. He wanted something he could mow down annually. He finally worked it out with goldenrod."

"Were they successful—Edison's experiments with rubber?"

"I've ridden on tires made from the Edison rubber," he said. "We don't have to use it now but we could use it if they cut off our rubber supply."

"Do you believe that the United States should be self-contained and self-sufficient?"

"Oh, yes," said Ford, hastily, as if it was something there could be no doubt about and really shouldn't be asked about. "Of course, a few things . . . but we could trade for them or make substitutes if we had to."

"But doesn't extreme nationalism of this kind lead inevitably to war? What do you think of the prospects of war?"

Ford sank back in his chair and waved his hand, as he invariably did when he wanted it understood that the question wasn't really in his line.

"If the people are dumb enough," he said. "It's just like the stocks they bought. It didn't matter how bad they were. It's education—that's what you have to have. In the school over there [his school for boys and girls at Dearborn], I have courses in things like that. People have to learn. They'll find out some day it pays to have sense between countries so they can trade back and forth. No, I don't look for war soon. I don't bother about it much."

"So you think people might do the old foolishness all over again—the stock market and war and the rest of it?"

"If they are dumb enough. They just have to keep learning that they can't buy any old thing or believe any old thing. Say that a man could have sold his business for a billion dollars during the boom—I know what I'm talking about when I say this. What would he do with the money? Where would his job be? I get fun out of making things. As between money and a job, give me a job. Business men should put their plants into the best possible shape now—that's the best use to make of a depression—not hoard their money. A good up-to-date plant is always good, and you can't say that about idle money.

"That's what's wrong with some of these NRA plans—they want to keep people from progressing. They set the price of something and then the manufacturers don't care if it's any better or not. They just go on making the same old thing in the same old way. Merit doesn't enter into it at all. That's why I'm building the steel plant. [Ford is spending $13,000,000 for a new turbine and power plant and for a pressed steel plant, which will make him independent of the steel companies.] It isn't higher steel prices that will save the steel business, but better steel—less attention to tonnage and more attention to quality. If they can go on making profits without improving their product, they won't bother about making the best steel in the world.

"Philbert's carrying my irons to keep steady! It's windy today!" FRANK OWEN

Politics Don't Matter

"We're working on things all the time at the plant—to make them better. When we can fix something, we fix it. If we can find any short cuts, we want to find them. That assembly line is the simplest thing in the world. We just want to do things the best way. That is where we get our enjoyment of work. Of course if a business man is in business just to get enough money to get out of business, he can have no such enjoyment. There used to be 2,000 separate parts on the model T and now there are over 15,000 parts on the new model V-8, but that doesn't make any difference. We could put it up to 20,000 operations if necessary and turn out even more cars."

"What do you think of Upton Sinclair's EPIC plan?"

"I don't know anything about it," said Mr. Ford hastily and as if not wanting to get mixed up in politics. He paused a moment. "If it works, I guess it'll be all right. That is the only standard. No use criticizing or making speeches. Either a thing works or it doesn't. If it is born in politics, it doesn't. Those political things don't matter. They can't hurt anything."

"So you think things are fundamentally all right?"

Mr. Ford leaned far over and pointed to a pile of papers in the office of the secretary.

"I read something in the paper last night. . . . Have you got last night's Times [Detroit Times] there?" The paper was brought and Mr. Ford turned to the editorial page.

"Here it is—the last line of this editorial," said Mr. Ford.

"*'You can't fool the American people—long,'*" he read.

"That's what I believe," said Mr. Ford.

"So you keep improving your product and work hard at it and that's what brings success—is that right?"

Mr. Ford nodded absently and seemed to have his thoughts on something else.

"A man brought me a watch the other day," he said finally. "It cost three dollars and he wanted to know if it was as good as the ones I used to make."

He felt around in his pockets as if hoping to find a watch like it.

"Was it something like this ninety-eight-cent one of mine?" I asked, passing it over to him.

He put it to his ear.

"This is really an alarm clock," he said seriously. "It's a watch, but I mean it was made in an alarm-clock factory."

As a matter of fact he was right.

"Just wait a minute," he said and went out.

Mr. Ford came back after a few minutes with a pocket full of watches.

"Listen to that one," he said, handing us a large round gold one which had a speedy jump-tick.

Like a Watch?

"If an automobile was built like a watch, it would sound like a threshing machine—you could hear it a mile away. And it wouldn't run two days," he said.

We expressed our astonishment.

"A watch must have more tolerance in its parts than a motor car has," he went on. "If they made watches with close-fitting parts, you'd have to oil them every month or two. You only have to oil them every two years now. An automobile can be made with very fine tolerances. An automobile built to scale on the tolerances of a watch would be a pretty noisy contraption."

He picked up his watches and put them in his pocket and started to go.

"Have you any further message to give to the timid business man?" we called after him.

He laughed and turned around.

"I guess I've told you about as much as I can about that," he began in his thin voice and then, as he had at the beginning of the interview, he said suddenly and intently: "Why are they timid? What are they afraid of? The past is over—there is certainly nothing to fear from the future. The best cure I know for timidity is work. When a man fears something, his mind is not on his work. A man at work fears nothing. The timid business man, as you call him, is sitting down, doing nothing, sorting out his fears. Work. . . . That's what everybody has to do. Yes, that's it—work." He nodded his head in his characteristic manner of confirming himself. "It's all right; things are all right but people have to start working again—and most of them will have to be self-starters."

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FURTHER REPORTS ON A BENEFIT ENJOYED BY CAMEL SMOKERS

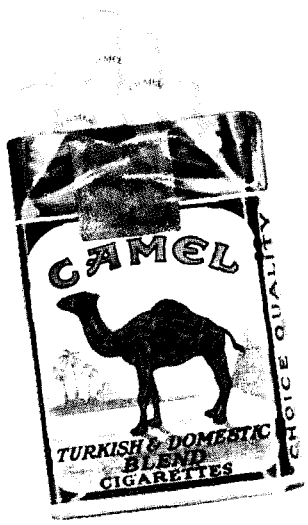
On this page are submitted the latest reports received from Camel smokers ... real experiences of real people. Miss Helen Hicks—Ellsworth Vines, Jr.—Shepard Barclay—Miss Eve Miller. Miss Miller has an exacting job as a New York department-store executive. She says:

"I started to smoke Camels because I appreciate mildness and delicacy of flavor. I found, in addition, that Camels give me a 'lift' when my energy is low—and Camels never upset my nerves."

Turn to Camels. You'll find a new and personal meaning in the phrase "get a lift with a Camel."

Camels are milder—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos! Smoke them all you want. They never jangle your nerves.

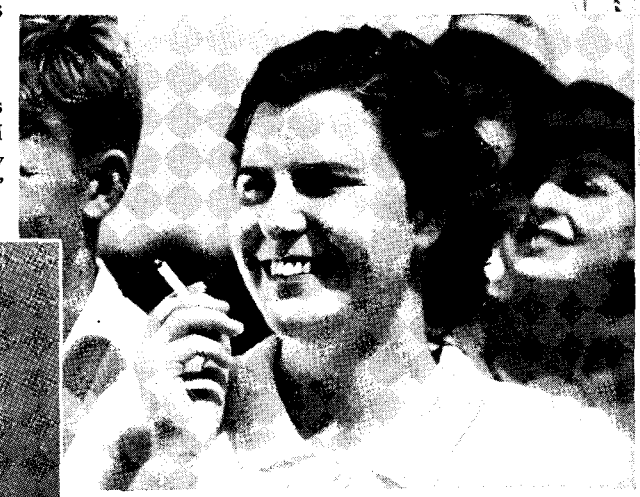
TENNIS STAR. (above) Ellsworth Vines, Jr., says: "Camels restore my pep...take away that tired feeling. And, too, I know I can smoke all the Camels I want, for they don't interfere with healthy nerves."



TOBACCO EXPERTS ALL KNOW:

"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish & Domestic—than any other popular brand."

BRIDGE EXPERT. (below) "Smoking Camels helps concentration," says Shepard Barclay. "I prefer Camels ... I can smoke them steadily without jangled nerves. They're always mild!"



CHAMPION GOLFER. (above) Miss Helen Hicks says: "I can always restore my energy quickly with a Camel. It's a 'lift' that I enjoy often. I can smoke Camels constantly without a sign of upset nerves."

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!

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"I peer at my duty—and commit same"

—says SESSUE KINOSUKI

1—When I stretch out Hon. Mister Pierpont's clothes in A. M. I construe his nerves are jumpy-catty. I disclose Mister Pierpont is not sleeping beneficially. I decide to do action in this crisis.

2—That P. M. I cook eats for Mr. Pierpont. He dictate to me thusly: "Sessue, this is fine dinner—and highly great coffee. It will restrain my eyes ajar all night—but depose me another cup." I answer nothing.

3—Next A. M. he is feeling in good glee for once. As I deposit him his newspaper, I narrate to him: "Mister Pierpont, I *knewed* you would sleep lusciously."

4—"Mister Pierpont, last night I take giant liberty to serve you rich, respectable *Sanka Coffee*—from which caffein is detracted. So sleep came to you after imbibe."

5—Say Mister Pierpont, "Sessue, your Sanka Coffee is wonderful—you wonderful, too"—and leave house giggling; I ponder not what at.

Why not peer into a steaming cup of Sanka Coffee tonight—and commit same to your grateful interior? Make it good and strong—the way connoisseurs like it. Inhale deeply of its aroma, its pungency. Let a sip acquaint you with its incomparable flavor. Then drink it down—ah, *that's* coffee! *And no sleeplessness in it, for it's 97% caffein-free!* Sold with money-back guarantee... A product of General Foods.

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN-FREE. DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

Noble Experimenting

Continued from page 23

The huge-windowed mills which blaze like a beacon on a dark countryside and grain elevators embodying open-air designs are monuments to his twenty-year teachings. Firemen now know that a heavy head of water increases the chance of explosion by stirring up dust, and they sling a spray instead. Farmers and millers no longer woo eternity by strolling through the plant with lighted pipes or peering into a bin with a flaming match for a torch.

As a result of these and other reforms, the average explosion loss has been reduced from $520,000 in 1921 to $20,000 in 1933, and the total annual loss from $4,160,000 to $1,000,000 over the same stretch. But hazards have increased lately from use of old plants in the revived liquor industry, and the reopening of factories shut down since the depression.

Like most departmental pioneers, Mr. Price had to be a bit of a fanatic to convince officialdom that he had a blazing idea and knew his dust. Although the first catastrophe attributed to these floating particles occurred in Minneapolis in 1878, nobody thought of studying causes and safeguards. Twenty years ago, when Mr. Price was only an inquisitive youngster in the Bureau of Mines, they were still scratching their heads over this phenomenon. Largely to shut him up, they transferred him to the more auspicious atmosphere of the Department of Agriculture, and let him undertake a one-man war against loose dirt. Now he has an extensive bureau, and the manufacturer who doesn't follow his anti-dust code in construction and operation of his factory must pay extremely high insurance rates.

For Safer Factories

Mayne R. Coe, a thin, bespectacled chemist, occupies the same rôle now that Mr. Price did twenty years ago. His colleagues speak somewhat disparagingly of his theory that it's the light even more than the heat which spoils food rich in oil content. They have exiled him to a far corner of the Bureau of Soils and Chemistry, and there he sits and sniffs at jars of more or less rancid butter, lard, cashew nuts, potato chips, grains, chili peppers, and other oil-bearing foods. Most visitors concede that his hobby of the how and why of rancidity is not a dainty one. Their heads usually snap back when he opens his demonstration by shoving one of these vile things under their noses and commanding: "Smell that!"

But the department is open to all ideas and odors. As they let Mr. Price fool around long ago, so they told Mr. Coe to go ahead and see what he could smell. He went, he smelled, he conquered. Climbing to the roof one sunny morning, he laid side by side eight receptacles containing nice, fresh pats of butter. One receptacle was of plain window-glass, and the glass in the others was respectively of violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red hue. After they had undergone a sunbath for a few weeks he sniffed.

His worst odors were realized. He discovered that the butter had spoiled by different degrees in all the containers. Further experimentation revealed that grass-green furnished the best protection against destructive light waves, and that blue and violet were the most injurious. Black, of course, wards off all light attack, but no manufacturer will wrap his product in mourning. So Mr. Coe's discoveries may have far-reaching commercial implications.

There remains much more research before the findings will have precise scientific value. But already his preliminary work has wrought changes in packaging, shipping, displaying and selling certain foods which roll up an annual bill of $2,000,000,000 through spoilage from rancidity.

Departmental wits sometimes refer to the insect experts as "bugologists," but nobody does who understands the *importance of their endless chase.* Farm and orchard pests chew up approximately $2,000,000,000 worth of crops each year, and their appetite never fails; the bugs never surrender. Fighting them is more difficult than hitherto because many poisonous sprays have been condemned on the ground that they leave a harmful residue on the marketed product. The experimenters face the same change-over problem that confronted military leaders at various stages of the World War. New weapons of destruction and control must be forged.

The entomologists are experimenting with death rays in orchards and with lighted suction pumps in barns and warehouses. They are trying to perfect colored and perfumed traps which will lure moths, mosquitoes, bugs, sandflies and all their relatives to a bizarre death. But first they must ascertain what species fall for the bright lights, and what perfumes attract them most magnetically.

Before they can answer those questions they must learn the history and habits of the potential victims. If further experimentation verifies the suspicion that most bugs will throw away their lives for a pretty flame, a dash of perfume and an artificial breeze, then our orchards and farms will soon sparkle and smell like a New York night club just before closing time.

These experiments, and hundreds of others which aim at more efficient growth, use and preservation of plant and animal life, draw heavy congressional fire. The clumsiest congressman can raise titters by asking, Mister Chairman, why Uncle Sam appropriates money to grow bigger and better cows and cheeses when he pays bonuses to reduce basic crops; and why the "professors" harass insects instead of subsidizing the helpful fellows for eating up the surplus.

Scientist Against Politician

But Secretary Wallace is the most rabid "fermenter" of them all. It was he, they may forget, whose breeding of hybrid varieties made corn grow that way "out in I-ow-ay," also increasing the yield by many bushels an acre. He takes his stand, as farmer and official, with the scientists against the politicians.

"Science does create problems," he grants, "for it increases the farmer's productivity, and thus tends to increase the burden of the surplus. But the remedy is not less but more of the disturbing ferment. What we need is not less science in production but more science in distribution, and that means distribution of wealth as well as of physical products."

Which seems to put a tough problem up to the political scientists on Capitol Hill. Meanwhile, with no thought of droughts, surpluses, bonuses and political storms, Mr. Wallace's serious young men poke around their evil-smelling molds, test tubes, dust blow-ups, rancid foods and bugs. They're a queer crowd—that is, for Washington.

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They gave man forty added years of life

The darkness of the Middle Ages was lifting, but pestilence was still king. Plague and typhus, smallpox and diphtheria smouldered and flared, sweeping towns and villages like a fire. And death rode after, trampling old and young.

The average child born in those days could be expected to live for only nineteen years.

The centuries passed. Dawn came. The sun of modern science arose. Today the average child born in its light can be expected to live for forty years more.

Every parent alive today must rejoice that this gift from great men of science has come to his child or hers. These, their children, shall not be trampled in the dawn of life. They shall live and grow, in health and vigor, to a ripe and peaceful age.

The great victories of medical science have been won for the old as well as the young. And it must be that there are victories to come which none can foretell.

For the past 75 years, the House of Squibb has worked in the field of medical science, making medicinal products to the highest possible standards and bringing them within reach of all.

We shall go on working as medical science goes forward to new victories that life may be lived still longer and more fully.

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POUR yourself a good night's SLEEP

HOW needless it is to toss and twist and stare into the darkness, aching for sleep, when it's so easy to get relief.

Just pour out a palmful of Absorbine Jr. and rub the back of the neck— with long, slow, soothing strokes at the base of the brain.

Then stretch out, relax all over, and inhale its faint fragrance, breathing with deep, even regularity like a person sound asleep.

Relief, say 9 out of 10

This safe and simple treatment brings relief to nine out of ten who write us. Thousands now know this way to bring peaceful relaxation to a body too tired, too tense to sleep.

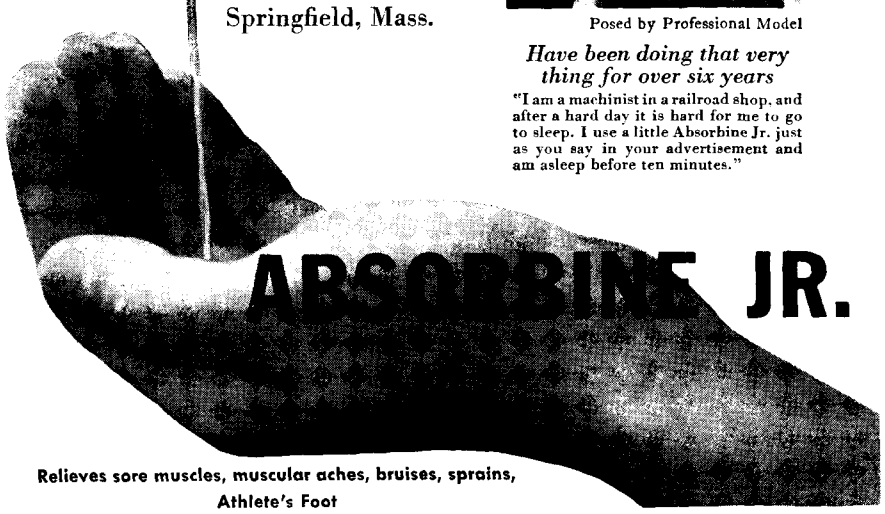
Won't *you* pour yourself a good night's sleep?

Absorbine Jr. is sold at all drug stores, $1.25. A small quantity goes a long way—costs less than a penny per application . . . For a free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc. Springfield, Mass.

Posed by Professional Model

Have been doing that very thing for over six years

"I am a machinist in a railroad shop, and after a hard day it is hard for me to go to sleep. I use a little Absorbine Jr. just as you say in your advertisement and am asleep before ten minutes."



Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, Athlete's Foot

Waltz Me Around Again

Continued from page 18

that and contrive to show it all to advantage. A lady should be held according to the way she's dressed. If the back of her dress has a ruffle, a bow, a scarf, some wispy whatchamacallit, the man shouldn't clamp his great hand down on it but hold her practically under the arm. If she's all ruffly down the front, he mustn't clasp her firmly to his manly chest. If she's wearing a picture hat or soap-bubbly sleeves, he should hold her low so as to make the most of her head and shoulders. If she's wearing a gown cut to the last vertebra, he shouldn't plunk his great heavy paw in the middle of her back, covering what she's bent on showing, but low and to the side—just above her hip. When she's a train-bearing creature he should shift his palm under her arm to allow her more freedom. Never should he hold her exactly at the waistline, as this cuts her pretty figure in half, and never should he get such a death-grip that her skirt rises higher and higher, finally exposing her petticoat—or thigh. He should use, not his hand, but the lower part of his arm to guide her."

"There's a lot a girl can do, too, to make things easier for the man," says Winona, imprinting a pretty red mouth on her napkin. "For one thing, she can dress comfortably. No shoulder straps continually breaking away from their moorings. No ungodly trains to slosh around his legs and bring him sprawling to earth. No pinching shoes. No exaggerated hats to saw his neck and get in his mouth and eyes. As for her dancing, she mustn't be a dead weight for the man to drag around by sheer brute force."

"My turn," Gomez grins. "A man is simply unforgivable if he doesn't entertain the lady—I don't mean with scintillating conversation but with the imagination and variety he puts into his dancing. The dance itself should be entertainment enough. They should learn to do each dance according to its own rhythm, not all to fox-trot rhythm. The tango is the most beautiful, the most emotional, and the most sophisticated dance there is—and the one which shows a woman to the greatest advantage. Why spoil it by dancing it as a fox trot? The basic steps aren't difficult. It's more a matter of rhythm than of steps, really. That slow, sensuous, hypnotic rhythm is—is—well, you know what Ravel's Bolero does to you."

Polite for Rhumba

Winona, less emotional, more practical, cocks a shrewd eye.

"The thing to remember in the tango," she warns, "is to keep the upper part of the body quiet, almost immovable—the movement is all in the legs. It's the only dance where the knees are always bent and the head always at the same level—no rising and falling. That immobility is the whole character of the dance.

"Good tango dancers can keep a silver piece between the outside of the man's right thigh and the girl's left—just as a good rider can, in a canter, keep a silver dollar in the saddle."

"Oh, they'll have to learn the rhumba this winter." Gomez is emphatic about this. "And how cute it is to see a couple really dancing it well! They walk slowly around, you know, wriggling the hips a bit and occasionally tilting the head from side to side. Cute!"

"We say rhumba—what we should say is *son*," explains the lady, "the dance polite Spanish society does when the strains of the rhumba throb out. You can't even get a Spaniard to describe the rhumba to you—*he* won't even show me. It is, it seems, a quite unmentionable dance performed only in South American dives which the polite Spanish eye never glimpses. But the *son*—there's a dance!"

Dorothy Cropper, of the American Academy of Dramatic Art and Chalif's, explained it to us. "It's basically the two-step," she said. "The two-step as done in the fox trot follows a straight line; as danced in the *son* it follows a square. The foundation step is: step to side, close feet, step to side in same direction as first step, strike the free foot against the foot on the floor and incline the body in the opposite direction to which you're going. Repeat with the other foot, turn and repeat. And there's something they do with their hips which is inimitable, like the accent in French."

What to Do in a Clinch

"This revival has brought about a return to the elegance, the sophistication of pre-prohibition dancing," continues Winona. "The rhumba is new, the tango danced *as* a tango is new, the manner of waltzing is new."

"The waltz," says Gomez, "seems a simple enough thing—but watch most people do it. Nine out of ten separate their legs sidewise. Awful! Never, never should the legs move sidewise but always backward and forward, just as in walking, just as if you were dancing like Collino, on the tight rope. With every step the feet should pass each other and almost brush in passing. Now, Winona, my child, it's your turn."

"The waltz should be a lovely, wave-like movement," says Winona, giving him a look. "It's bad to dance on the toes, the knees stiff, or flat-footed, with the knees always bent. On the ball of the foot is right, the knees constantly flexing, rising and falling."

Gomez laughs. "We haven't said a word as yet about this terrible collegiate clinch, my special *bête noire*. I ask you—is it natural or graceful or smart or sophisticated? Is it—?"

"Before you get worked up," I interrupted, "let me tell you a story. It happened in one of the smartest ballrooms in New York, where the atmosphere simply purred with correctness, elegance, sophistication.

"A gentleman who looked exactly like an English lord (and who, by Jove, *was* an English lord) sat monocling the dancers. Suddenly he stiffened. A delicious young thing, sheathed like a lily in white satin, danced near. Her adorable nose snuggled in her partner's neck, her velvet lashes swooned on her cheeks, her body was bent at a right angle, her whatever-you-call-the-rear-elevation-of-a-young-lady in high relief. The monocle glittered, became fixed.

"'Oh, I say!' exclaimed his lordship.

"Again the young thing danced his way—with the same dire effect. A third time she neared his table, and this time it was too much for his lordship. He leaned forward, raised his hand, and brought it down with a resounding smack upon the young lady's spanking place—a smack that was heard throughout the entire decorous ballroom and caused the orchestra leader to call heavily upon his brasses, the first demand in case of trouble in a ballroom being, as you know, for loud music. The young lady disappeared from the floor as by earthquake—and no more was seen in those parts."

"Excellent! Perfect!" shouts Gomez.

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When you have a good idea, let paper come into the picture. First, jot down your plan: who is to do what, and when. Then come printed forms, memoranda, letters—explaining the idea, fixing responsibility, and setting dates for completion. The result? ACTION!

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Hammermill Bond is uniform, always the same. It comes in white and thirteen colors with envelopes to match. It is tough, erases without scuffing, has a writing surface perfect for clear impression of pen, pencil, type or printing. It is priced for today's budgets.

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STREAMLOX BRACES
Suspender buttons are "out" with Streamlox Braces! Wherever you clip them to make your trousers hang right, those handsome jewelry clasps* grip tight . . . yet have no teeth. In varied colors and weaves. Be sure you get genuine Streamlox, smartly styled by Pioneer.
$1.00 . . $1.50

ZIPCLIP BELTS
Zip . . . it's adjusted. *Clip* . . . it's locked. Adjustable in a jiffy to the 16th-of-an-inch, ZipClip's the most comfortable belt a man ever wore. Smart, different and trim. Black or brown leather. Pension off an old belt and get yourself a ZipClip.
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COLLEGIATE GARTERS
Just one piece of extra-easy-stretch webbing with the very minimum of trappings . . . that's the Collegiate. Practically self-adjusting, so easy on the legs you don't know you're wearing them, they're Pioneer's nomination for "All Americans"—young and old. Six smart colors.
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Why shouldn't a fellow treat himself to something *new* and *different* occasionally? Answer: He should! It's a changing world. And changes, particularly in matters so personal as dress, are good for the spirit!

Men who have experienced the convenience of Streamlox Braces, enjoyed the comfort of ZipClip Belts and discovered the simplicity of Collegiate Garters wouldn't give them up for twice their cost.

Come on—give yourself a break! Make a bold descent on your favorite men's wear counter today.

. . And, Ladies!
for your extra-early Xmas shopping, you'll find few things more welcome in the way of appreciated gifts for men.

LOOK AT ALL THREE . . . YOU'LL WANT ONE OF EACH

PIONEER
Suspender Co. • BRACES • BELTS • GARTERS • Philadelphia, Pa.

The Helpin' Fool

Continued from page 21

out and he'p you fix yo' roof. Git some tin cans and cut 'em, and patch up de holes."

The idea of putting twenty men to work, even though on a minor job, helped Giles' state of mind. "And git goin'!" he shouted after Johnnie T. "Lemme see all er y'all niggers git a homp on yo' back, and git dat roof fixed good by sundown!"

While Giles watched the men at the barn swing into action, Grant walked down the road by the blacksmith shop toting a big sack.

"Which away, Grant?" Giles called.

"Been up in de hills," Grant explained. "I got dis sack plum full er sweet 'tater slips I cut offn some vines up dataway. I figgered efn us wan't gonter make much cotton down on New London, well, I might as well make enough sweet 'taters to feed on, dis winter."

"Whar you countin' on plantin' 'em?" Giles questioned.

GRANT put down the sack and considered. "I hadn't figgered dat far ahead," he admitted. "By de time dat water run offn my field, de ground'll be too rank to make yams."

"No mind," the foreman told him. "I'll do de figgerin'. Set dem slips down in de shade, hyar, and go hook up a team er mules to a middle-buster. Us gonter plant dem yams on dat sandy ridge by de bayou."

"Dat's de Widow Duck's field," B'r Charlie observed. "You hadn't ought to plow up de widow woman's cotton, Mist' Giles."

"De Widow Duck'll git her full share er 'taters," Giles stated. "Ain't nobody got nothin', now. But ev'ybody got enough, efn us git a good crop er yams. Dat's how come us got de best place in de country, cause ev'ybody pulls along together. Johnnie T ain't got a good roof on his house, but hit's plenty er tin cans and plenty er idle hands to fix him one, so he gonter have one. Grant, he got all kinds er 'tater slips, but he ain't got no place to plant 'em. De Widow Duck, she got plenty er land, but de bull weevils is fixin' to git her cotton. So we gonter pitch in and raise yams on her land so's ev'ybody have somethin' to eat dis winter."

B'r Charlie weighed the plan in his mind. He never trusted the foreman much, but this did sound good. "Mist' Giles," he said frankly, "for a godless man like I knows you is, dat sound mighty handsome. De Bible say ev'ybody got to he'p his fellow man, and dat's jest what dis figgers down to. I swear to my soul, I bet efn you'd pray a little ev'y now and den, you'd make heaven when you die off." It was the biggest concession the one-legged preacher could make to the foreman.

Giles, already feeling pretty good, warmed to the compliment. "Dat's all right, B'r Charlie," he said. "I gits hard, some time, but I got to be hard. Or else I couldn't keep dis place goin'. I wan't mad about dat prayin' er yo'n. Prayin' never harmed nobody. Some say hit do's good, but me, I ain't never seed no harm come outn hit. De main p'int is, ev'ybody got to pitch in and do dey best."

"Dat's right," B'r Charlie agreed. "Ev'ybody."

"Yonder de Widow Duck, down on de bridge, right now," Giles went on, pointing toward the bayou. "She got a haid on her long as any mule in de lot. She figgered hit ain't gittin' her nothin' settin' about grumpin' on account er de flood. So she ups and gits her fishin' hook, and she's fixin' to git de best outn all dis water she kin."

"De Widow Duck," agreed B'r Charlie, "is a powerful holy lady when she gits right down to cases."

"She do de best she kin," Giles declared. "And dat's a heap. Efn hit was more fo'ks on de place which'd jest set and figger out what got to be done, and den do hit, well, my job'd be a heap easier, and maybe I'd have more time to set and study about de Bible."

Giles went back to the barn, where he rang the big plantation bell, calling all hands in. The over-large crew that had been assigned to help Johnnie T with his roof was cut down to five men. Middle-splitters and turning plows were sent to the Widow Duck's field to plow up cotton and prepare a list for the sweet potato plants. A dozen men and women were given the task of setting out the plants in the muddy beds. Grant calculated he had enough slips for about two acres, and Giles personally selected the spot to be plowed.

Women and children not required in the planting process Giles ordered to fish for the big gars that swam the bayou in high water. And the men not

(Continued on page 35)

"I had to quit handling it. It sold so fast I couldn't keep it in stock!"

BILL HOLMAN

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Today—*for millions who are* HARD of HEARING . . .

Life begins Anew

HUGO LIEBER, inventor of the original Bone Conduction Sonotone, announces a NEW SONOTONE—the closest approach to Natural Hearing science has yet achieved!

TODAY the hard of hearing stand face to face with FREEDOM! Today, at least 80% of the millions of Americans who are handicapped by loss of hearing, can wave a last farewell to the lonely silences and return to normal life . . . hearing nearly as others hear . . . sharing in all the joys of a freer, fuller life.

For TODAY . . . Hugo Lieber, one of America's acknowledged leaders in acoustic research and inventor of the *original* Sonotone, the world's FIRST portable *bone conduction* hearing device . . . again throws open the doors to better hearing. This time . . . WIDE OPEN! This time with a NEW SONOTONE that gives the closest approach to *Natural Hearing* science has yet achieved in a portable hearing aid.

With this new SONOTONE, if you have bone conduction . . . and 80% of the hard of hearing have! . . . you can hear more nearly as people with normal *natural* hearing do than with any present portable hearing device.

Why do you hear better? Well, to begin with, it is a *bone conduction* instrument. That means sound comes to you *purer*, freer from "static". You needn't *strain* to hear.

But then, it goes further . . . the NEW SONOTONE gives you *greatly increased sensitivity in pick-up*. That means you hear practically as well at 30 feet as at 10 feet. That even 20 feet away at the end of the room, you can still be in the thick of the conversation. It means, too, because of the extreme sensitivity, that you hear sounds from any angle . . . needn't turn toward them.

And still further . . . the NEW SONOTONE gives you *50% increased volume* . . . 50% more volume of sound than the most powerful portable device now in use. That means you can hear better in church or theatre, at concerts or even in busy offices.

And then, again . . . this NEW SONOTONE gives you *vastly increased CLARITY of tone*, the nearest to natural hearing yet achieved with adequate volume in a wearable hearing device. This means that you hear sound in its natural fullness, with a remarkable degree of its individuality and tonal color preserved.

You recognize voices . . . personal peculiarities of inflection. You can enjoy music . . . hearing overtones as well as fundamentals.

And then, best of all, imagine *a hearing device that doesn't look like one!* By triumphs of inventive ingenuity, Sonotone engineers have compressed the transmitter into *half its previous size*. Made it look like jewelry instead of a hearing device! There are no holes in front of the transmitter. If you wish, you can have it mounted with a cameo or a silver monogram. And it is so powerful that it can be hidden in a man's vest pocket, or under a woman's dress. All that need show is the tiny "no-button" Lieber Oscillator and a thin cord. The Lieber Oscillator is contoured to fit the head-bones, and is supplied in various pitches, permitting more exact adjustment to individual hearing loss.

If you haven't bone conduction, this NEW SONOTONE, convertible for use *through the ear*, instead of *through the bones*, will give you Better Hearing than you ever believed possible with an air conduction instrument. If you *have* bone conduction . . . *and a simple, half-minute test will show* . . . then today must always be a red-letter day on your life's calendar!

Now you can hear better! For with this NEW SONOTONE, you can know the joy of hearing restored! Too many people have proven that for there to be the slightest doubt. Face the facts. Hearing is too precious to trifle with. Let no false pride as to how you may look wearing a hearing device stand in your way.

If you are hard of hearing, ACT! We believe you can hear again, nearly as well as anyone you know, if you will go to the trouble of writing or telephoning our nearest branch office for a Sonotone Consultant to give you a demonstration. There is no obligation . . . nothing to lose . . . *all to win*. Look in your local telephone directory for our representative's number. There is one in every important city in the country. Phone him to see you. And meanwhile, your name and address on the coupon below will bring a free copy of a new book . . . "The Open Door to Better Hearing." Do you *want* to hear *better*? Then—

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New ANTI-FREEZE, *made by* DU PONT, *gives you both for only* $1.00 *per gallon*

YOU CAN now protect your car radiator against both freezing and rusting, for less money than you would pay normally for protection from freezing alone. That's the important contribution that du Pont chemists have made in behalf of the car-owning public by perfecting ZERONE, the ideal two-way anti-freeze.

Check these eight features of this new product against any anti-freeze on the market. Then ask yourself whether you can afford to be without the protection that ZERONE gives—at the low price of $1 a gallon.

1. ZERONE protects car radiators against freezing at any temperature.

2. ZERONE, when placed in a clean cooling system, protects against rusting and corrosion.

3. ZERONE does not readily evaporate.

4. ZERONE comes sealed in tamper-proof cans to prevent dilution and substitution—you may also purchase it in bulk.

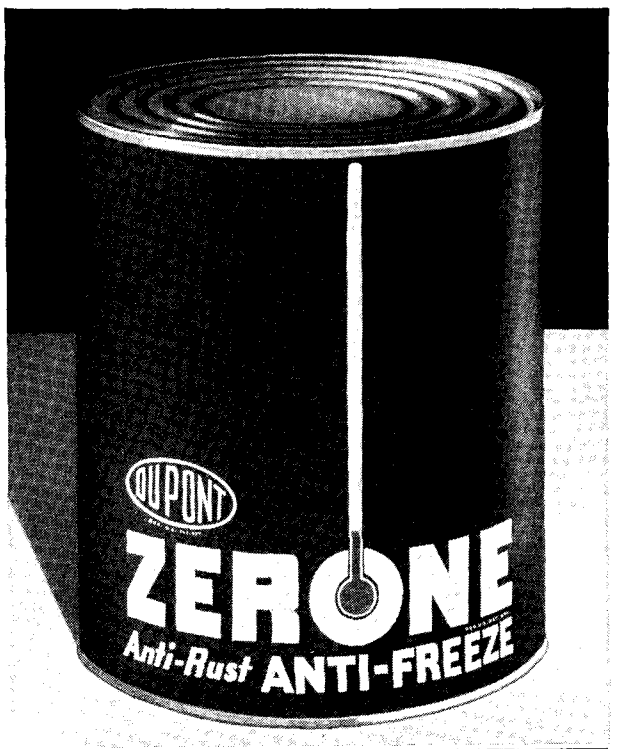
5. The low first cost of ZERONE and its long life mean true economy.

6. ZERONE has no unpleasant odor.

7. ZERONE maintains the cooling-plant efficiency of your car.

8. ZERONE is made by du Pont.

Don't wait until the thermometer starts dropping to the danger point before equipping your car with this two-way radiator protection. Play safe—invest in ZERONE today—where you see the large blue and yellow banner. In sealed, tamper-proof cans or in bulk—at the thrifty price of $1 a gallon. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Zerone Sales, Wilmington, Del.



IN SEALED, TAMPER-PROOF CANS — ALSO IN BULK

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The Helpin' Fool

Continued from page 32

otherwise occupied Giles sent off hunting rabbits along ridges that had escaped the water.

"Ev'y fish and ev'y rabbit us gits," Giles explained, "is jest dat much more rations de bossman ain't got to buy."

As the people moved off to their assigned jobs, B'r Charlie crutched up to Giles and asked for a boy. "I'm fixin' to grind my axe," he explained, "and efn you'd loan me somebody to turn de grindstone—"

"Sho'," agreed Giles. "Take some er Grant's kids. Hyar, Dallas! Rio!" he called to the "Texas twins." "Y'all go and turn B'r Charlie's grindstone for him."

THE afternoon passed rapidly and happily. The planting of the sweet potatoes was personally supervised by Giles, who also found time to "drap by" and see how the women were progressing with the fishing.

"Giles, dem 'taters ain't gonter grow," the Widow Duck prophesied. "You's plantin' 'em in mud, and you know good as me de sun gonter come out and cook dat mud to she's hard as a brick."

"No mind de 'taters, Miss Duck," laughed Giles. "You loop dat wire around de gar fish when he bite yo' hook, and you'll be doin' good."

"You tellin' me how to fish?" the Widow Duck sneered. "Giles, I was snaggin' gar outn dis bayou befo' you was bawn."

"But you wan't plantin' 'taters in de mud," countered Giles.

"And nobody else wid as much sense as I got," retorted the Widow Duck.

It was good fun to argue with the widow, especially when he knew what he was arguing about. Four hundred potential bales of cotton had been destroyed, the bossman had shut down air-tight on credit, and it looked like hard times ahead, but Giles was happy, now.

"Dat's on account er didn't nobody know how to plant 'taters in de mud like I'm plantin' 'em now."

"How's dat?" she wanted to know.

"Well," the foreman said, "I run de middle buster right down de bed, and plowed up de cotton."

"I knows dat, fool," the Widow Duck told him.

"And den," Giles went on, "I tuck de turnin' plow and listed offn dat bed."

"Look like a waste er plowin' to me."

"To you, yas," conceded Giles, "but not to me. Cause I knows what I'm fixin' to do."

"And dat is?"

"I had 'em set de slips out on de list, and I'm gonter let 'em set for a couple of days to she begins to dry out some, and den I'm gonter run dat middle-splitter right down de middles again, and wrop up all er dat list and all wid dry dirt, and dat'll keep 'em f'm bakin'."

The Widow Duck was surprised and impressed. "I swear, Giles, you's a farmin' poor fool!" she exclaimed in admiration. "And you don't keer who knows hit!"

That evening, Giles' wife, Betsy, noticed that her husband was in a much better frame of mind, and she asked why.

"Ain't got hardly a weary on my soul," Giles told her.

"De Windmill cut gonter dreen off befo' she ruin de crop?" Betsy asked.

"Nawp," Giles said frankly. "Dis crop done gone now, and I've done quit studdin' about hit. What I'm studdin' 'bout now is next year's crop. Wid ev'ybody doublin' up in de houses, and eatin' offn each other, us got enough to pull over to de next crop git started, and den us gonter make a crop outn de world!"

Betsy smiled sadly. "You's a cotton man to de bone," she told him. "And dat's how come I'm married up wid you, cause I'm a cotton woman. Hit kin flood out dis crop, but hit can't flood out next year's crop. Not to next year git hyar, anyhow, and dat's too long off to weary about."

After supper, Giles decided to "get about amongst de people some."

"Efn anybody is down in de mouf about de crop we lost," he explained to his wife, "I'd better tell 'em about de one us gonter make next year."

Giles did not get very far. Walking was bad in the mud, and from the fact that very few cabins were lighted Giles deduced that almost everybody had quit worrying and had gone to sleep.

The Widow Duck's cabin was dark, but she was sitting on her porch, and Giles decided to stop and pass some time with her.

"How come you ain't turned in, Miss Duck?" he asked politely. "De night air, and de damp and all, liable to git you down."

"I was fixin' to turn in," she explained, "but I got to thinkin'," she went on, "efn us plows under all er dem vines when de 'taters gits dug, dat spot er ground gonter be mighty rich, next year. Dem two acres ought to make might' nigh four bales er cotton."

"Hit's liable to," agreed Giles, "but dat ain't no call to set out in de damp air."

"Well," the Widow Duck apologized, "whilst I was makin' dem four bales er cotton in my mind, I thought I hyared a peckerwood a'peckin' on a tree, down de bayou. So I jest wondered what a peckerwood was peckin' for, dis time er de night."

"What did you figger about dat?" the foreman asked.

"Nothin'," said the Widow Duck. "Hit wan't no peckerwood. Hit was somebody choppin'. Listen and you kin hyar hit, efn you's quiet."

Giles listened. Unmistakably there was the sound of slow, steady whacks, far down the bayou.

"What you figger hit is?" Giles asked.

"Somebody choppin' wood, I reckon," the Widow Duck thought. "Only hit's been goin' on a long time, and ain't nobody gonter chop dat much wood at night."

"I ain't told nobody to do no choppin'," Giles stated. "I wonder what hit is?"

THEY listened for a few moments, and then Giles suggested they go toward the sound. As they walked down the bayou path, the chopping grew louder and louder.

"Sound like B'r Charlie choppin' somethin'," the Widow Duck guessed.

Giles stopped and listened. "I bet he is, too," he agreed. "He sharped up his axe dis evenin'. But what B'r Charlie got for to chop?"

"Nothin' 'round his house," the Widow Duck recalled, "onless he choppin' at dat big old cottonwood, out in front."

"What he'd be choppin' dat for?" Giles wanted to know.

"De Lawd knows."

They hurried on down the path. When they were within a hundred yards of B'r Charlie's house, they saw the one-legged preacher, his crutch on the ground, balancing on his one foot and

(Continued on page 36)

VITALIS and the 60-SECOND WORKOUT

THE MODERN WAY TO HANDSOME HAIR

50 SECONDS TO MASSAGE . . Rub Vitalis briskly into your scalp. It wakes up — and your hair has a chance!

10 SECONDS TO BRUSH . . Comb your hair and brush it well. It looks rich, lustrous. No "patent-leather" look.

NO wonder women admire the man whose hair is handsome and well-groomed. No feature is more important to a man's appearance than a good-looking head of hair.

Every year — every day — more and more men are discovering the way to healthy, handsome, neat hair. And that way is Vitalis and the famous 60-Second Workout.

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The usual cause of dry, thin, scraggly hair is tight, dry scalp. And massage with Vitalis corrects tight scalp — stimulates it to new vigor and releases natural, necessary oils. Loose dandruff disappears. Your hair looks healthier, and is healthier. It's far easier to comb and brush and keep in place. What's more, it has a healthy lustre, without a trace of that undesirable "patent-leather" look.

Ask your barber about Vitalis. Next time you get a haircut or a shave, try an application. Or buy a bottle at any drug store. See for yourself how the Vitalis 60-Second Workout improves your hair.

ASK YOUR BARBER

Your barber knows what's what about your hair and scalp. Follow his advice when he recommends Vitalis!

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Starting troubles are no joke. A cold engine — stiff oil — gas mixture too "wet" from choking — all these put your battery to a real test. Make sure of *Spinning Power* and you've made sure of *quick starts.* You've saved your patience, time and money.

Millions of drivers have tested GLOBE *Spinning Power.* Cold weather starting holds no terrors for them. They *know* the engine will *spin* — they *know* it will *start.*

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Go over the whole story of *Spinning Power* and *Shielded Plates* with a GLOBE dealer. Then when you're ready for a new battery invest your money in *power* and *life*—not just one or the other, but *both.*

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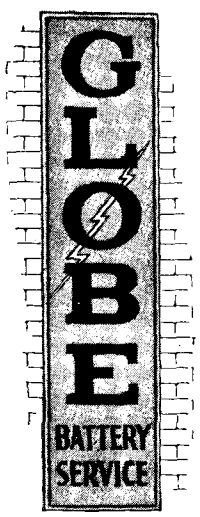
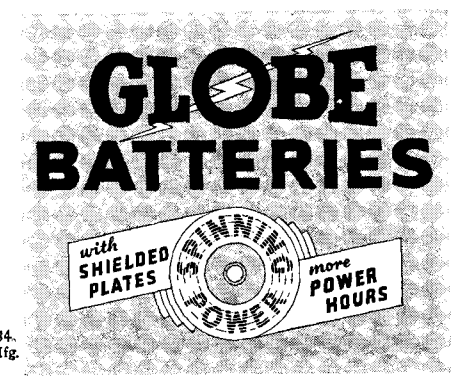
Ask the dealer to show you the GLOBE Paragon Battery with Shielded Plates.



Look for this red and yellow sign



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(Continued from page 35)

swinging his axe steadily and industriously into the trunk of the big cottonwood tree.

"What you doin', fool?" Giles shouted.

B'r Charlie stopped, his axe poised above his head, and started to reply. But his words were drowned in a crackling shriek as the big tree twisted on the stump.

For a short moment there was silence. Then came the snapping sound of breaking wood, followed quickly by a smashing roar as the giant tree sprawled across the top of B'r Charlie's cabin. Another brief silence, and the tree thundered through the roof and timbers of the cabin and bore it to the ground. Wild shrieks within the crushed cabin punctuated the roar as the house collapsed under the weight of the tree.

In the panic, B'r Charlie grabbed his crutch and fled from the noise. He ran over Giles and knocked him to the ground. He caromed from Giles into the bulky Widow Duck, and went down himself.

GILES recovered his breath in time to leap upon the prostrate preacher, while the Widow Duck hurried to the wrecked cabin to lend aid and succor.

"Nigger," Giles roared to B'r Charlie, "how come you done dat? You ruint dat house!"

B'r Charlie gasped. "Well, Mist' Giles," he panted, "hit was a accident."

"I hyared you choppin' dat tree!"

"Choppin' wan't no accident," explained B'r Charlie. "Hit's smashin' up de house was de accident."

Giles released B'r Charlie and stood up. "Either me or you is crazy," he declared, "and I bet hit's bofe er us. Now, you tell me how come you ruint yo' cabin."

"I'm gonter tell you, Mist' Giles," B'r Charlie said, catching his breath. "You know, de crop is all ruint, and things is mighty tight, and all, and so I got to figgerin'."

"What all dat got to do wid tearin' down yo' house?" Giles interrupted.

"Dat's what I'm fixin' to tell you," B'r Charlie persisted. "I got to figgerin' you was right about ev'ybody got to do de best dey kin, to he'p out. So I got to figgerin' out what I c'd do to he'p out."

"So you figgered efn you ruint a good cabin, dat'd be a heap er he'p?" Giles said sarcastically.

B'r Charlie waved the remark aside. "O' cou'se, I c'd pray and go on, and dat'd he'p, only you ain't got no faith. So den my eyes landed on dat cottonwood standin' right smack up agin my house. So I say to myse'f, I say, 'S'posin' de stawm blowed dat tree and hit landed on my roof? Hit'd cost money to buy more tin and stuff, and times is too tight for dat.' Dat what I say."

Giles shook his head mournfully. "Charlie, dat tree been standin' right on dat spot for a hund'ed years, and no stawm ain't blowed hit down yit."

"You can't never tell about a stawm," B'r Charlie reminded him. "De Bible say, 'Wharfo' when my Sperrit rideth de stawm, no tree kin stand befo' me.' So I whetted up my axe and chopped hit down. Hit jest fell on de house."

Giles was speechless. When he had recovered his voice, he said, but with little feeling, "Efn I had de axe I'd chop yo' haid off, too."

The Widow Duck came up, followed by B'r Charlie's wife, and reported no casualties among the wreckage.

"And don't go fussin' at B'r Charlie, Giles," she said, when she learned the details. "He do de best he kin. You too hard on B'r Charlie, Giles."

"I ought to wring his neck," Giles growled. "Us is shawt on cabins, now, wid New London flooded, and all."

"No mind," said the Widow Duck briskly. "B'r Charlie and Sis' Sugar kin put up wid me, and welcome, and you got plenty er do-nothin' field hands to git dat tree offn de house and git hit propped up. Cause de Bible say, 'Idle field hands is de devil's smoke house, but blessed is he which takes de strangers in dey house in de night time and let 'em abide therein, for verily will come a new day when de sun gits up in de mawnin'.' So say de Sperrit, Giles."

"Amen, Sis' Duck," said B'r Charlie fervently.

Giles stood for several minutes in a puzzled, helpless silence. B'r Charlie's house was a wreck, and he and his wife were trailing meekly behind the serene waddling of the Widow Duck. The thing was completely out of Giles' hands.

And Giles was not only the foreman, but he was also the best foreman in the Red River bottoms. He felt, and rightly, that he was entitled to the last word, some way or other. He frowned his fiercest, and in his most authoritative tone he shouted after B'r Charlie:

"You stick to yo' prayin', hyarafter. Efn I ketch you doin' anything else to he'p out, I'll break yo' neck!"

"Now go in there, Dad, and forget all about that cigar they gave you on the corner!" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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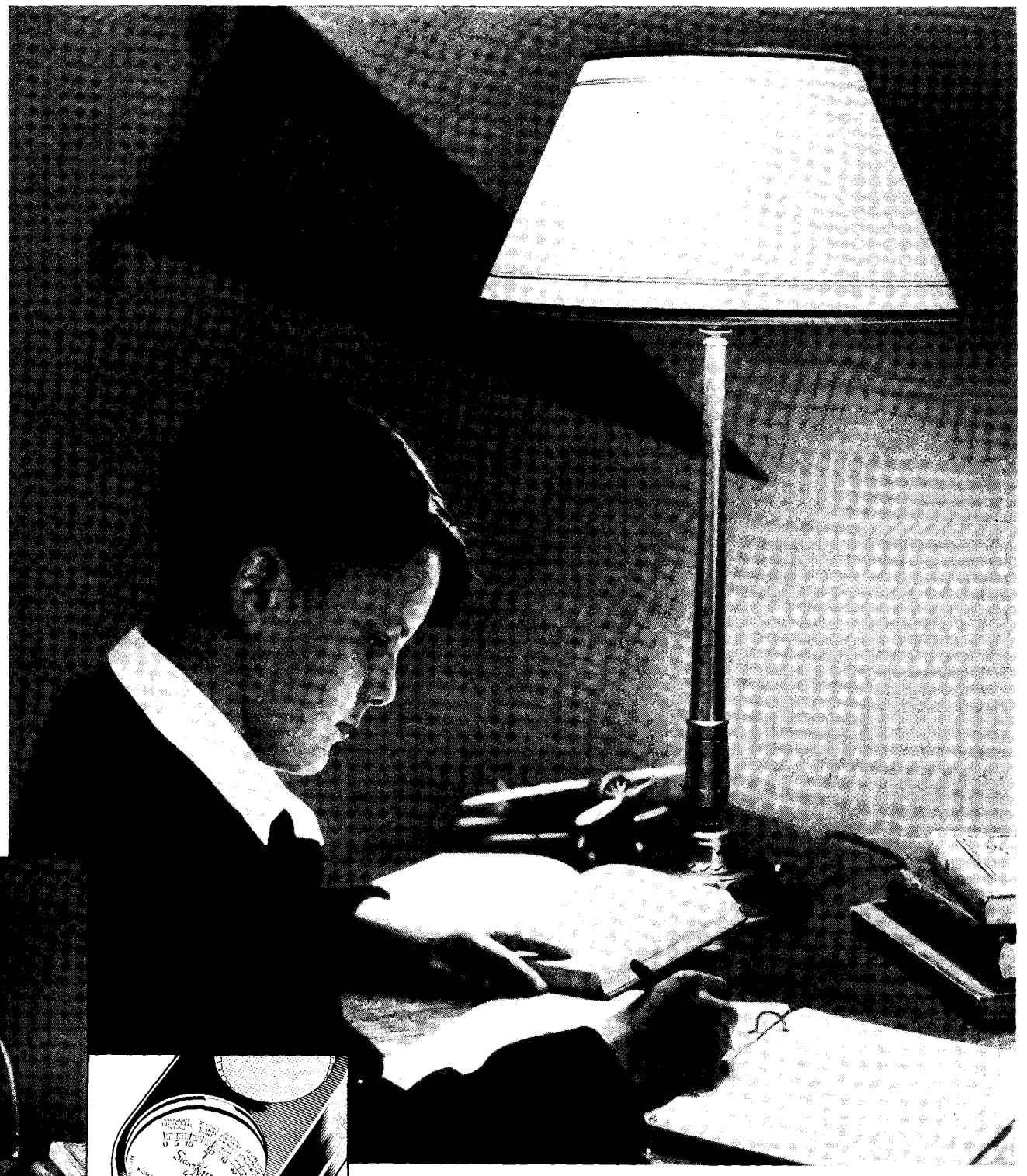
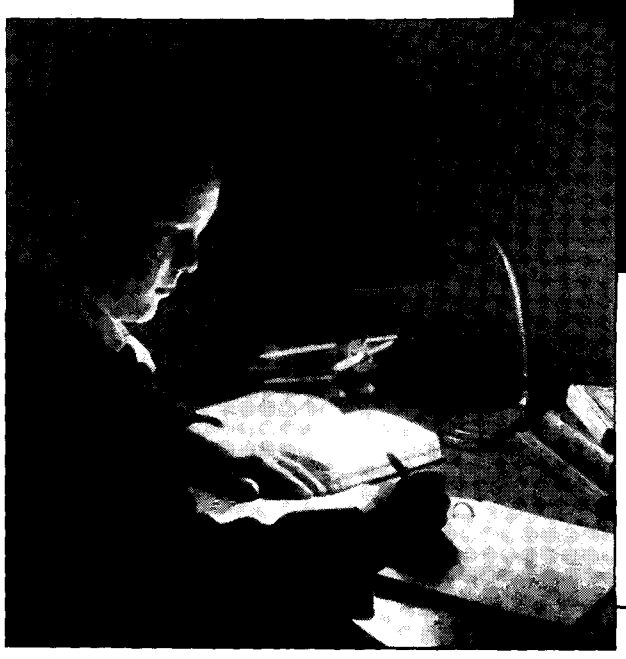
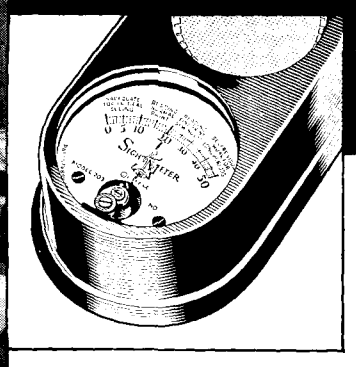
Give him sight-saving LIGHT

...with this New I. E. S. Study and Reading Lamp





This boy is studying in improper light



The Sight Meter Tells An Important Story

The Sight Meter is a marvelous new instrument for measuring light. When placed under the new Study Lamp it registers 20 footcandles of light at a distance of 1½ feet. This is the minimum amount of light you should have for studying or reading.

When you place the Sight Meter under an ordinary lamp at the same distance it probably shows only three or four footcandles. This light is inadequate for close seeing. Working in insufficient light is a cause of fatigue and lays the foundation for future eye-trouble.

20 out of every 100 pupils in grade schools have impaired eyesight.

40 out of every 100 graduates leave our colleges with defective vision.

In many cases, the cause is inadequate and improper light.

That is why the Illuminating Engineering Society created the new I. E. S. Study and Reading Lamp. Its specific purpose is to help save sight.

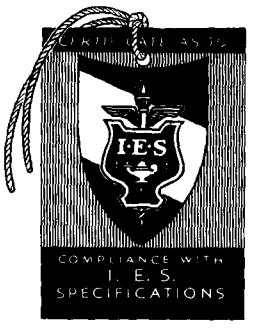
It gives several times as much useful light as an ordinary lamp because its inner shade is a specially treated white surface of high reflecting value. An opal bowl reflector diffuses the light, softens shadows, and sends enough light to the ceiling for general illumination. The Study Lamp is high and its shade is broad in order to distribute light over a wide working area.

Your child needs the amount and quality of light this lamp gives—for eye-comfort and sight-protection.

The General Electric Company does not make the new Study Lamp—but does recommend this sight-saving lamp to you. It is made by many manufacturers, in many styles. Prices vary, but at every price the scientific lighting features are the same.

See the new I. E. S. Study Lamps at your lighting company; electrical, department or furniture store. Look for the I. E. S. approval tag.

Write for the "New Story of Seeing," which tells about the relationship between light and sight. We will also send you further information on the I. E. S. Study Lamp. General Electric Co., Dept. 166, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



This is the mark of the *new I. E. S. Study Lamp.* It certifies that the lamp has been approved by the Illuminating Engineering Society, and endorsed for lighting effectiveness by the Lighting Committee of the Edison Electric Institute.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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They can't "kick the stuffin'" out of THESE SOLES!

IT'S good for boys to scuffle and scramble and "let off steam" —

But it's mighty hard on pocketbooks unless you know how to keep those busy feet from running up shoe bills — by asking for shoes with *Goodyear Wingfoot Soles.*

No other sole ever built can beat these tough, long-wearing, sure-footed soles for wear—and as everyone knows, *a long-wearing sole means a long-wearing shoe.*

And the best news of all is — *they don't cost a penny extra* — on new shoes or at the repair shop. Ask for them by name and look for this trade-mark —

GOODYEAR

Wingfoot Soles
make shoes wear longer
Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

Marriage for One

Continued from page 19

I departed, after hoping fervently he would fall into a manhole and perish miserably, and that's the last I saw of Mr. Erskine for a week.

Early the next day I telephoned Dorothy, begging her again to marry me and forget the nonsense of the previous evening. She replied somewhat frigidly.

"I make you a fair offer and you spurn it," she said. "If you don't care enough for me—"

"Dorothy!" I cried, but there was a discouraging click and the conversation ended, so I started at once for Eagle Rock in my car, taking along the old golf clubs. It was my intention to begin practice, for if a man must be in a contest he may as well do his level best. Roy Erskine ordinarily is a more skillful golfer than I am, as all Eagle Rock knows, but golf is a peculiar and uncertain pastime and anything can happen. I realize I would be a better golfer if I were not so fidgety. I am the nervous or neurotic type and my affliction causes me to fiddle immoderately, look up, swing too fast and stab putts, and thus I destroy shot after shot. On the other hand, Erskine is a mere clod. He has the placidity of a barnacle, no nerves at all, and plays quite steadily, except for an occasional tailspin, like any other man.

Eagle Rock is our home stamping ground. It is filled with inquisitive ruffians and the moment they beheld me at practice they inquired. Usually I do not practice, as I regard golf practice the lowest form of human endeavor.

"What are you doing?" demanded Cud Downey, who is a doctor of medicine in those hours when he can tear himself away from the bunkers.

"What does it look like?"

"Yes, but you never practice. Must be something funny going on here."

A motor car passed, laden with golfers and Cud hailed them.

"Julian is practicing," he announced. "What would you make of that?"

"Maybe he wants to be a golfer some day," replied Duke Willing, another doctor with time on his hands.

THE word spread and all Eagle Rock knew presently that Julian See was up to something. Mr. Erskine broke into mellow laughter when informed and told the locker crowd it was on account of a beautiful lady, and thereafter our members were humorous and offensive in their remarks. I had nothing to say, but plodded along grimly, trying to learn the secret of pitching shots to the green, an item that has always eluded me. I maintained a polite manner toward Mr. Erskine and avoided him whenever possible and thus we moved along toward the annual Eagle Rock affair, to which all members are invited.

Oddly enough, the membership of Eagle Rock began to take a romantic interest in the outcome of the Annual and there was more than the usual talk in advance. The boys began laying wagers, some of them actually betting on me against Roy, though not at even money. This gave me encouragement, despite the fact that most of the wagers were laid when the gentlemen were pouring drinks in the locker-room. Among those who decided to take a long chance and risk money on me was Cud Downey, who is hard-boiled and calculating. "You can beat Roy," he said. "He's a putrid golfer. I can beat him myself."

I continued to see Dorothy at intervals during the tense days of preparation and she was the same sweet, unruffled soul, kindly but more or less adamant. I begged her to marry me and ignore the tournament, but she smilingly shook her head and refused to let me kiss her, though I tried diligently. You can sometimes win one of these arguments with a girl if you can get to kiss her.

To my delight, I qualified in the first flight a week prior to the Eagle Rock Annual and so did the poisonous Roy Erskine, who had been treating me with cheerful contempt. He regarded the contest as quite funny and informed little groups of the amusing details and of how I tried to dodge out of the match and was forced back in by a lady. In my nightly prayers I hoped he would break a leg.

THE tournament leaped into being on a brisk Saturday and I won my first match, a sheer walk-over against a cripple, but so did Mr. Erskine win his match. We moved up a bracket and again we both won and I began to feel the first faint glow of confidence in myself. Dorothy watched me in one match and cheered me with kind words.

"You're really doing very well," she said. "I'm surprised."

"I'm doing my best," I told her, "but the whole thing is plain nonsense. To think that a beautiful girl would risk her future like this is beyond my understanding."

"You can drop out at any time, if it makes you nervous," she replied. "I know several nice lads who would welcome the chance."

So I went along, trying to keep from being tossed out of the tournament, and long before we came to the finals there was a good bit of betting. The club membership appeared to be more excited than usual. Even the local newspapers paid attention, though ordinarily our tournaments do not rate as news.

I mowed down a stout player named Dalzell, who had an off day, and another named Wellington, and there I was in the finals, but also in the finals was the Erskine pestilence. He roared up on his side of the sheet without a falter and at the close of a pleasant Friday afternoon we stood face to face—the last two battlers left in the Eagle Rock Annual.

Dorothy said she was delighted beyond words and smiled her way about the clubhouse, laughing at people when they asked if it were true that she intended to marry the winner. I barged out to her domicile on Friday evening for a kind word, and for a wonder the other athlete was missing. She never looked sweeter.

"Dorothy," I began, but she stopped me.

"You've done nobly, Julian," she exclaimed. "You have acted like a gentleman and a sport, and it pleases me. Tomorrow night you may come up and I will hold out my hand for the ring."

"Assuming I win?"

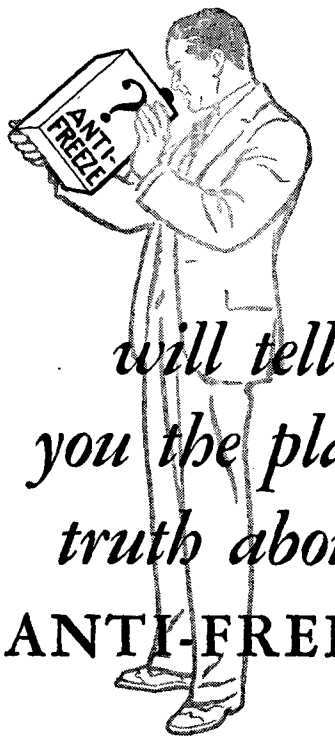
"You'll win, Julian. The true fighting spirit of the Sees—"

"No, I won't. I can't. That fellow will wallop me as sure as shooting. All through the tournament I've been jerking my head, and it's a wonder I came this far."

"You're not willing to put up a struggle for a lady fair and the championship of Eagle Rock?"

"I am, but I'm going to get the whey beaten out of me. I cannot play golf with that pariah around. He drives

The "NOSE-TEST"



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me daffy, just to look at him on a green. He makes me so nervous I could yell, and he knows it, too."

"There now," she said soothingly, and for an instant I thought she might unbend and kiss me, but she did not. "You run along home now and get a good night's sleep, for tomorrow is the day."

"Dorothy," I pleaded, "let us be married tonight, so I will have nothing to worry about."

"No," she replied firmly. "We entered into a bargain and must stick to it. We must be fair to Roy."

I bade her a sad good evening, picked up my hat and faded off the porch of the Bonham home. She remained on the veranda until I rounded the corner and I felt like a man who was seeing his girl for the last time in life. Gloomy I was and cast down. I walked homeward, trying to think of cheery thoughts. Maybe I would beat Mr. Erskine. Maybe he would have by chance one of his off days. Maybe the moon is cheese.

IT WAS early when I took off my necktie and the thought in my mind was that I had to be on the tee in the morning. Being nervous and fretful as a canary's mother, I determined to retire at once, woo Morpheus and hope for a calm sleep, but the Fates were against me. I got no slumber—not a lick. There was no shut eye for me that night. And why? Because of a hellish, devilish tooth, a white tooth, probably with a hole on the port side.

This molar had been faintly bothering me for some time, a twinge here and a twinge there, but not enough genuine pain to demand action. Now we had action. I composed myself on that Friday night for sleep and as I tucked myself into the sheets the tooth let go with both barrels and I suddenly sat up in bed.

"Now, what?" I asked, feeling of my jaw. "This is a fine time for a toothache."

Then followed what will probably always be my worst night. I rose up and applied hot towels and the molar grew worse. I paced the floor. I sat on the radiator. I swore violently in several languages. I called upon powers seldom invoked and the acher ached steadily on. When morning came I was a wan-eyed derelict.

Facing a golf contest that would win or lose the world's sweetest wife, I staggered out of my house with my nerves jangling, my hands trembling, my tooth aching and hurried straight to Dr. Willy Rankin. Willy is a member of Eagle Rock, plays golf himself and is known as a remarkable dentist and an understanding man. He was there in his apron and I explained in piteous tones, whereupon he sat me in the chair and took a peek. He poked around a while inquiringly and shook his head.

"Some trouble here," he remarked. "You're a fool to let your teeth go."

"We will never mind about any lecture today, Willy," I said. "I am in a hurry. Will you please do something about the pain in that tooth?"

"I mean to. This baby comes out—now."

"Oh, no," I said in alarm. "Just put some medicine—"

"Out," he repeated. "Can't stay in another minute. Let's see your jaw again."

I opened up and this time Willy wielded a small mallet with which he tapped a gold crown I have had since a boy.

"That one ever ache?"

"Once in a while. Not much."

"No wonder. It's been dead for years."

"Listen, Willy," I said, but he merely walked out of the room and the lady assistant rattled instruments on a white tray, looking rather alarmed. Willy returned with a small bit of machinery, made me open again, stuck a needle into my pulsing jaw and pushed. I squirmed and tried to protest, but that is one time when nobody can protest. Almost instantly the old jaw began to freeze up and in a few minutes it was solid concrete, all pain gone, and without further ado Willy took all his tools and moved in. He removed the tooth that had destroyed my slumber. He removed the gold-crown baby, and for good measure he withdrew a wisdom tooth on the theory that it was of no particular benefit to mankind. When the operation was over, Willy led me into a resting-room with a red couch.

"Stretch yourself out there for about an hour," he commanded.

"What for? Why should I lie down?"

"Because you're wabbly and will be more wabbly later. After you rest for an hour, you can go home to bed and stay there a couple of days."

"You are as daffy as a coot, Willy. Today is the day I play Roy Erskine in the finals."

"You can't play golf today. You'll die. You have just had a serious operation and must lie quietly. Further, when that stuff begins to fade out of your jaw it's going to hurt—bad. So you go home."

I sat on the red sofa and thought of Roy and Dorothy and marriage and what everybody would say when they heard Julian See had ducked out. Soon some of the dizziness departed and, with Willy promising my early death, I arose and made my way unsteadily to the street. My whole head felt like concrete and there was a faint buzzing.

"Maybe I had better drive out to Eagle Rock and tell them I can't play," I reflected, "and let them look at me. It will give me something to do."

I STARTED the motor, feeling giddy, and red lights were the same as green for a few blocks, but I was not arrested and in due time I arrived at Eagle Rock, entered the locker-room and found the inmates wondering. On the drive out, my face had begun to swell, and when I glanced into a locker-room mirror I was astounded, for it was no longer me. The concrete feeling was disappearing and the pain had arrived—the pain mentioned by Willy Rankin. First of those to greet me was old Doctor Cud Downey, who stared in bright-eyed amaze.

"What in the heck is the matter with you?"

"I had three teeth out and cannot play golf, and so Roy wins by default. If I play I die."

"Who says so?" barked the doctor.

"Willy Rankin."

"Did he take out your teeth?"

"He did. I must now go home to bed and stay there two days."

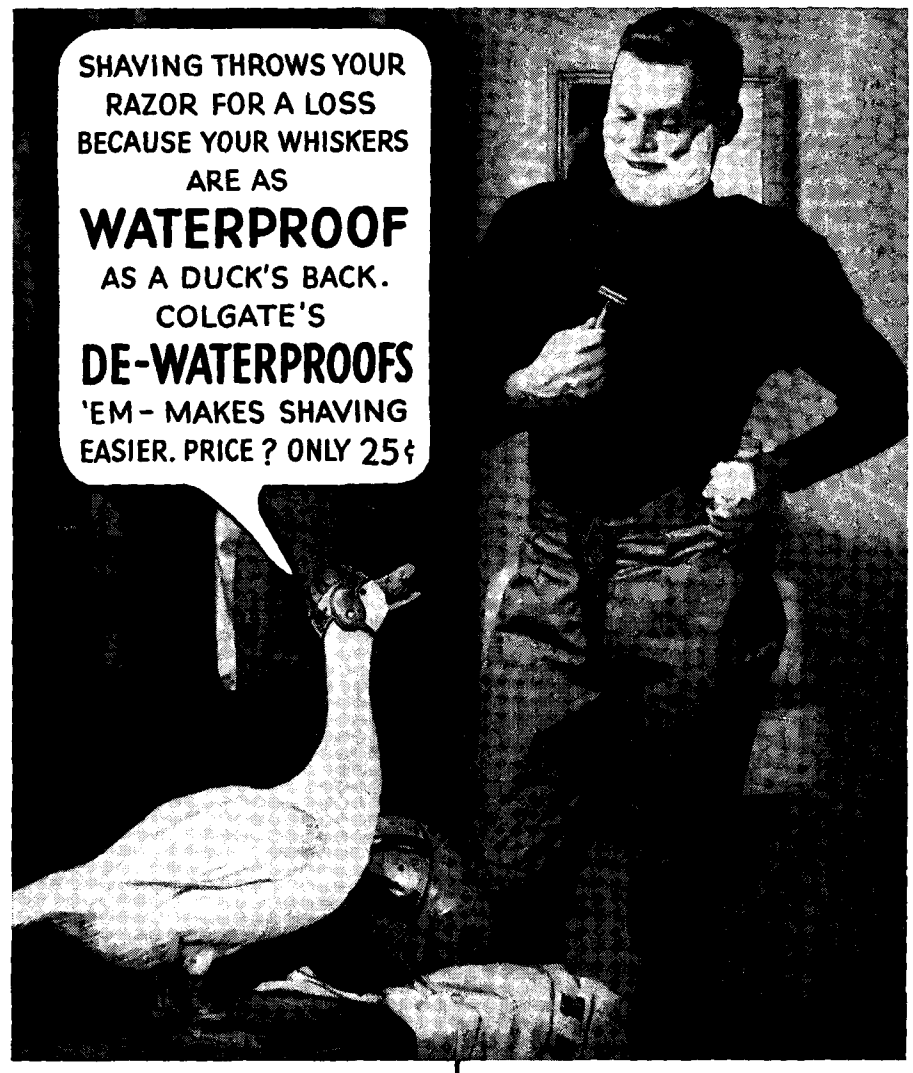
"You'll go nowhere. You'll play your match with Roy, is what you'll do, and if you fall over dead I'll be responsible. Willy Rankin has money bet on Roy and naturally he wants you to default. That's probably why he pulled your teeth. Was there anything the matter with them?"

"I was up all night with a howler."

"Makes it nice for the dough I bet on you, doesn't it? Duke Willing has fifty on you—understand—on you. Several others in the club fancy your chances, so you are going home to bed. As I see it, Willy Rankin is a crook."

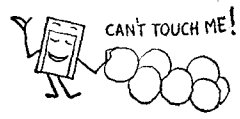
Mr. Erskine walked through the locker-room in a brand-new costume, white shoes, fancy socks, and greeted me with a smile. I bowed coldly and he asked me, with an appearance of concern, what was the matter with my face. I replied that it was a mere trifle

(Continued on page 40)



Most of your shaving troubles are due to just one thing . . . the tough, waterproof coating that Mother Nature puts around every whisker you own. For that tough coating is what makes whiskers hard to cut.

Once you strip every trace of that waterproof jacket from every single whisker, you get a shave as smooth as a barker's smile.



But — that's something most shaving creams don't do. They *can't* remove all the waterproof coating because they froth up into *big-bubble* lather — bubbles so big they can't get *close* enough to every whisker to do a good job.

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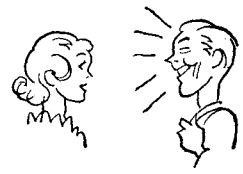

Then myriads of these little bubbles seep into each whisker — soak it so *soft* that your razor cuts slick and clean.

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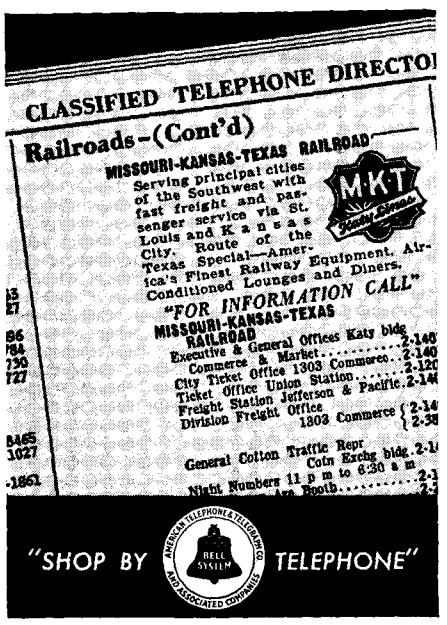


(*Continued from page* 39)

and for him not to worry, after which he went away.

My countenance was rapidly reaching a puffy state where it did me no good to talk through it, so I remained silent. Each step I took was no fun at all and the swelling jaws continued to expand. I put on my spiked shoes, moaning slightly, convinced I would never even reach the first tee.

Cud Downey followed me about as though fearful I would try to escape, and when we teed off that Saturday morning a fairish crowd stood by. Dorothy was there in a blue frock and a beret, and when she saw me her expression changed.

"What in the world—"

"Three teeth out," I mumbled. "I'm all right. Just a little swollen."

"You poor fellow," she said. "You shouldn't play."

"I know it. You realize what I'm playing for? You got me into this and never forget it if I fall over dead in a bunker, as Willy Rankin says I will. Besides that, there is a small fortune bet on me and they won't let me go home and have a specialist."

My caddie handed me a new ball and a celluloid tee. We tossed a coin and Roy won the honor, whereupon he socked a beauty down the fairway and immediately began chatting with Dorothy, as if I weren't present. They conversed in low tones and she nodded, meaning probably it was too bad about poor old Julian. The crowd murmured, "Nice shot," and then it was my turn to be an athlete.

AT THAT moment, the lowest in a long life of low moments, I realized that I faced a hopeless task, involving the destruction of my only romance. I leaned over to stick the tee in the ground and my poor face leaned over with me and, once leaned over, I could scarcely haul myself back to a standing position. I put a ball on the tee with some effort and when I finally stood up and glanced at the ball I felt sure that if I swung an ordinary golf swing, my usual swing, and smote at the ball, my head would fall off and roll under the sand box.

I therefore tried a gentle practice swing, a gingerly one. Nothing whatever happened. I mean, there was no added pain.

"All right, Julian," said Cud Downey, who was going to walk around with the match and watch his money. "Go on, hit it."

So I hit it. I hit the ball gently, not with my usual dash and verve. I moved nothing but what had to be moved. I stood stock-still, like a bronze statue of General U. S. Grant in Boston, the general idea being to save aching jaws, which were now aching to beat the very devil. Naturally, I did not move my head, for the same reason you do not move anything that hurts you.

"Where is it?" I mumbled to my caddie.

"Down the middle," he said, so I began walking softly, for each step I took was like being cracked on the head with a small anvil. The crowd drifted in behind and the contest was on. I took a mashie from the bag and hit the second shot, using the same motionless method, using nothing but arms, shoulders and wrists.

"Where is it?" I asked Joe.

"On the green," he stated, "and not far from the pin."

We tied the first hole with fours, and it was immediately plain to me that this was to be a different sort of golf contest, not like any of my previous ones. Roy Erskine could never get my goat this time, because I had no goat, and, furthermore, I didn't look at him, or think about him, or give a whoop in Hades what he was doing. I had but one desire—to add nothing to the misery in my poor head, and so I was not worried. But Mr. Erskine was worried, for he had never seen me thus. He stared at me while I hit them, using my lady-like swing, and he was astounded when I looked at nothing but the ground and was forced to ask Joe where it was. He spoke to me several times, but I made no reply, as conversation was difficult. All this began to get under his hide and on the third hole he topped a drive and I won the hole—one up.

Dorothy followed the battle. Twice she walked over to me, asking how I felt, could I continue, was I suffering, and I rather enjoyed it.

Paying no attention whatever to the despicable Erskine, feeling no sensation, except pain in the face, conscious of no nervousness, I plugged along, whacking the ball with gentle strokes and doing much better than my ordinary game. Roy was doing worse. The gallery thinned out a bit, but those remaining snickered and the snickers bothered Roy. He was all over the golf course, missing shots that would be pie for him usually.

Along about the twelfth hole it slowly dawned on me that I had him whipped and on the run. I was four up and coasting. The dental jaws were still saving me, and I was swinging softly and unhurriedly, the ball scooting down the middle. At the end of fourteen I was the new champion of Eagle Rock, having Mr. Erskine in the sorry state of five down and four to play. To my surprise, he grinned cheerfully, slapped me on the back and shook hands like a man.

"Congratulations," he said, as though he meant it. "You're a sterling golf player, especially under pressure, and in your next big match you better have your tonsils and appendix out just before teeing off. . . . Of course, you don't look, at the moment, like anything a nice girl would want to marry."

I grinned at him with an effort, shook hands and Dorothy came over from the mob, accompanied by Cud Downey, who was smiling broadly, having cashed in on the episode. He congratulated everybody and insisted on being host at the clubhouse. Dorothy looked serene and unruffled and smiled at me. I didn't want a drink. I desired a couple of aspirins and a pillow, but we rode over with Dorothy, and Cud wasn't the host after all. Roy insisted on being host and actually beamed on us. He ordered the drinks and made a speech.

"Here's to both of you," he said, raising his beaker. "If I had to lose, I'd rather lose to this queer-looking dodo with the puffed countenance. A long life and no missed putts."

THEN Dorothy took me home in her car, fearing I was too far gone to drive my own.

"You will remember, Julian," she said, "that there was some talk of a marriage in connection with this match."

"I can remember as if it were yesterday," I replied.

"If you insist on holding me to the terms—"

"I insist," I said. "If there is any one thing in the world I am now doing, I am insisting, doubled and redoubled."

"Very well. But remember, there is just one condition."

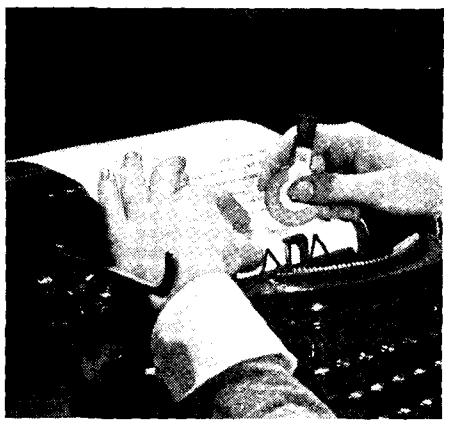
"There is no condition. A deal is a deal."

"Roy must be our best man."

"Well," I said doubtfully, "I would prefer Dr. Willy Rankin myself. There is a real friend, him and his pliers. But if you want Roy Erskine, we'll have him. Now that I think of it, he's not a bad sort, after all."

MY MISTAKE!

● A mistake. Annoying, yes. But no need to rewrite the letter if you have an Eberhard Faber Typewriter Eraser.



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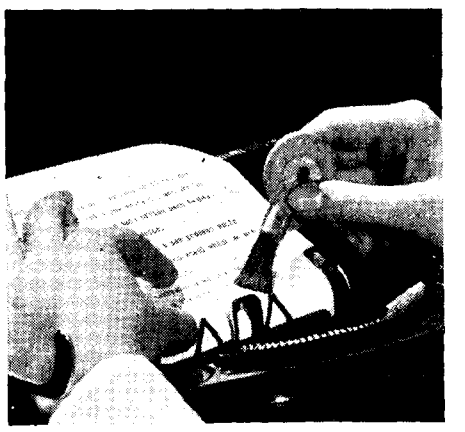

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Screen Maiden

Continued from page 11

of the roadster's door, he heard the sharp wail of a siren. He said, "How rough they play here."

But Perry Brandt had leaped from the rumble. When Louise, seeing him, cried, "Perry! Be careful!" he turned, and even Tommy was forced to admire the way Brandt's eyes were flashing. Another machine had stopped behind the roadster; Jim Carlton and Brad Prentice jumped out, following the older man.

ALL three arrived at the scene of action a full twenty seconds behind the riot car. For a moment there was a flurry of fists and rocks and clubs, until another police machine roared down from the opposite direction. A girl picket shrieked insults at the bluecoats. Longshoremen began to shuffle away; the men who remained fighting didn't look to Tommy like waterfront men.

Someone was talking, loudly, swiftly, compellingly; while officers bent over the injured strike-breakers, the throng seemed to divide, so that Tommy and Louise could see Brandt, talking, smiling and, suddenly, pointing toward the roadster. A burly picket said something, and Brandt nodded vigorously. . . .

Louise, watching intently, her hands gripped about the wheel, began to smile. "Perry stopped it," she breathed.

Tommy knew quite a bit about fights and had seen sufficient of this one to understand what had happened, but he knew much less about girls. So, mildly enough, he suggested, "The cops were there, too."

Louise looked at him. Once, she said, "Hmm," and then waved gayly to Brandt as Ingram's face became red.

Twenty or more of the pickets and strikers were following the actor. His own coat was ripped. There was a small scratch on his face, which he dabbed at with his handkerchief. Brad Prentice had a cut on his forehead. "Boys," said Perry Brandt, "I told you I'd show you the little lady herself. . . ."

The men grinned sheepishly at Louise, and she smiled back. One of them had seen the last picture in which she had appeared, and said so, announcing that in his opinion Harlow was a has-been, and Dietrich's legs weren't so much anyhow.

In response, Louise said, "I think you're a grand bunch of fellows, too. I hope you like all of my pictures. I wish I could do something for all of you."

Tommy Ingram said something under his breath.

A smallish man snapped, apparently not under any spell, "You can. Your father's on the Council. Have him give us a break. He gets stuff shipped in from the Orient. Have him say that he won't try to unload nothing, even if he could, until we get a square deal."

Louise, still smiling, said, "I'll certainly—"

"Easy," cautioned Tommy.

The single word drew attention to him. The little man demanded, "Who's that? Another actor?"

"Not at all," Brandt said lightly. "He's just a fellow who came in today. A . . . friend of Miss Hendricks."

"He can keep his mouth shut," the agitator decided. Directly to Tommy, "Can't you keep that big mouth shut, guy?"

Tommy's eyes were hot, but they were also steady. Unlike them, there was a coldness in his body, and his clenched fists were as hard as if they held chunks of ice. He was fighting desperately for control, he who had always been quick, emotional, and more than willing to lash out. Voice uneven, he said, "I'm learning to."

Without knowing exactly how it was done, Ingram found himself in the rumble. Halma Prentice spoke placidly, "Disgrace, Tommy? We all thought there was something funny about this. Did you know that Perry waited until he saw the police driving up before he became My Hero?"

The girl was genuinely friendly; Tommy felt this. "What have you got against him?" he asked.

"He's such a pup," said Halma.

It was on this same tone that the Old Man . . . George A. himself . . . began with Ingram, when they were alone after dinner.

Hendricks poured brandy into glasses. "Ingram," he said, "anyone is better than that actor. That is a surprise to me, what Louise has told me tonight. Why, he has two valets, Ingram! They work on twelve-hour shifts. At least you're an O-E man, and McMasters says you're—"

"They met in Hollywood, sir?" Tommy asked. A few hours ago he would have been vitally interested in whatever McMasters had said; now he wanted to hear about the girl. He didn't consider this strange. He didn't think about it at all.

"Um-m. She wanted to see a talkie. A lot of youngsters went. It was some fool oriental picture. Naked geishas! Bah! That sort of nonsense. Louise must've said something about the Orient. Brandt was there. Heard who she was. My daughter. He had an idea that she had a good voice . . . said so. She was tried out. Given a part. Like that. Half dressed, anyhow. I went to see one of her pictures. I . . . let's talk about Japan! Don't stand any nonsense from her after you're married, Ingram. Put your foot down."

"Yes, sir."

Hendricks frowned, and sipped his brandy. "You'll need more spunk than that," he said. "If you were one of the old O-E type of men . . . fight first and think when you were in the hospital . . . I'd feel safer about it. She'll lead you a dance."

IN THE silence, Tommy could hear a radio, and voices, and laughter.

"Tell me," said the Old Man, sighing, "are you sure you found an authentic Korin screen?"

"If I haven't, the company is out ninety thousand yen, sir."

"You got it from an *eta* . . . a pariah? How much trouble did you have getting it out of their village? They fight like hell, you know."

Guardedly, Tommy said, "Didn't McMasters report about it, sir?"

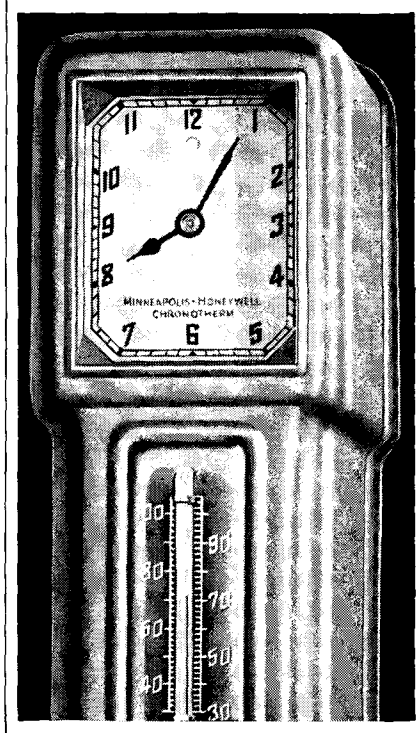
"He writes volumes about everyone but you," Hendricks snorted. "All he said was that he'd sent you after the screen, when it was heard that one existed, owned by a son of some samurai who sneaked into the outcast village instead of ripping himself honorably open . . . and that you'd bought it. Was that *all* there was to it?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy.

"If *I'd* been Mac, I'd have sent a dozen good tough men after it, well armed. The authorities would have been tickled to death if a lot of pariahs were killed in the fight. Oh, well, we got it, anyhow." Hendricks sighed. "Fighting's gone out of date, I suppose. It's all diplomacy now. Like this waterfront strike. Talk, talk, talk, and no cargoes moved."

(Continued on page 42*)*

CHRONOTHERM



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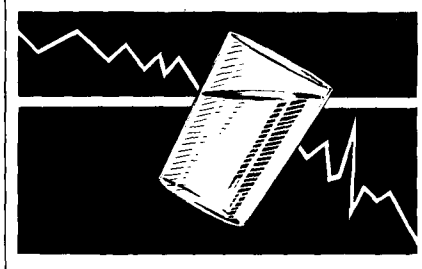

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ARVIN
HOT WATER CAR HEATER
For Winter Driving Comfort

ARVIN CAR RADIO
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(Continued from page 41)

Tommy listened to the music, the soft shuff-shuff of feet, the quick laughs. He had an idea that when Hendricks was told the truth, a good bit of his anger was going to be directed toward Tommy Ingram, but what could be done about it now?

"What does the screen look like?" asked the older man.

"Black lacq frame, sir. Hundred lacq. Hundred layers. The back is all gold lacq of old workmanship. The front is a sort of parchment with silk threads woven through it; metal threads. Gold and silver. The painting, by Korin, is that of a full length figure of a girl. A real likeness, not figurative. Like . . . like a lotus blossom courting favor, a Japanese said. I think it's the real story-screen, sir. You know the legend."

"A man fell in love with the girl on it, and she finally came to life . . . that the tale?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm anxious to see it," Hendricks said. He poured more coffee into his cup, into Tommy's; he said abruptly: "Join the others, Thomas. I don't trust Brandt. No. He knows how to make love, and, from this afternoon, he knows how to be a hero." Grimly, "If you let him take Louise away from you—"

TOMMY began earnestly, "But, sir, if—"

Perhaps Hendricks had been comparing Ingram with the two-fisted fighting men in the early days of the Orient-Export; perhaps the sound of Louise's contented laughter bothered him; at all events he said, "If you do, I'm hanged if I'll have you in the O-E, no matter how politic you are." In the same tone, "Now go out and enjoy yourself."

Ingram bit down his retort; he said, "Yes, sir," again and then left the library.

With McMasters' assistance, he had created the situation himself, and was now realizing how deep he was in something which grew more difficult each moment. Why, the Old Man would have liked him better if he'd known that Tommy was a trial to the O-E in Japan. . . . Louise would have thought the more of him if he'd vaulted out of the car and received a scratch on the nose down at the piers . . . but, if he went back to what he had been, they would all suppose him to be acting. . . .

"If I dance you into that corner," said Tommy, loudly enough for Brandt to hear, "do I rate a kiss?"

Louise spoke shortly. "If you do," she said, "I won't dance with you again."

"You've told Brandt that it was all nonsense?"

"No. Not yet. But don't you like Perry? Isn't he . . . ?"

Tommy had to say something. "I suppose he is. But, somehow, I can't see him as the sort of chap who'll go around the garden with you while you snip roses for the dinner table."

"Don't talk like that," Louise said. "It isn't the way you are." She stopped, opposite a door. "I've been rotten to you," she added. "But I want Perry . . . come outside, and . . . you can kiss me goodby if you wish."

"I wouldn't kiss you again if you were marrying the Prince of Wales," Tommy informed her, as he followed her from the room.

It was like touching a frosty pomegranate blossom with his lips. Tommy said, forgetful of everything except the girl, "You're sure about . . . everything?"

Louise took his hand, leading him away from the door. "Of course," she said. "You aren't crazy about me. Tomorrow you'll say, 'She's just a complete bust,' and, Tommy, sometimes I am. But Perry is real. A . . . a man. A fighter. He . . . he can't help it if women . . . an actor, you know . . . and I do like you, or I wouldn't be talking to you like this." She was surprised that she was, and that she did it so easily. "I do like you," she repeated.

He leaned forward so he could look at her; again the resemblance to the painting on the screen struck him. Screen maiden. So was this girl. Voice low, Ingram said, "Once upon a time a Japanese bought a screen, and fell in love with the girl painted on it. He learned that the model had been a real woman, and, although she was dead, the artist had caught her spirit as well as her form. He made offerings to her. One night she stepped from the screen. They lived together for seven existences, because the Japanese aren't satisfied with love for only a lifetime. She was a screen-maiden, too. Let's go inside."

Louise said, "That was sweet, Tommy. The sort of thing you'd say. But I'm no Japanese maid, even if you're a poet, Tommy. I'm a handful. Perhaps you're lucky. If . . . if it weren't for Perry—"

"Paging me?" asked Brandt.

Louise and Ingram stood up; she said, "Tommy and I were just talking. We—"

"I'd prefer you didn't discuss me, Ingram."

Tommy blinked, but managed to say, "I'm in favor of that, myself."

"Satisfactory apology," smiled Brandt.

Ingram kicked the garden chair when the other man and the girl went back into the house.

Louise had breakfasted before Ingram and had already left; he amused himself as best he could all the next day. A Japanese houseboy told him, before dinner, that Hendricks was waiting for him. "What've you been doing?" asked the older man. "Have a cocktail. Who's engaged to Louise? You? Or Brandt?" To Tommy's cautious reply that he'd just been taking it easy, Hendricks said, "When we got back to the States we always raised . . . anyhow, Louise was with him all afternoon."

"I don't play golf, sir."

HENDRICKS looked at him shrewdly, poured himself a second drink, and said, "I wish I could see that screen. I wish I had it here." Explosively, "I want what's mine! Silks, lacqs . . . can't be touched because of this strike." The head of O-E stood up and walked around his desk. "If I had some of the old gang here, I'd take a couple of trucks and get it all. If any picket tried to stop us, we'd . . . but there's no sense thinking about it." Directly, "Is there, Thomas?"

Again cautious, Ingram said, "I suppose not, sir."

"What a fine son-in-law you're going to be," snapped the Old Man.

It was then that Louise called, "Busy, Dad?" and, Brandt behind her, came in. Both were smiling and flushed.

Brandt said, "Louise was telling me about a screen, and how much she wanted to see it. I said it could be arranged, and that you could secure the remainder of your goods if you really want them. Easily."

Hendricks poured a little melted ice into his glass; he gulped down the contents, saying, "Going to call out the Thirtieth Infantry? You the honorary colonel?" Then, as Brandt began to explain, his bored look vanished, to be replaced by hopeful amazement. He said, "They might fall for it," and finally, "When?"

"Tomorrow," Brandt suggested. "That'll give us time."

They had forgotten Ingram, until

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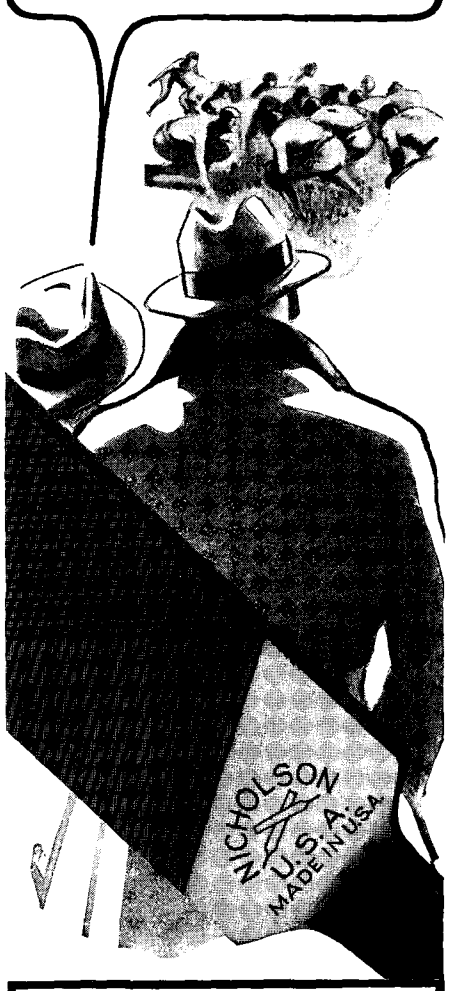

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Louise said, "You, too, Tommy. We'll make you something."

"Yes," Brandt promised. "We will."

Tommy said nothing.

There was fog in the early morning along the Embarcadero, but by two in the afternoon it was clear and bright. Not much had happened; a teamster had been slugged, a shouting woman speaker arrested, an attempt made to fire a wharf . . . strikers, agitators, pickets, waited in sullen groups. Not until five slowly driven machines, followed by a covered truck, came along the waterfront did the men leave their shadows. Truck and cars stopped in front of Pier 115.

The police lookout on the traffic bridge spoke into his microphone: "Harbor 5. Southern 14. Go to Pier 115. Might be an attempt to move freight. That's all."

THE first man out of the machines was Brandt. He walked quickly, smiling, past the first of the gathering throng, and watched the unloading of canvas-backed chairs, on one of which his name was printed in big black letters. While cameras were being set up, a thick-set leader stopped him. "What's the idea?" the striker growled.

Brandt waved a hand. "Taking a few shots," he smiled. "Finish of a picture. We made most of it at the studio. I'm Perry Brandt, directing my own picture. Some of you may recall that I was down here yesterday, looking the scene over."

The ominous crowd surged up, staring at Louise, bent over a make-up box, at a couple of Hendricks' houseboys in kimonos, at Ingram, unheroic-appearing in ragged clothing, and feeling no better than he looked. A girl on a chair fingered a hastily typed script. Harbor 2, sliding through the strikers, stopped, an officer demanding to know what it was all about; he, like others, recognized Brandt.

"We're glad to have an audience," the actor said, "because we can use 'em. Dollar each for all you folks. Here's the idea"—raising his voice—"and get it. We want to work fast. I take the part of Hilary Cummings, just returned from China, and I've been given a dirty deal by John Murray"—indicating Ingram—"who, in addition, has defrauded all of you and is a fugitive from justice. I've learned that he intends to steal my family treasure, sent to me from China, and . . . Miss Harper, please read the rest of the action."

The script girl, loaned by Brandt's local office, began reciting the tale, in which virtue was rewarded and villainy properly punished, with Louise the prize of the victor. It was melodramatic but plausible, and heads nodded.

Brandt called, "Everybody got it? While I'm telling Louise how glad I am that she's been true to me and believes in me, Murray sneaks off the dock, driving the truck which contains my gold. I see him. I yell at him. Then everybody runs for the truck. I get there ahead of you. I climb to the driver's seat. One of these machines is camera equipped and follows us while we fight. I knock the villain off the seat, and drive away with the truck. In the meantime, as soon as you see that, get out of the way of the other machines, so we can take the next shot up by the Ferry.

"What I want, again, is absolute silence until the truck reaches that lamppost. Then rush at it, behind me."

A girl picket shouted, "And what's in the truck? How do we know—"

It was a question Tommy knew would be asked. "A couple of kegs of beer," he said. "Let's get going."

Men laughed. Hendricks nodded approvingly, and Louise smiled briefly. Tommy again wanted to kick something, but, instead, rubbed the powder puff against his face, tasting perfume. As he mounted to the truck's seat, and several pickets pulled the rear curtains apart and saw that the truck contained a dozen small sacks, each marked as if containing gold, he heard Brandt's final instructions to him:

"Drive straight out and up the Embarcadero. When we pass the second street I knock you off the truck. Join us afterward for the next shot."

Tommy nodded grimly. He supposed that the details of combat were in a way the actor's payment for what had happened. While the strikers stared, and the girl leaders tried to find something at which to jeer, Tommy stolidly drove the truck to the portal, waited while it was lifted, and, inside, heard it clang down behind him. Both radio cars had returned to their posts. He was off the seat swiftly, cutting off the wharfinger's assistant with, "The Orient-Export shipment. Here's the delivery order. Help me load. Ten dollars a minute in it for you."

The bales of silk, of matting-wrapped porcelains and antiques, were heavy. In silence the two men worked. Tommy saw to it that the screen was placed at the bottom of the load, where it ought to be well protected.

Outside, Brandt was giving the impression of haste, lest the strikers become suspicious, but, wherever possible, he had action retaken, in order to give Ingram time to load as much as possible. The interested throng was enjoying it.

Tommy was sweating, from exertion, from knowledge that those portions which would be shot several times would undoubtedly include embraces. He, Tommy Ingram, was just a cat's-paw. That's what he was. Twice. Once, for Louise to get Brandt. Now, for Brandt to get her, and, by driving off with the better things of the O-E shipment, to get into the Old Man's good graces. The hotter he became, the closer he began to draw to the Tommy Ingram of the pariah village. Oh, he'd go through as he'd agreed . . . keep on being an idiot, a jackass, a fool.

His helper said that someone was knocking three times on the door. "You get your money at the O-E office," Tommy said. He ran around the truck, saw that the curtains were in place, leaped to the seat, and, when the wharfinger raised the portal, everyone outside could see the nose of the truck, as if the driver had only been waiting the signal to come out, and had been lounging in the seat.

SUNLIGHT half blinded him, sunlight, and the sweat which was running into his eyes. He turned the truck dutifully northward, neither looking right nor left. The only sound was the growl of the heavy motor. The police lookout began broadcasting: "All cars. Truck leaving Pier 115. Reported a motion picture stunt. Stand by." The strikers, watching Brandt, waited, some grinning broadly, some self-consciously touching their neckties, others whispering jovially about the embraces they had witnessed . . . hot stuff. . . . It had all been a bit of unexpected fun.

A hot-eyed girl agitator shrieked, "You've been fooled! Look at him! He's been sweating . . . he's been loading that truck!"

Why hadn't he had sense enough to wipe his face? He dared not do it now, and continued to drive slowly northward. Someone—Louise?—was calling his name. Urgently. For the first time, Ingram turned. There was no sign of her, nor of Brandt, who was supposed to be pursuing him. Instead, men were racing toward the truck; the first rock hammered on its roof. High

(Continued on page 44)

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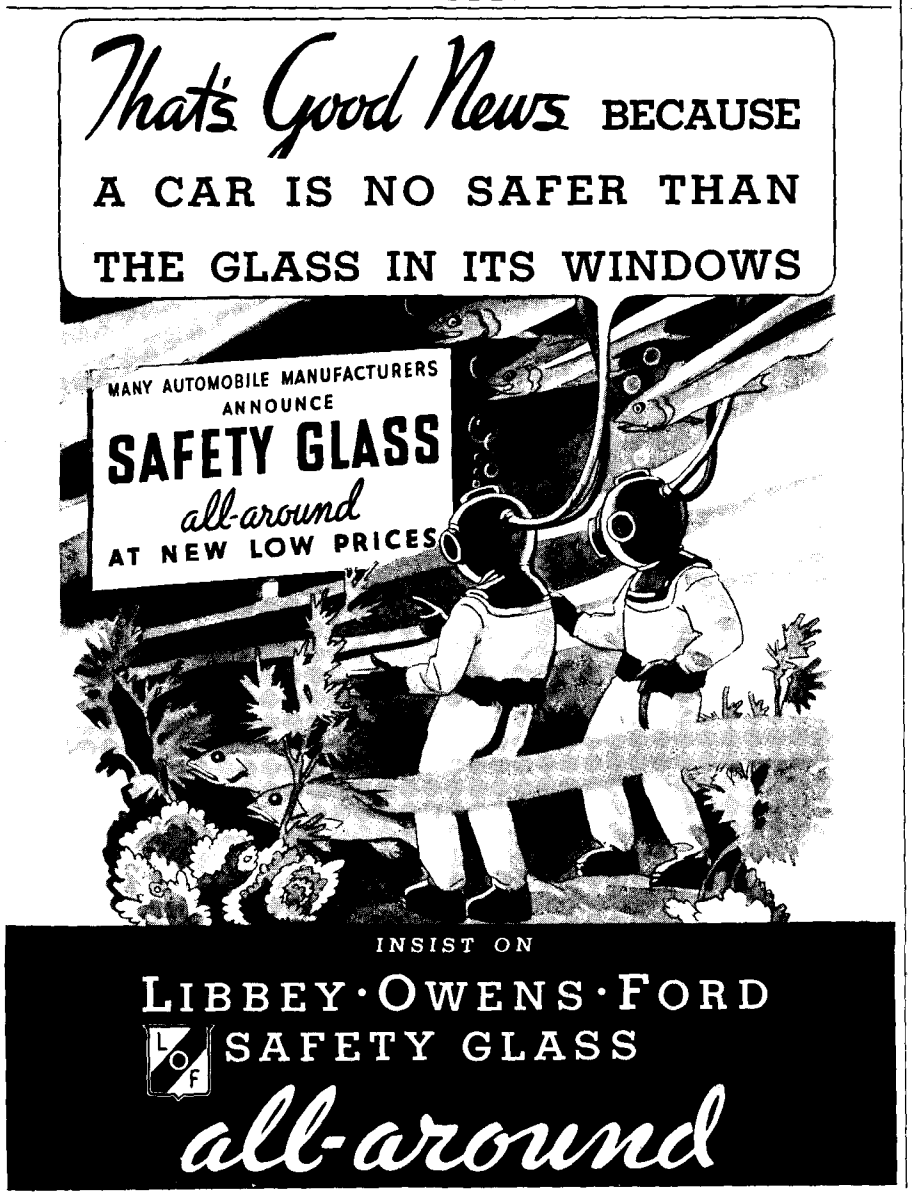


(Continued from page 43)

above the deep-throated curses came the shrill venom of women's voices.

The plan had failed, and it had been his fault. Tommy swerved the truck sharply, and started it back toward the advancing mob. Louise was somewhere in it, and the Old Man. Ingram saw no person he knew, but only a sea of angry faces.

"Pull him off the truck," the girl screamed. "He wants to run us down. Get him, boys! Get him!"

No sign of Louise. Over the heads of the mob, Ingram saw a couple of youngsters—Carlton was one—trying to hold back part of the throng. . . .

"Get who?" yelled Tommy. "Who're you going to get?"

He grabbed the hand brake, stopping the truck so suddenly that the first men to attempt mounting were hurled to the street.

THERE was a club on the car floor, with which he was to have made a futile pass at Brandt, but Tommy leaped from the truck without it. He actually managed to storm his way toward where Louise had been before, managed to drive his fist against the nearest faces half a dozen times while the nearest men gave back . . . and then the very weight of bodies pressed him down, arms pinioned. Someone was clawing at his cheek. Someone else was hammering his head against the pavement. . . .

A great ball like the sun appeared magically before his eyes, whirled around, and then it was darker than night.

The next thing he heard was, "Yes, Doctor." He made no effort to move; when he opened his eyes he saw Hendricks standing beside the bed. His head ached, and he felt sore about the shoulders. "What a swell plan that was," Tommy said distinctly. "Just the sort you'd fall for. Flashy."

He heard Louise say, "But, Tommy . . . we're all so sorry about you . . . Perry says if you'd only remembered to clean your face. . . ."

"I," said Tommy, "will clean his face if he's around. Is he?"

The head of Orient-Export said, "No. He's a trifle damaged. On the back of the head. He was running. *I* busted one of 'em on the nose. A camera man told me he got a . . . a shot of it. And of Brandt!"

"Our stuff?" Tommy asked.

"Radio cars finally showed up. Porcelain's smashed. Bale of silk ripped open. The screen's untouched. Thomas, I never saw anything like the way you jumped off the truck and waded into 'em! I—"

"That's because you don't know anything," said Tommy. "A couple of punches . . . now, when you're up against men with knives . . . oh, well, it's all over. Take the heroine outside and leave me alone."

Louise said, "But, Tommy, I—"

"Will you shut up? My head aches. I ache. You make me ache. You're a pain. You don't know what you want. Get out of here."

"Louise deserves what you say, Thomas, and—"

"Are you still here?" demanded Tommy. "Can't a fellow even suffer in comfort? You and your good old days in the Orient! *You*"—to Louise—"stay here a minute. I've got something to tell you."

She didn't say, "Yes, Tommy?" until they were alone. Her eyes shone, and Ingram's heart began to thump. Of course she was sorry for the beating he'd taken; of course she'd only known him for a day or two; of course she was going to marry Perry Brandt . . . but her eyes were shining.

"I won't sit in front of a screen and wait for the girl on it to come to life," Tommy told her. He'd say the rest, and give her a good laugh. "Not when she's kissed me the way you've done. You'll live in Japan and like it. I wouldn't marry you at all, but it's the only way I can keep my job."

"I don't want you to lose your job, Tommy."

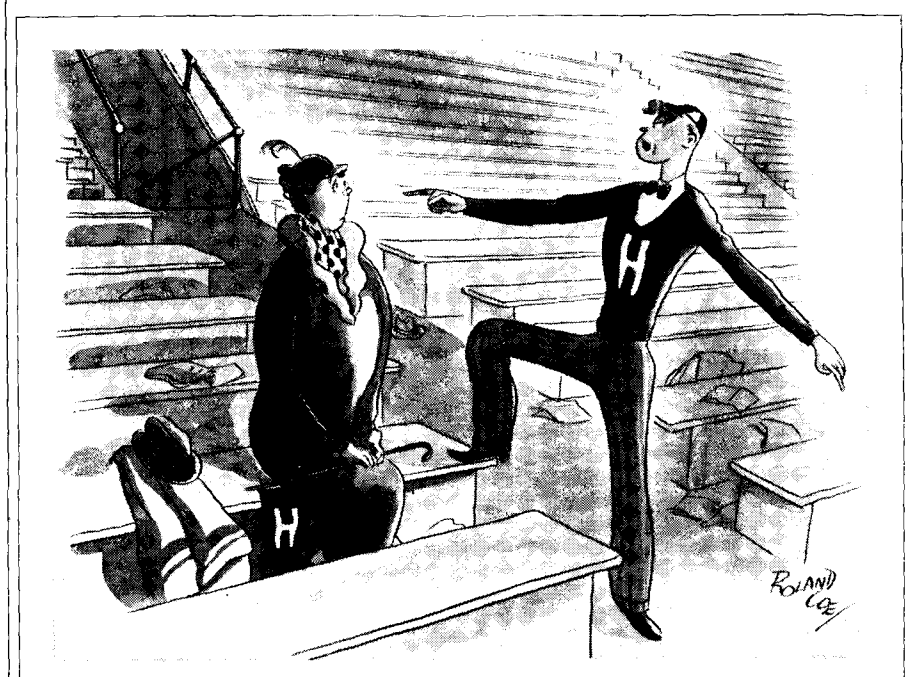
"There're plenty of jobs. And plenty of girls." She wasn't laughing yet, but that was because she was sorry for him, or disgusted with him, or . . . "Plenty. Why, there's a girl in Osaka who—"

Louise said, "Pooh, darling." She wasn't laughing even now, but she was smiling. "Perry," she said, "told me that his first duty as an artist was to . . . to protect the face his public loves. I know he ran. I don't need any preview. I know that you . . . you . . . oh, Tommy, you might tell me that you love me."

It was too complicated, too breathtaking, for Ingram to figure out. There was a white hospital screen behind her. Her hand went out toward him, until, in pose, in smiling, tremulous lips and eager eyes, she was like the lovely ancient painting. For a moment Tommy stared. . . .

"Seven lifetimes," he said. "It won't be long enough. Woman . . . come here and kiss me."

"Yes, Tommy," said Louise.



"Why aren't you down there in the snake dance?" ROLAND COE

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Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 25

office. He smiled involuntarily as he took in the scene.

Granby was seated at a desk by the window and beside him sat Trenna. Grouped around them were a dozen newspaper-men. Sturdevant remembered that some years ago, on signing the final papers which transferred his father's estate from the executorship of Granby to himself, a group of newspaper-men had entered the office. But they were older, graver men than these young fellows. Nor had there been any women among the financial reporters who had come to question Granby about a bank merger. Those reporters of another day had been men who wrote the quiet and not always obvious drama of finance. They were quieter, more sedate than this group of young people.

Sturdevant could imagine the feelings of Granby's partners, of his staff of clerks and stenographers. Granby was an estate lawyer primarily; his offices were situated uptown in order that he might be nearer his clients. Dignity and suavity were the keynote of the place, and into this somewhat stiff atmosphere had been tossed emotional drama.

The lawyer greeted Sturdevant pleasantly. He made him sit down on the chair at his left side.

"You gentlemen all know Mr. Sturdevant. You can question him as freely as you have questioned Miss Plaice," said the lawyer.

"But there's one more little question I'd like to put to Miss Plaice," said one of the young men. "My paper has just learned that Miss Plaice owned a thirty-eight-caliber revolver; servants state that it disappeared from her home in Hollywood some months ago. What about that, Miss Plaice?"

"It was lost," said Trenna composedly.

"Haworth was shot with a thirty-eight," said the young man.

"But not with Miss Plaice's thirty-eight," interposed Granby. "Now, gentlemen, and you, Miss Turner," he nodded toward the young woman in the group, "we've given you a long time. I think it's only fair you let Miss Plaice alone now."

THE woman reporter spoke to Sturdevant.

"Have you anything to add to your previous statements?" she asked.

Sturdevant smilingly shook his head.

"Not a thing. I've told the police the truth and the whole truth."

"Of course," said one of the young men, "but it's too bad you haven't any witnesses to that walk home from the Merrygoround last night."

"One of those unfortunate things," admitted Sturdevant, "but not really important."

"Have the police questioned you today?" persisted the young man.

"Sergeant Wilcox called on me, and we went over last night's events. That's all," said Sturdevant.

Reluctantly the group shuffled their feet, looked at one another and then departed. Granby followed them, chatting amiably with one and another. The door closed behind them. Swiftly Sturdevant bent over and kissed the girl.

"Bold," she smiled.

"Impertinent," he grinned.

"Taking me somewhere?" she asked.

"Anywhere," he replied.

"That's where I want to go," she laughed. Then she sighed. "It's too dreadful. Do you think they'll ever let me alone?"

"Of course they will," he said encouragingly. "They'll find out—or the police will—who killed Haworth and they won't bother us any more."

Granby reëntered the office. He wiped his forehead with a handkerchief.

"Thank God, that's over," he said. "Miss Plaice, you were wonderful, marvelous."

She shrugged her sweetly modeled shoulders.

"I merely told them the truth once again," she said.

"Of course. But it's so easy to antagonize people, and you didn't. Every last one of those newspaper people left here with the feeling that it was a shame to bother you."

"I hope the police get the same feeling," she said wanly.

"They will," said Granby. He eyed Sturdevant. "Anything on your mind?"

"A detective has been following me. And Lisa Bellwood claims she saw me as she was leaving Haworth's apartment last night. She's mistaken or she lies."

Granby pursed his lips.

"I don't like that," he stated.

THE police commissioner looked angrily from one to another of the three men standing before him. Lieutenant Sackville shifted his bulk from one foot to the other, his red face growing more fiery beneath the baleful glance of his superior. Lieutenant Henderson also twisted uneasily and a flush showed through his olive skin. Only Sergeant Wilcox met the commissioner's gaze with unabashed ease.

"I want an arrest," exploded the commissioner. "This is the biggest mystery since the Elwell case. At that, it doesn't look like any mystery to me. What I mean is that it's going to be a newspaper sensation. Haworth had the dough, he knew everybody, the girls went for him. When a playboy like that gets bumped off it's duck soup for the newspapers. And here we have three people that might have done it. The Plaice girl might have been sore at him because he wasn't going to marry her. From what I can learn about him he told plenty of girls that he just couldn't wait to get hold of a license and slip the ring on the finger. He had a reputation for that sort of thing. But when it came to scratch he never made good. Here he was, on the night before he was supposed to get married, taking in the hot spots with the Bellwood girl. He'd had yearnings for her and she was plenty strong for him. Maybe, when Miss Plaice went over to see him, he aired her. That sort of thing will burn any girl."

He leaned back in his swivel chair, lighted a cigarette, and continued:

"Then take the Bellwood girl. Suppose she was really afraid that this time Haworth would make good his promise to marry Trenna Plaice. She'd been running around with him. She even phoned Miss Plaice last night that she was going to marry Haworth. Now, she spent the evening with Haworth, winding up with him at his apartment. While she was touring the hot spots with him, he got away long enough to phone Trenna Plaice and ask her to come over and see him. Maybe that was his idea of a good time, trying to get two women into a brawl over him. He was a bad boy.

"Suppose Bellwood had been working on him all evening, trying to get him to break off his marriage to Miss Plaice? Suppose she couldn't do it? She might have gotten sore enough to put a bullet in him. The two women didn't meet at

(Continued on page 46)

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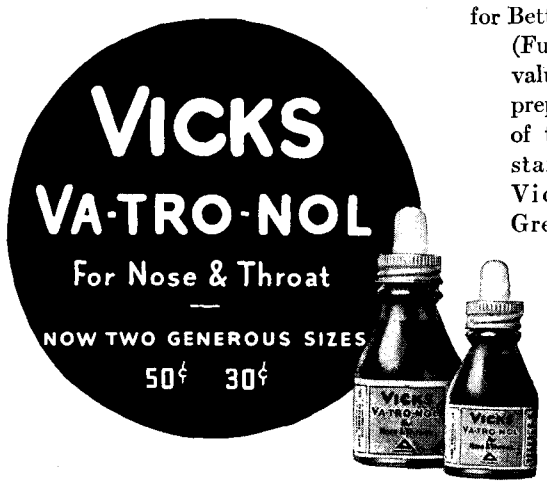

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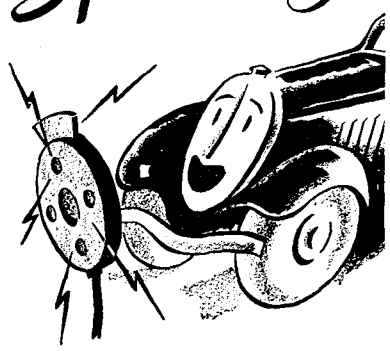

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TURN TO INSIDE FRONT COVER

(Continued from page 45)

Haworth's place, although it looks as though he wanted them to. If they had I'd say they drew lots to see which one of them would bump him off."

He grinned at his own humor and the two lieutenants dutifully chuckled. But Wilcox stared at his superior blandly.

"What I'm getting at is that we have two women who could have killed him and who could have plenty of motive. Add opportunity to motive and you have something."

He ground out the stub of his cigarette and lighted another.

"And that isn't all," he went on. "Sturdevant is pretty chummy with Trenna Plaice. He slugged Haworth when Haworth said something about Miss Plaice. Jealousy is as fine a motive for murder as any. Now, did he have the opportunity to kill Haworth? He says he left the Merrygoround and went home. But he can't prove that he did."

He looked challengingly at the three detectives as if daring them to contradict his statement.

"Here we have three suspects, and what are we doing about it? Not a damn' thing."

"What do you want us to do?" asked Wilcox. "Make a pinch without any real evidence?"

"I want you to go out and get some evidence," said the commissioner. "There's plenty of it lying around; there always is. The point is, sometimes the men on the job are too dumb to pick it up."

"You can't sweat people like Bellwood and Plaice and Sturdevant," said Wilcox. "Granby is acting for Miss Plaice and Sturdevant. Try to get rough with a client of his."

The commissioner scowled.

"I know that. We're up against plenty of influence. And I realize that you're in the same position with regard to Miss Bellwood. Her father is too powerful a person to have his daughter belted around. But just the same, if you can dig up a little evidence, all the influence in the world can't stop us. There's no influence big enough to put the smother on murder. So get that evidence. The mayor called me up half an hour ago. It's going to make his administration look pretty inefficient if we don't make a pinch. And if we don't do it, the district attorney will get going. He wants to run for mayor next year. Wouldn't it be swell if he managed to get the goods on somebody over our heads? I know you boys are doing the best you can—only you're not doing anything, and when the best is nothing you might just as well give me your worst."

"HAVE you any suggestions to offer?" asked Wilcox. The commissioner sensed the impudence behind the words.

"The only suggestion I have is that you men go back to pounding pavements if you can't get the goods on somebody. The administration is on a spot. I'll bet that tomorrow morning the papers will be giving us hell. They'll be yelling that we're afraid of Granby because he represents so many big interests; they'll be screaming that we don't dare get rough with Lisa Bellwood because her father has so much dough. Now we know that won't be fair. The papers will know that, but what do they care if they can cook up a good story, if they can put something on the record that will muss up the next election? That's all I've got to say. Get going."

Outside the commissioner's office the three detectives halted. Newspaper-men congregated about them.

"Anything new?" one of them asked.

"Plenty," said Wilcox. "Hitler's going to shave his mustache."

He pushed his way through the group of reporters. On Center Street he found a police car about to go uptown and he rode in it as far as Gramercy Park. Dexter, Sturdevant's servant, greeted him with a scowl.

"The boss ain't in," he stated.

"I'll wait for him," said the sergeant.

He entered the living-room and placed himself comfortably in a chair. Dexter eyed him scowlingly.

"I don't know when Mr. Sturdevant will come home," he said.

"Maybe he's out killing somebody else," suggested Wilcox.

Dexter grinned.

"I hope it's a cop," he said.

"I could give him a couple of names," laughed Wilcox. "So he won't be home for dinner?"

"I don't guess so. Matter of fact, he phoned he wouldn't be home."

"Don't know where he went?"

"If I knew I'd have phoned headquarters, wouldn't I?"

"That's right. Of course you would. Well, tell him I dropped around."

He left the apartment and from a cigar store on Twenty-third Street called up headquarters. He asked a question.

"Peloti rang ten minutes ago. Sturdevant and Trenna Plaice are up at the Richmont Inn, having dinner."

"Okay," said the sergeant. He hung up and walked out onto Twenty-third Street. He drank in the chill November air, and his exhalation was a mighty yawn. He had been up practically all of last night. Despite the commissioner's insistence, a sleepy man couldn't see evidence, much less pick it up. He boarded a cross-town car and rode to the Chelsea district, where he lived.

"IF WE could only do something," said Trenna. Dinner over, they stood idly before a window commanding a fine sweep of the Hudson.

Sturdevant looked through the windows. Below them lights flashed from vessels on the river. In the moonlight the great bulk of the Palisades loomed menacingly. High on those cliffs lights also twinkled.

"But what can we do, darling?" he asked. "After all, we can merely wait."

"But that's so terrible," said Trenna. "That man who followed us here: I feel that any minute he'll come in and arrest us."

Sturdevant shook his head.

"I promise you that he won't, Trenna."

"But the police must think that you or I did it, or else why would they follow us?"

"They have to think something," Sturdevant tried to soothe her. "But you must be brave."

"I'm going to be, but the horror of waiting— Sim, you didn't do it and I didn't do it. Do you think Lisa could have killed him?"

Sturdevant was thoughtful.

"I don't think so," he finally said.

"Then somebody else must have done it," said Trenna.

Sturdevant smiled:

"That would seem to be the obvious answer, wouldn't it?"

"Don't laugh at me, please," she begged. "Don't you see what it means, Sim? You assure me—and so does Mr. Granby—that the police won't make an arrest without evidence All right. Suppose they get no more evidence than they have now? What then?"

"They don't arrest anyone," said Sturdevant.

"And for the rest of our lives we're suspected. I couldn't bear that," she cried. "Imagine living for weeks, for months, for years under a cloud! I couldn't stand it. Neither could you. Maybe Lisa could. I don't know about her. And, Sim, what she said to you today—about having seen you last night. Sim, you've got to do something about that."

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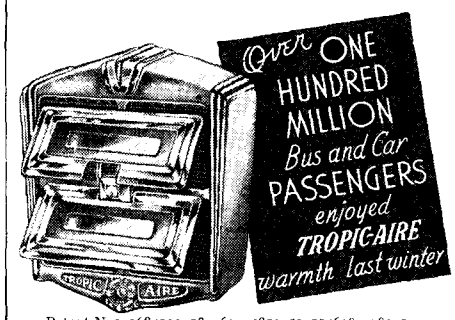

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"What do you want me to do? Go to the police and tell them that Miss Bellwood has evidence against me?"

"It isn't funny; it isn't something to treat lightly. She's a liar, Sim, and liars are dangerous. You know perfectly well that if she does tell that story to the police you'll be arrested at once. The fact that she claims to have seen you throws a doubt on your story of having walked home directly from the Merrygoround. Even Mr. Granby said that that would be sufficient ground for your arrest."

"But Lisa hasn't told them. And the longer she waits the less her story will be believed. The police will want to know why she didn't tell them at once."

"And suppose she replies that she loves you and couldn't bear to cast suspicion on you?"

"That's sheer nonsense," said Sturdevant uncomfortably.

"Why is it? You admitted this afternoon that Lisa had a yen for you."

"Lisa's like that. She gets them and gets over them. She just wanted to scare me."

"Why would she want to scare you?"

"God knows," he replied.

"I know. She's a bad, vicious girl. She thinks she has you where she wants you. And she will have, Sim, unless you do something."

"You said that before. But what am I to do?"

"Find out who killed Len," she replied.

He laughed humorlessly.

"The best detectives in New York are trying to do that now," he said.

SHE showed a shrewdness that surprised him.

"But they are trying to find out which one of three people did it. Now, we *know* two of those people didn't do it. You and I. You don't believe that Lisa did it. Well, perhaps she didn't. I think I'm a little jealous, Sim. I think I'm not fair to her. Let's grant that she didn't do it, either.

"Now if none of us did it, the police will be stumped. If a person didn't do a thing, it's pretty hard to find evidence that he did. But the police won't look for evidence against a fourth or fifth or sixth person. They'll be blinded by the facts they've obtained at present. Convinced that one of us did it, they won't look for anyone else. But you can."

"I can? Where would I look?"

"Len Haworth had lots of enemies," she said. "I suppose it sounds dreadful for me to say a thing like that. Twenty-four hours ago I thought I was in love with him, thought I would marry him. I never would have, but I didn't know that yesterday. And to be able to say cruel things about a man toward whom I felt as I felt toward him—does it make me a very hard person, Sim?"

"Nothing could make you anything but the lovely person you are," he assured her. "You're simply honest, Trenna. Honest with yourself. And you think that one of these enemies might have killed him?"

"Who else? Len did some pretty dreadful things, Sim. I knew about them, but thought that loving me had somehow changed him. Women feel that way."

"Thank God for that," said Sturdevant gently.

"You can find out who hated him. You know Broadway. You know the people with whom Len went around. And you must do it, Sim. Otherwise, this cloud that hangs over us will never be lifted."

"I wouldn't know how to start," he objected.

"But you can try, can't you?"

"At least I can think about it," he said.

Three minutes later they were in a taxi going south along the Drive and ten minutes after that he put her in the elevator at her apartment. To his request that he come up, she returned a gentle refusal.

"I'm really very tired, darling," she told him. "But tomorrow—"

He left her, satisfied with this promise. And all the way downtown he pondered over her suggestion. The more he thought about it, the more sound it seemed. There were lots of girls on Broadway who had reason to hate Haworth, and many of them had brothers or lovers or fathers or even husbands. It was an idea, although not one that he felt himself competent to develop.

Ike Dexter opened the door for him as his key fumbled in the lock.

"Any messages?" Sturdevant asked him.

"Your little pal, Sergeant Wilcox, dropped in," said Dexter. "He didn't know I knew him, but I did."

"What did he want?" asked Sturdevant.

"He didn't say, but it ain't too hard to guess, is it?"

"I don't suppose so," said Sturdevant. "Anyone else?"

Dexter eyed him closely.

"Miss Bellwood called up. Wants you to give her a ring. Now, there's one dame I wouldn't go into business with None of my business, and I guess it's not my place to shoot off my mouth about a lady you know, but she looks tough to me."

"Where did you ever meet her?" asked Sturdevant.

"Where did I meet all the swells? Say, I'll bet there ain't a man or a woman in the social register that I don't know by sight and by name. Have you forgotten that before I started cooking your oatmeal I drove a taxi? And don't think I didn't drive it on Broadway and Park Avenue and the places where I'd pick the heavy tippers. I've seen that Bellwood girl plenty of times and she's hard."

Sturdevant hid a grin.

"Just the same, intimate as your association unquestionably has been with my friends, I'd prefer that you didn't criticize them to me."

"The noggin is pulled in," said Dexter. "Oh, there was another message. Mr. Burnham phoned. Wanted you to give him a ring."

STURDEVANT nodded. He picked up the telephone and rang Lisa's number. A manservant connected him with her.

"Hello, Sim. How's my big lover tonight?" she said.

"I wouldn't know; I don't know him," said Sturdevant.

"Such modesty," she jeered. "How do you feel after our little talk at luncheon?"

"As well as you do, I hope," said Sturdevant. "What did you want, Lisa?"

"Can't a shy young thing call up her beau just because she feels like it?"

"I didn't ask about a shy young thing; I asked about you," he replied.

"Not very flattering, are you? But you'll learn flattery. My men always do."

"I'm not one of your men," he told her, angry with himself that she should be able to arouse his exasperation.

"But soon," she mocked. "But I won't harass you now. Just a little favor. I broke a date to lunch with you today, and I told a little white lie. If Freddie Burnham asks you if I lunched with you, will you tell him that I didn't? I told him that I was with a girl friend."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," cried Sturdevant.

"No, for my sake, darling," she gibed.

(To be continued next week)

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Women and Horses First

Continued from page 17

grade-bred ponies—but four men who understood one another . . .

The bell rang.

They lined up with deceptive casualness, the dusty blue of Valley Ranchers against the red and white brilliance of the Alamitos four. Then the willow ball flashed in the throw-in, and everything exploded into a whirl of furiously drumming hoofs and shuffled colors.

Instantly, with that first throw-in, Bill Andrews knew that they were caught up in a pace such as he had never ridden against before. Three times, in those first furious minutes, Brad Norcross scored with shots of such brilliance that Andrews would have thought them impossible of attempt.

IN THE heat of struggle most polo players forget the spectators, and neither see them nor hear their applause; it had always been this way with Bill Andrews. But now for the first time in his life, as he rode to position again, he was thinking of the crowd—or rather of one person who was watching—a girl whose eyes held more than the memory of a dream that came back to him sometimes out of lost years.

Defeat in a hard-fought game ordinarily carried no resentment, certainly no disgrace; but this whirlwind that was sweeping over them was too much—a thing unthinkable and grotesque. Anger swept up into his head, sharpening his vision. Clem Hutchinson, red-eyed, was talking to himself, a steady stream of bitter cuss words; Smoky Laflin's face had set like rock, and Tex Waters was beginning to look crazy. The pony under Andrews rolled its eyes, and began to dance and quiver as he unhung his whip.

And now, on the throw-in, the Valley team began to hold. Riding desperately, they turned back the Alamitos attack again and again; and there were no more scores as the first chukker ended.

Grim-faced and sultry-eyed, the Valley men said nothing to one another as they changed horses. But it was a different game now. Before the second chukker had gone a minute, everybody on the field knew that it was changed, and everybody in the crowd. Lashed by that first whirlwind attack that had cost them three goals, the Valley four were playing as nobody had ever seen them play before. Out-horsed, and out-skilled, but riding like saddle hawks, they hustled and harried the Alamitos sharpshooters with a dogged concentration; until no one could any longer feed Norcross the ball, and Norcross himself, with Bill Andrews forever upon him, was allowed to play almost no polo at all.

Through four more chukkers—clear through the fifth chukker of that six-chukker game the tussle went on, while the Valley men, now attacking persistently, brought the score up and up.

Slamming knee to knee against Brad Norcross, repeatedly riding him over the ball, Bill Andrews watched the slow change in the temper of the brilliant Norcross game. And in the fourth chukker he thought, "I've got him—I can hold him forever, if my ponies last through!"

And then in the fifth chukker—

All through a game that had seemed interminable, Norcross and Bill Andrews had played fiercely competitive polo; but it was in the fifth chukker that Bill first knew that this game was turning into something else. What had been a struggle involving a ball was subtly turning into a bitter duel between two men. The ball still swept up and down the field, and the hard scrimmage and the thunder of hoofs and bursting dust still guided the fortunes of the game; but between Bill Andrews and Brad Norcross had happened something that Andrews could not have described, nor perhaps fully understood.

Unbelieving, the weary, sweat-drenched men riding off the field at the end of the fifth chukker saw by the score board that the score was eight to seven now—with the Valley Ranchers incredibly in the lead.

A cowboy in high-heeled boots and five-gallon hat caught Bill's reins as he swung a leg over his pony's froth-marbled neck and slid down.

"You want Ten Spot?"

"Big Red," Bill said. "Saddle Big Red."

Being a cowboy and not a stable groom, the boy questioned that. "You already played Big Red the first and third. You figure he can come through?"

"He's got to. Norcross'll ride the Alley Cat that he rode in the first. I haven't got anything that can go against the Alley Cat, unless Big Red can come through again."

"If we'd known you were this good we wouldn't have got a motor in the first place!"

FRANK OWEN

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

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Andrews walked back to the corner of the stable, poured a dipper of water over his steaming head. And here Judy Grant came to him. Judy's eyes were very still and solemn.

"Well," she said, as if prompting him.

Bill Andrews knew what she meant.

"He's a good man," Andrews managed to say. "He's got a lot of fight."

She said: "Bill, that's not all you're thinking. There's something strange going on out there. Between the two teams. No—I mean between you and Brad."

He turned his eyes away from her and let them rest on the blue of the hills, tall and serene and distant beyond the polo field.

"It's true," she said. "You know it's true. You know something about Brad Norcross that I'll never know, unless you tell me."

He looked at her then; and as their eyes met, something in hers seemed to take possession of him; something so near and important to him that he could hardly find his words.

"Listen," he said. "It's no good asking me anything more about Brad Norcross. I'm never going to tell you anything about him again. There's a reason for that. A very real reason."

THE bell calling the last chukker was hammering peremptorily now. The cowboy was holding Big Red, saddled and waiting. Bill Andrews swung up. As they took the field, Bill realized how tired he was; how terribly tired.

Once more the flash of the ball between the waiting teams, the sudden explosion into a thunder of hoofs, a storm of dust, a wild shift and shuffle of violent action. . . .

Big Red, blowing hard from his deep lungs, seemed in fatigue to lengthen his stride. Bill slammed him through a milling smother, picking up the stopped ball. Hard from the side Brad Norcross came riding wild on the Alley Cat, that fastest horse on the field. Bill Andrews caught a glimpse of Brad's smoke-gray face; Norcross' eyes were implacable, his mouth twisted and bitter. Andrews would hardly have recognized him.

What Bill's eye knew before his mind could have decided it was that Brad Norcross was no longer riding the ball. Norcross was riding only a horse and a man—throwing himself like a projectile against Andrews and Big Red. Just in time, Bill Andrews swerved from the line of the ball, and leaned Big Red to take the impact of the Alley Cat. In the instant of shock, locking knee to knee with Norcross, he snarled into Brad's unnatural face.

"You want to die?"

Like the jab of an icy needle came the Norcross answer, "Too rough for you, old man?"

At that something sparked along Bill Andrews' flogged nerves. The change in the game that had seemed strange to him in the fifth chukker was instantly clear, much clearer indeed than the disordered formations rolling up and down the field in the heat and dust. For now, abruptly, Andrews knew about the man who was riding against him. And what he knew was that Norcross could stand no barriers and no stubborn struggle, let alone defeat. A man, perhaps, who had had too many balls fed to him, who had shot too many goals. Here at Alamitos, in the grip of play that was tough enough to stop him, Norcross would kill a horse rather than lose a game. Another man's horse or his own.

In these last moments of play, riding hard against a disordered opposition, Smoky Laflin and Tex Waters were coming into their own. Tough and stanch as the leather they rode, they ran up three goals in the last four minutes of play.

It was in the last half minute of the game, with the score standing at eleven to eight, that Brad Norcross seemed altogether to lose his head. Bill Andrews hardly knew where he came from as the Alley Cat smashed in from a killing angle, and Big Red rolled on the dry, broken turf.

Spitting grass from his teeth, remounting his quivering horse, Bill Andrews was saying two words over and over to himself, with all the bitterness a man can use. "Horse killer—horse killer—horse killer . . ."

Incredibly, Brad Norcross had time for one play more.

Bill Andrews, as the man fouled, took the free shot which penalized Norcross' smashing down of Big Red. Unsteady upon an unsteady and weaving horse Bill topped his free shot at the forty yards, but followed hard; then, almost under the nose of the Alley Cat, he picked his following shot, sent it whistling between the posts.

Too late, in mid-swing, he foresaw what would smash down on him in the next split second. The Alley Cat loomed upon him, frothing and crazy-eyed under whip and spur, as she cannoned straight in, head-on. . . .

The force of that collision crashed both ponies down. For an instant, while Andrews threw himself clear of the shuttling hoofs, everything else in his mind was sheeted over by Norcross' fury-sallowed face as the impact of the ponies catapulted him to the turf.

Andrews had a last flashing close-up of the Alley Cat's flailing hoofs; he saw the calks strike into the muscles of Big Red's neck; he heard the sudden scream of Big Red.

It was Andrews who staggered first to his feet, in a dust-swirl that was frantic with the blowing of the referee's whistle. The cowboy who had saddled Big Red came running onto the field; he got Big Red away with hoofs slogging an uneven trail over the churned-up sod, and with Big Red's neck held in a stiff, sidewise slant.

The referee sang out, "Never mind more horses—that came on the bell!"

THEY put Big Red in a box stall at the far end of the stables, and the club vet looked him over. Andrews took the liniment bottle away from a cowboy and set to work. It was good, he thought, to get hands on horseflesh and to do simple things that needed to be done. But somehow those things didn't take his mind off a dark-eyed girl who belonged to older, gentler country, and to ways of life that the lean, rainless Andrews acres could never buy for her.

He was still working when the vet came hurriedly to the stall door. "Hey, Bill," said the vet. "Come here. See if you ever saw this before. That Norcross pony—"

"The Alley Cat?"

"Yeah. I believe there's a blood vessel busted."

"She came off the field all right."

"She's like to gone blind. She sways, and—well, you look at her, will you?"

Andrews came out into the runway and fastened the door of Big Red's stall. "Did you let some blood?"

"Sure. I've done all the regular things. But they didn't do any good." He paced with Andrews along the line of stalls. "This here is a hurt hoss."

As they came nearer the Alley Cat's stall, Andrews' pace quickened. There wasn't anything to see through the upper slatting. The Alley Cat might just as well not have been there. Nothing was there, when the vet peered through the door, except an inert bulk that had once been all speed and nerve and fire.

"Damn it," said the vet. "That's what you're up against with thoroughbreds."

(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

Andrews left him talking to the stablemen, and went out alone to the drive. It was empty now, and quite dark. There wasn't anything more he could do for Big Red. There was nothing he could do, just then, for anything or anybody.

As he came to the door of the stable, a roadster raked in and came to a crunching halt on the opposite side of the yard. Andrews saw a tall, assured figure step away from the wheel and walk around through the slashing illumination from the headlights. It was Brad Norcross, in a light overcoat that swung back from the irreproachable black and white of his dinner clothes. He came directly across the driveway.

"Andrews?"

"Right here."

Norcross produced a cigarette case, tapped a cigarette. "How's the Alley Cat?"

"How did you expect her to be?"

"How did I—?"

"Put it away, horse killer," said Andrews in a dead voice.

"I'm afraid I don't quite—"

"That cigarette case. Put it away. You're going to need both your hands—"

THE handsome features of Brad Norcross were suddenly stony. He said with quiet deliberation, "You damned fool, I came down to tell you to stay out of other people's business."

Andrews didn't see the arc of a black and silver case spilling its contents on the driveway. His fist was connecting with the self-confident line that defined Brad Norcross' jaw.

"Horse killer," Bill said again.

Norcross came at him. He came a second time. But the third, he got up so slowly that Bill Andrews went back into the stables. A moment later, he heard the motor of Brad Norcross' car break into a roar, and the churn of the tires as they swept an angry circle out of the drive. Those sounds receded along the road, dimming down to nothing at last.

Andrews eased into his polo coat and came out past the door of the little office just in front of the tack room. Someone was standing there. Even in the deep twilight Judy Grant's dark eyes were unmistakable.

She said, "You would be here!"

He said, "Child, I've done a hell of a thing. Get back to the others for a while. Let him figure out an excuse—some accident or other. Let him get away—"

"He's done that, Bill."

"What?"

"He's got away. I sent him."

He fought a tightness in his throat. She was so lovely, with the faint starlight in her hair, and that curve of her shoulder masked in the pale, thin sheathing of her dress.

"You sent—" he heard himself repeating stupidly.

"I told him it wasn't any use. Right after the last chukker this afternoon. I didn't want to put him off his game, so I didn't tell him sooner. But Bill—"

"Yes, child."

"I could have done it just as well yesterday, driving back with him from your ranch."

Her hands were fragrant and very near. They touched his drawn forehead.

"Poor Bill. Poor old Bill Andrews!"

He said: "Don't get your feelings mixed, Judy. You're a little girl who was grateful years ago—"

"You're somebody who hasn't changed, Bill."

"Thirty-one," said Andrews. "That's how old I am."

"So what?" she asked swiftly, cutting across his unspoken thought. "So what, Bill? Look at me and tell me—where are the seven years I haven't seen you? Or the ten years between us? Can you tell me where they are? I can't find them—I don't ever expect to find them—"

The dance music from the clubhouse was like a pulse beat, enclosed with them in the drowsing dark. No other girl, he was sure, had ever been so dear. No other girl, only Judy.

"You see," she said, "you can't find those years either. You keep looking for them—and all you have is what I've kept all the time. Just a handful of pictures—of a place that I've always loved because it was yours—"

He found her lips then, soft and fresh-scented in the darkness. And a dance tune drifting to them across the empty polo field was lost in richer, deeper music that was theirs alone.

Two on Safari

Continued from page 15

added with the confidence of the very young: "You can be the thing you wish to be to anybody."

"More power to you!" he murmured, either derisively or in admiration.

She expected him to go on, but he did not. With his head half turned he sat staring out blankly at the whirling landscape. It was her turn to study him, unrestrained—all the more unrestrained because she was scarcely conscious of what she was doing. Yet she knew well enough what had attracted her attention. It was the way he was dressed, in a style she had never before seen. Her eyes traveled from his feet upward. He wore pipe-clayed shoes, white socks and white linen trousers, but it was his jacket of the same material that aroused her curiosity. He could have told her it was called a dolman and that its closely fitted standing collar, together with the invisible buttons down the front, did away with the necessity for a shirt.

Its semi-military cut fitted his square shoulders and torso so exactly as to give his body a strange allure and she felt a twinge of envy for the freedom it must feel within so light a covering. Her eyes, dazzled by the freshness of the linen, rose to his face. Seen in profile, and brightly illumined by the glare from outside, it struck a new note, seemed strangely undiscovered. It was clean-shaven, deeply tanned, distinguished by a firm chin and a firmer nose. The triangle of the gray eye beneath the penthouse of a black eyebrow and the dark hair, close-cropped and crisp, gave point and form to a well-shaped head. That head now turned on her with a suddenness so startling it drove the breath back down her throat.

"WHAT the devil do you think you're doing?"

"Nothing," she gasped, the color flooding in waves to her cheeks. She was embarrassed, all her poise blasted away in an instant as though it had never existed. "I—I'm sorry. How—how did you know?"

"I've been watching you in the window pane. Well—what about it?"

"What about what?"

"Me—my eyes, ears, nose, my hair and the rest of me. Is there anything wrong? Anything you want changed?"

At the direct attack her eyes locked

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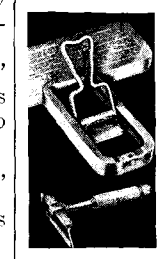

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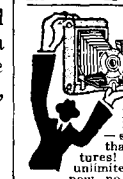

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with his, her blood flowed back to normal and in a moment composure had replaced all her distress.

"Nothing," she said with the impact of a bullet. "Everything is exactly as it should be. As you undoubtedly realize, or you wouldn't have asked, you are extremely good-looking. Is there anything else you wish to hear me say?"

He laughed outright at having been whipped at his own game.

"It seems we can't be friends," he said wryly, "and perhaps you're right. Perhaps it will make things all the easier."

"Perhaps," she agreed.

"Then let's get down to brass tacks, for it won't be many minutes before we're in. We'll have several days in Lourenço Marques; it will take the best part of a week to get organized. Do you mind if we stay at the same hotel?"

"No," she answered, "why should I? It would be absurd not to."

"That's so," he said slowly, and frowned. "If the question sounded silly it's because I'm not yet quite convinced of what's already happening. I can't believe you and I are going to trek together, live in the same camp, see each other and nobody else day after day."

"Nothing's extraordinary once it's decided," was her only comment. She returned to the matter in hand. "Why should it take you so long to get started? I have everything I need."

"You're wrong—so wrong both ways that it's no use talking about it. You're sure to lack dozens of things you must have and to have dozens you don't need and can't take along."

"Why not?"

"Because I won't let you."

"I'll take exactly what I please."

Quick anger rose in him but he promptly controlled it. "I assure you," he said quietly, "you'll have to surrender omnipotence for a while or neither of us will go anywhere. A safari is a complicated undertaking and can have but one leader. To take along a single unnecessary load where loads sometimes stand for life or death would brand him from the start as a tenderfoot or a fool."

"I'm sorry," she said simply. "I was wrong to speak as I did."

"It's just as well, because we can come to an understanding right now. I made you a promise, and I intend to keep it. But it was decidedly limited; it didn't include, for instance, your using me for a door mat. Let's get the thing quite clear in our minds. I'm running the show. I was taught the game by an expert and if I give you an order you can be sure there's some sensible reason behind it."

"I can't promise to toss over my own judgment altogether," she said quickly.

"Can't you?" said Ballard softly. "Let's put it in the plain language you're so fond of: If I ever tell you to do a specific thing, and you don't do it, I'll slap your face."

SHE stared at him, measuring his sincerity by her own. "I believe you would!" She spoke intensely, her breath coming fast. "It's the sort of thing you'd love doing—hitting out, striking at live things, killing them! But I'm not afraid of you—I'm afraid of nothing!"

Shaken by her vehemence, he stared back at her. "You're mad," he said finally, "quite mad. When I slap you it will be to teach you not to play with matches or to keep you from stuffing yourself to death on jam. You're acting like a child—a babe in arms. You need a spanking this minute."

The steadiness of his voice calmed her, forced her back into composure as if he had laid physical hands on her shoulders. A startled look crept into her eyes as though they had caught a first glimpse of doubt, not of him, but of some resolve within herself. She relaxed with a sort of abandonment, like a general relinquishing an untenable position.

"I'll do exactly as you say."

He sank back with a sigh of relief. "That's fine. If you stick to it, we'll surely get along. Here's the first order: When you get settled at the hotel—as soon as you've had a bath and a rest—unpack every last thing you've got. Lay the whole lot out, article by article; it will save us both a lot of time."

"Wouldn't tomorrow morning be soon enough?"

"No; it wouldn't. Because tomorrow morning is already ticketed for a tailoring and shopping expedition to replace some of the things I know I'll have to ask you to discard."

THE train rumbled into the station, came to a halt, and immediately her senses were in a riot—especially those of hearing, sight and smell. Outlandish cries in strange languages assaulted her ears. Black faces, glistening with sweat, filled her eyes, while her nostrils quivered to the odor of Africa, pungent yet surprisingly nonrepellent. In a daze she watched Mallory pass all the baggage through the customs as if by magic. Still in a daze, she walked through the monumental terminal building, out beneath its imposing pillared portico and entered a motor car. Followed by two others piled high with luggage, it whirled her through exotic streets, past a square paved in mosaic, up the long slant of a hill and along the heights to the verge of a sudden cliff.

There it paused, as if by habit, and from far below the bay leaped at her in all its glory. It was a bowl of blue, incredibly huge. Five rivers fed it from north, west and south, while islands to the left and dim Inyack on the right formed long arms, outthrown as if to embrace the rolling Indian Ocean. Her eyes recoiled from the profundities of sky and water, turned brazen by the sun at her back, and plunged straight down into the tops of palm trees, rioting bougainvillæa and scattered scarlet patches of hibiscus in full bloom. She drew a deep, quivering breath and gave Mallory a glance which made her seem as young as her years.

In another moment they reached the hotel, and when she sent for him two hours later, she had resumed her cloak of maturity. Incidentally, his instructions had already been carried out to the letter. Her trunk, hatbox, suitcase, and even the small trinket receptacle were lined up against the wall, quite empty, while their contents were spread over the bed, across tables, chairs, and on the floor. Her lower lip quivered as he stepped lightly among her lovely things, but she was soon reassured, so confident and matter-of-fact were all his actions. From the middle of the room he glanced at her baggage.

"It's a shame to take that trunk and those bags into the veldt; you won't know them when they come out. Let me buy you three lacquered tin boxes, waterproof, roomy and just as shiny as yours."

"All right," she agreed.

"That's the spirit!" he murmured.

Standing rigidly beside the door, she watched his movements, swift as his decisions. With never a pause he passed from heap to heap, from article to article, discarding and discarding again. But she was so absorbed by the manner in which he handled her filmy nothings that she was momentarily blind to impending destitution. His long fingers slipped beneath things, folding them from below with incongruous dexterity.

"You should have been a lady's maid," she said with a touch of scorn.

(Continued on page 52)

Bet you can't tell them from Home Baked Beans

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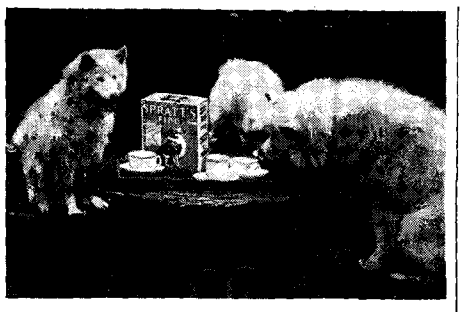

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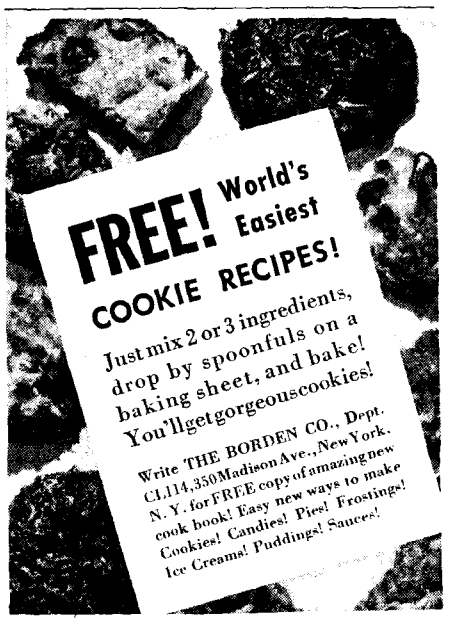

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(Continued from page 51)

"If I were a lady's maid," replied Ballard, intent on what he was doing, "you can be sure I'd be a good one."

In an incredibly short space of time he had finished.

Suddenly coming to her senses, she rebelled. "That's absurd. I'll have nothing to wear."

"You'll have plenty," asserted Ballard; "the only difference is they'll be things that will wear. You'll like them, too. Please trust me. If I were you, I'd put all the stuff from the bed into the trunk temporarily, and lock it."

"Why lock it?"

"To guard yourself against the temptation of cheating—of adding this and that. I'm leaving you now—going to dress for dinner."

"Do we dress?" she asked.

"We do. I'll come for you at eight." An hour later he returned and led her to the esplanade, where small groups in tropical evening wear were already gathered, most of them sipping *apéritifs*. "Cocktail or a *cinzano?*" he asked.

"Neither, thanks," she answered. "But I'll have a cigarette while you drink," she added quickly as if to rob her refusal of ungraciousness.

He ordered a *pernod* and sipped it slowly while she smoked. His eyes were not upon her and this time she had no reflecting window pane to fear. She looked at him from beneath half-lowered lids, noting the white lawn of his pleated shirt, the set of his black tie, the perfect fit of his mess jacket. She swerved her eyes and glanced around curiously. All the other men were dressed in like style, though perhaps their garments lacked the final touch of expert tailoring which distinguished his.

He puzzled her as no Englishman had ever succeeded in doing. She had been brought up to scorn Americans, to look upon them as fundamentally uncouth. On the other hand, they were notoriously clever, and only on that hypothesis could she build a credible image of the man before her. He must be very clever in the English as well as the American sense of the word. But with this solution she was only half content, since the very points which put her on her guard were those that exercised a strange fascination the moment she permitted her attention to swerve from her single purpose. At any rate, she was glad she had put on her loveliest frock.

WHEN they went in to dinner he did not ask her what she would eat; out of his knowledge of the season, of noteworthy local dishes and the perils of everything uncooked, he devised an excellent meal and assumed that she would like it. For himself he ordered the pale, apple-tinted wine of Buccellas, chilled through and through; for her, bottled water. Almost diffidently she reached out and touched his clouded glass. He looked up, startled as he was always startled by her lapses from agelessness into girlhood.

"Wine?" he asked. "You'd like some?"

"Yes." The waiter brought another glass and presently she drank from it. "How lovely! It tastes the way it looks—pale, as if it were half afraid, yet alive. I've tried lots of wines, but this is the first I've really liked. Will it hurt me?"

"You can drink a bucket of it," said Ballard, looking over her shoulder to nod at another table.

In the dim light on the esplanade he had not been recognized, but now people were bowing to him from right and left. Some would have risen and come to greet him had he not exercised the subtle unnamed finesse which, without giving offense, can stop an advance at any point. After dinner it was different, even though he and Josephine watched the dancing from a remote corner. The beauty of the starlit night, the rhythm of the music, the ease and apparent happiness of everybody in sight, stirred her innermost yearning for action. Her toes moved restlessly inside her slippers. Glancing at Mallory, who sat adamant as rock, her lips trembled on the verge of a request. At that moment a man came striding across the room.

"Mallory, old boy, how are you? Glad to see you back!"

Ballard rose to greet him, shook his hand and stood talking for a moment, but the intruder, having glanced at Josephine, was definitely beyond taking a hint. He stood his ground, his eyes twinkling.

"Done it at last, eh?" he asked with a sidewise nod.

"No," said Ballard coolly. He turned toward Josephine, but did not sit down. "Miss Cascoden, Mr. Kennicott."

Kennicott bowed; he had not missed the significance of Mallory's remaining on his feet, but he was not to be so easily downed. "Would Miss Cascoden like to dance?" he asked, his eyes on Josephine.

She started to rise but her limbs went suddenly lax at the sound of Ballard's voice: "Thanks awfully, old chap, but she isn't dancing."

"Oh," exclaimed Kennicott with a falling inflection. "Right-o, and a cargo of happiness to you both!" He bowed again, and was gone.

Anger stirred in Josephine's breast. She had agreed to bow to Mallory's commands while on safari, but had she signed away her right to breathe in the meantime? Besides, there was another side to it. That nice-looking man—there was no mistaking what he had thought. Ordinarily she didn't care what construction people put on her actions, but in this case a matter of pride was involved. Her anger gave place to fury.

"Once a cad, always a cad," she said hotly, though her tone was pitched to reach Ballard's ear alone. "I suppose you'll say it never entered your head that Mr. Kennicott must take me for your mistress!"

"Of course it did," said Ballard coolly.

The shock of his words stopped her onslaught in midflight; she had trouble gathering her wits, but returning anger came to her aid. "You meant him to think it?" she asked unbelievingly.

"I did."

"Why?"

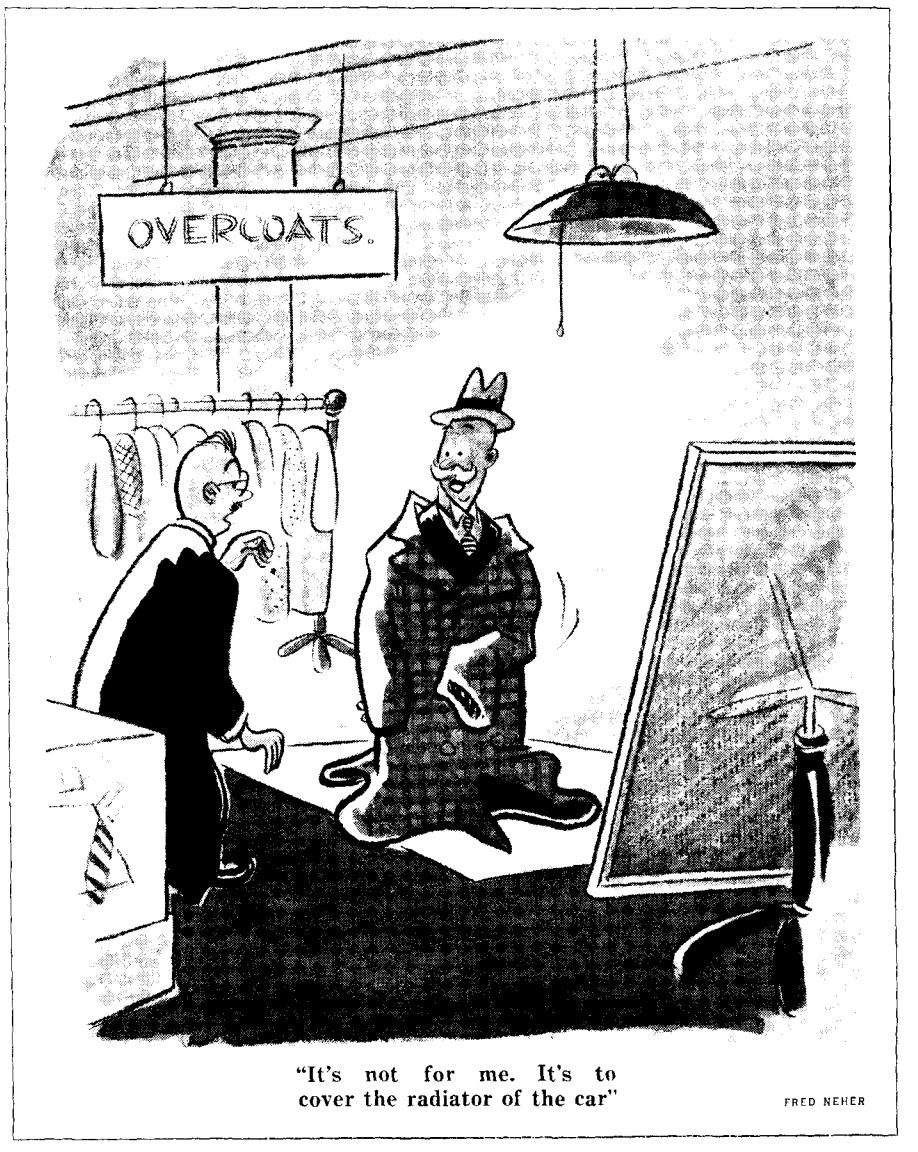
He paused before answering, a troubled look in his eyes. "I wish you'd cool down," he said finally. "The way you are, I couldn't get your mind to listen."

"Why should I cool down? I've heard of American impertinence and suffered from it once or twice, but I realize now I never formed any conception of the smashing sort of thing it can be. If a monkey had announced proprietary rights over me I'd feel better about it; I could at least laugh."

"Yes," he admitted humbly; "that would have made it much easier."

HIS meekness, combined with his doleful tone, accomplished what his protest had failed to achieve. Continued resentfulness on her part in the face of such humility became absurd and amazement began to take its place. She stared at him with eyes no longer blinded and saw him for an instant quite simply as a human being, divided from past or future. It startled her to find herself feeling sorry for him and on an impulse of self-preservation she reached for her half-filled glass, lifted it and drank the wine at a gulp.

The action seemed to relieve and release him; he leaned toward her. "That's better," he continued; "now I can talk to you. You're awfully young, Jo. I'm not so old myself, but I've knocked around a lot. This little town is the



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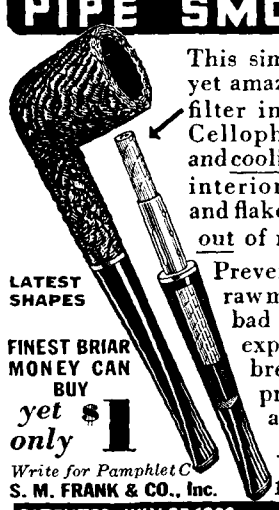

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broadest-minded place of its size in the world—I mean nobody cares what you do as long as you do it frankly. But it plays fair. Don't you see what I'm driving at?"

"No."

"Well, if I'd behaved any different than I did, we'd have been let in for a social whirl. That would have been bad enough in itself, but worse would have followed; you couldn't possibly have gone with me."

"Why not?"

"Because if you did—the two of us alone—everybody would look on me as a double-crosser. Incidentally all the help we need would dry up at the source."

"What an excuse!" exclaimed Josephine. "To save your precious reputation, you give mine a toss!"

"That's rot," said Ballard, "at this stage of the game! You yourself gave it a toss long ago—the moment you declared your intention of going along. But who's to blame doesn't matter in the least. Sparring at each other can't help because what we're up against is a situation. You can turn your back on it and run any time you like—" He paused abruptly. "Perhaps you want to now," he resumed hopefully. "Do you?"

"No."

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to take the lean with the fat. You and I know the truth about ourselves, but as for making anybody else believe it, that's out—it simply hasn't a place in the picture."

To his annoyance she seemed not to be listening. As a matter of fact, she only half heard him, for the orchestra was playing a particularly lilting bit of dance music and her toes were stirring again inside her slippers, giving a new angle to her grievance. A strange warmth was in her which had nothing to do with anger or the settling of abstract problems. Then her mind snapped into play again.

"If all you say is true," she asked with a touch of petulance, "why shouldn't I dance with your friend?"

The question was so surprisingly shrewd it found its mark, leaving him for a moment at a loss, but only for a moment. "That's so," he said slowly, "there's no reason now." He got up. "I'll go fetch him."

"No," said Josephine, rising swiftly and placing herself before him.

THEIR eyes met and held. He strove to tear his away, but failed. Remembering the only time he had asked her to dance, color began to rise in his cheeks, giving him strength. In half a second he would turn and walk away, but not just yet, for the taste of revenge is sweet. He permitted his glance to sweep her from head to foot. In her filmy frock she was a joy to the eye, a vision of loveliness embedded against the background of the night like a turquoise in a vast matrix. He forgot revenge. Without warning—before he sensed what was about to happen—she was in his arms.

Forgetfulness closed over him with the first movement of the dance, obliterating all previous moments. It was as though two streams, coming together, had lost their identity in a single river. There was no thought in either of their heads of Josephine Cascoden or Ballard Mallory. They were simply two parts of a whole within a rhythm, breathing the same breath, pulsing to the same heartbeat, taking delight in accord for its own sake.

There are times when two people at their first encounter dance superlatively, and this was one of them. Everything was right—the night, the music, the backdrop of sky and water, the glow of wine in their veins and above all the emotional tension which had betrayed them. Still held in its grip, they attained to isolation—isolation from others as well as from themselves. To all intents they were alone on the floor, and presently they were alone in fact. Other couples had sat down to watch, amusement and admiration in their eyes. No malice tinged their interest; the men rejoiced vicariously in Mallory's good fortune while the women envied Josephine for her courage, their eyes luminous with memories of their own dreams.

This concentrated attention was bound to have its effect, though Ballard attributed his awakening to another source. Quite suddenly he became conscious of himself and of what he was doing. Immediately the lithe body in his arms, warm and plastic, took on individuality and filled him with confusion. He continued to dance and Josephine to follow, but his mind was a jumble of torturing questions. What had appeared as a mere interlude of relaxation now became revealed as a falling axe, dividing past from present. With the old Josephine he had felt a supreme confidence in himself; but with this new being, so abruptly come to life, he was totally at loss. Then, to his great relief, the music ceased. A troubled frown on his forehead, he led the way back to their corner. Across the table their eyes met.

"This makes things different," he murmured; "a lot different."

INSTANTLY coolness seemed to pervade her warmth, restoring the person he thought he had known. "What things?" she asked crisply.

"You and I. Everything."

"What's the matter? Didn't you enjoy the dance?"

"Too much."

"You're difficult," she declared. "When I'm cold, I hurt your pride; when I'm warm, it displeases you."

"You're quibbling," he answered. "You know the face of the world has changed."

She stared at him in astonishment. "Now it's you who are mad. I can assure you it hasn't changed in the slightest."

"Perhaps not for you, but it has for me."

"Then you should avoid dancing." Her eyes enlarged with resentment. "You're being absurd, and making me feel absurd! Nothing has changed—nothing whatever."

"You misunderstand me," he said coldly. "I don't mean I'm smitten; I merely can't see myself shoving my head into a hanging noose. Won't you admit that the foundations on which my promise stood have been swept away?"

"No," she declared, "because they haven't. It's only your conceit makes you think they have."

Anger flashed in his eyes but promptly subsided, yielding to wonder. "I'm beginning to think you're right!" he murmured.

"I can't imagine why you should ever have doubted it," she said, rising. "I'm going to bed."

He stood while she left the room, his eyes on the floor, then turned and escaped himself to a lonely parapet overlooking the bay. Memories of his last visit to this spot rose before him with the intangibleness of a mirage. He could not believe that his spirit had once been so at peace or life so simple. His mind raced back over the hours that had passed since the moment when Andrew Fox had applied his powers of deduction to an item in the agony column of the Times. He wished with all his heart that Andy were here now; he alone might be able to unravel the tangled skein and give to mystery the fixed dimensions of a rolled ball of wool.

(To be continued next week)

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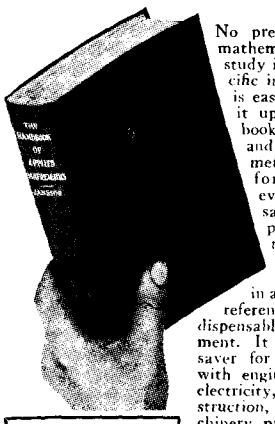

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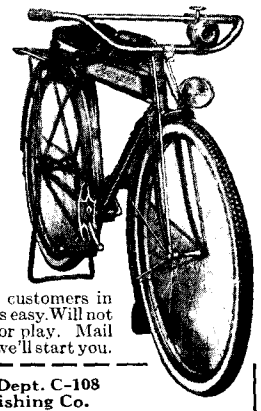

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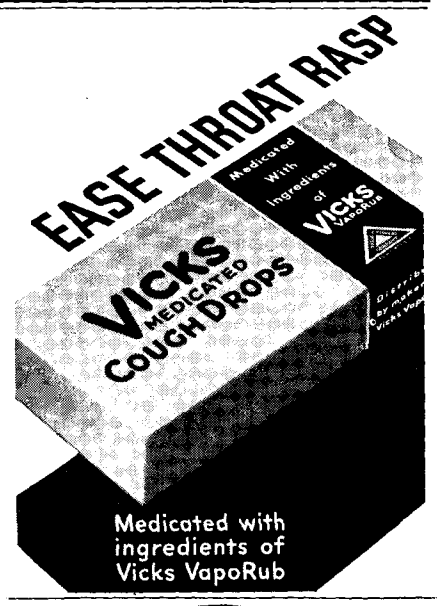

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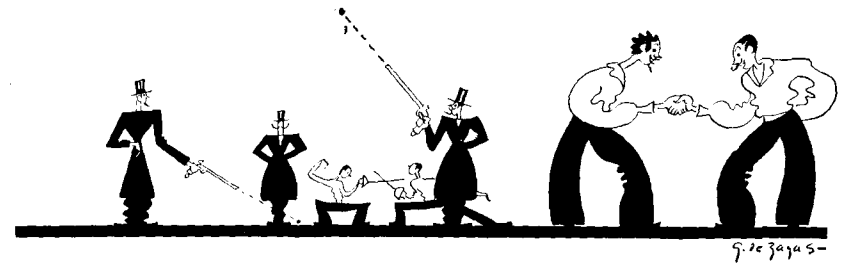

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Although thousands have been killed in duels up through the centuries, dueling in general never was very dangerous. An analysis of 2,760 duels fought in Europe about 1890 shows that only two per cent of the men were killed and only 38 per cent were wounded. Duels fought without injuries were those in which one man missed his aim and the other fired into the air and apologized.

The length of a week varies in different parts of the world from three to eight days. The seven-day week is, of course, the most widely employed. But the five-day week is not unpopular as it is used today in both China and Russia, whose combined population of 640,000,000 represents nearly one third of all the people in the world.

The economic value of Thomas Edison, or the value of the equipment and devices which have been made from his patents, is estimated at $15,000,000,000. This means that from the time of his first patent in 1864 up to the present day he has been responsible for the production of nearly $600,000 worth of property every 24 hours.

Undoubtedly the most influential man in the armament activity of the world today is Eugene Schneider, who is not only the president of Schneider-Creusot of France, the largest munitions concern in existence, but also the controlling head of 412 other armament firms scattered throughout Europe, all of which are engaged in the manufacturing of heavy ordnance, tanks, machine guns, ammunition and poisonous gases.

A neat trick in ship surgery was done by England during the war. Two of its destroyers of the same class—the Zulu and the Nubian—bumped into mines and were damaged beyond repair, the former losing her bow and the latter her stern. So they were cut in half and the good bow of the Nubian was welded to the good stern of the Zulu, and the "new" ship was named Zubian. —*By F. T. Bell, Glenside, Pennsylvania.*

The most desperate blood feud in the history of the West was the Tewksbury-Graham Feud which raged in Gila County, Arizona, from 1887 to 1892. It started with a dispute over stolen cattle and quickly involved all the men and boys in three big families and a number of their friends, the battles at times having twenty men on a side. With one exception, every man who took an active part in it was killed in these five years.

The most famous book of jokes in all history was the "Chapbook of Till Eulenspiegel," a renowned German clown and jester who lived in the 14th century. For more than 400 years this book was published in many languages, among them being Dutch, French, English, Latin, Danish, Swedish and Polish. There have been more than 20 French editions, and reprints of it appeared in London as late as 1890.

The world's oddest incubators have been in use in Egypt for more than 3,000 years. They are large brick structures, each containing numerous hatching ovens, egg-storage rooms, fuel bins and even an apartment for the operator as he—like those before him—believes that he should live within it so that he can constantly "feel" and regulate the temperature. —*By J. H. Bower, Selukwe, Southern Rhodesia, Africa.*

More than half of the population of the entire world—the Mohammedans, Buddhists, Hindus, Shintoists, Confucianists and Taoists—are required to remove their shoes when entering their mosques, joss houses, pagodas and other places of worship.

Dogs often eat as much if not more food than their masters because they have a much larger stomach capacity. The stomach of a 40-pound dog can hold at least three times as much as that of a 150-pound man.—*By Dr. C. M. Dibbell, Allentown, Pennsylvania.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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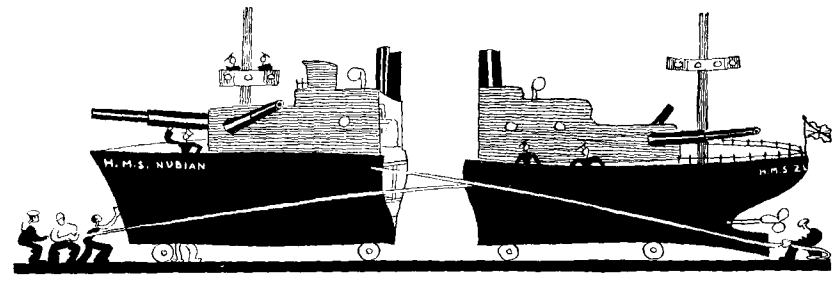

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Good Scouts

Continued from page 13

You don't know, perhaps, how the scout works in these days. You may still believe he is a furtive individual who slips into town in gumshoes and disguise, enters the stadium sneakily to avoid detection, hides in the crowd and spends the afternoon scrawling notes and diagrams in a little book as he strains his large ears to hear the signals. And perhaps you believe that before he leaves town he attempts to buy those signals from a disgruntled substitute; then, returning by back roads in a fast automobile, reaches his head coach under cover of darkness to doff his false whiskers and disclose his ill-gotten information over which they pore for the rest of the night.

What a Scout Looks For

It doesn't happen that way at all, you know. Instead, the scout, who is usually an assistant coach, drops in at the athletic association offices to pick up his tickets, and he may sit in the press box or high up in the stands at the 50-yard line or, at his request, at one end of the field. The tickets have been reserved for him and for other scouts. Possibly they have been mailed. In that case, with more time to kill, the scout may drop in to see the coaches of one of the teams he is to observe. Perhaps there is a talking session in a hotel room, or a game of squash or a round of golf. If you happen to be visiting Dick Hanley of Northwestern, Andy Kerr of Colgate, Howard Jones of Southern California or any other of a few dozen I might name in East or West, it will certainly be a round of golf.

After the game, the coach and the scout who has watched his team frequently spend two or three hours together until train time. During one of these sessions last season, a rival coach asked one of Columbia's scouts to give his frank opinion on the relative merits of two or three men who had played in the afternoon and who were having a hot fight for the same position. He was puzzled and wanted the outsider's viewpoint. He got it, frankly and honestly.

This situation, it seems to me, is far more natural and satisfactory than the condition brought about by the well-intentioned but, in my mind, artificial non-scouting pacts which several Eastern universities adopted a few years ago. Two of my most respected friends, Tad Jones of Yale and the late Bill Roper of Princeton, were the first to apply the idea to the larger colleges. They believed non-scouting would loosen up the defenses, result in more interesting offensive football and decrease the intensity with which the boys viewed the sport. Other colleges, rivals of these two, were asked to try out the plan and some did for two or three seasons. Harvard, as I recall it, entered a non-scouting pact with Yale for a season, then returned to scouting.

There was never any suspicion that one of these colleges was violating the agreement. But there were complications. The coaches could destroy letters of information mailed to them by overenthusiastic alumni who had seen the non-scouting rival play but he could not always keep these "old grads" from talking before some of the players in their clubs and fraternity houses. Naturally the coach couldn't keep his players from reading the newspapers and studying the analytical stories and diagrams on Sunday and Monday mornings. These articles included much of the information a scout would have gathered. In spite of everything, the players formed preconceived notions of the offense and defense they were about to meet. But often they gleaned merely enough to form misconceptions.

If, however, a team would turn up with a defense that happened to be especially fitted and effective in meeting a rival's attack, careless and unofficial tongues would start to wag in the stands. There was the further complication that arose when two teams played, one of which could and the other could not be scouted by a mutual opponent of the later season. Naturally it was impossible to scout one team without seeing the other.

Now, what does a scout seek and what does he bring home?

First, I'll tell you what he does not seek. Contrary to the usual impression, he does not want a notebook full of play diagrams. One of the most skillful scouts I ever knew never made a note until he was at home again in the quiet of his own study. He was unusual. Most scouts do make sparing notes. But only rarely do notes of experienced scouts include diagrams of offensive plays unless, of course, something surprisingly new develops. The first-class scout knows before he goes to the game just about what plays may be expected from each type of formation. The things he wants to accomplish as he studies a prospective opponent may be grouped generally under three heads:

1. He observes the personnel from the points of view of speed, power, kicking and passing strength as well as the personal peculiarities and excellences—or weaknesses—of the players.

2. He notes the general lines of the attack, the formations used, the type of plays run from those formations and in what situations, if any, the quarterback tends to vary from the usual practice of using his power plays, his sweeps, his forward passes or his quick-kick. He looks for evidences of "giveaways" such as I mentioned before. Every team has them lurking there in the background, waiting to be picked up by a shrewd scout. Especially the scout wants to know when your team is going to pass, run or kick. And there are ways of finding out.

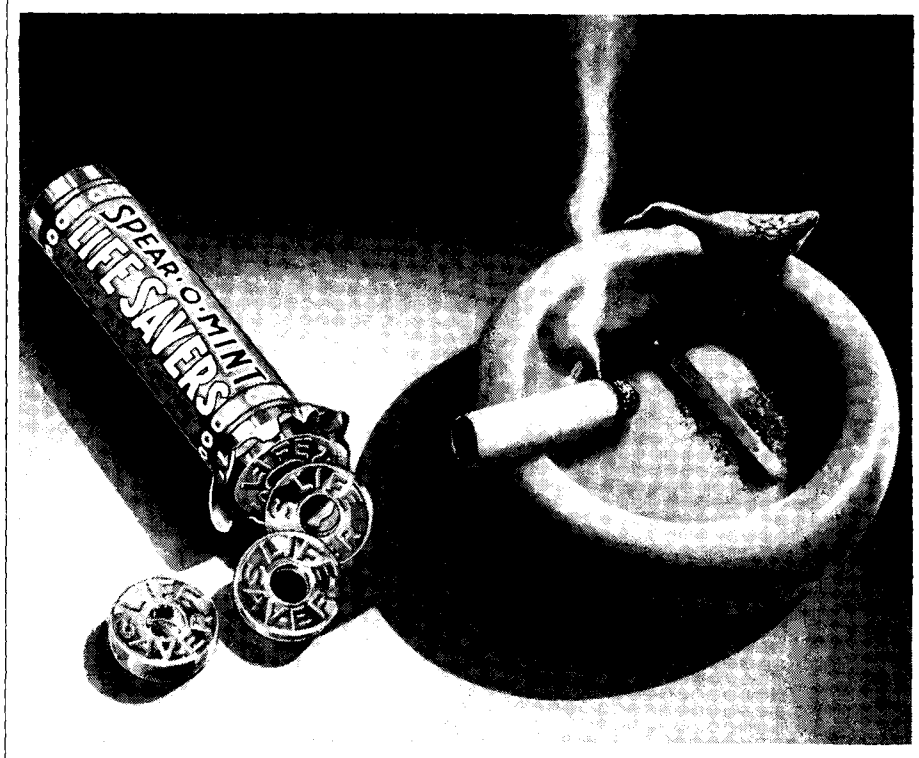
3. But most important of all, the scout studies his subject's defense. How is the defensive line spaced normally? Is it a straight-charging or a sliding defensive line? Can it be fooled by sharp change-of-direction plays? How are the defensive backs aligned and how do they change according to varying situations on the field? Is the pass defense man-to-man or zone or a combination of both? Can the defense be made a victim of the quick-kick, one of the most effective weapons of the modern attack?

It Tightens Up the Game

A good scout learns even more about your defense than your attack. He goes home and huddles with his head coach. The result on the following Saturday is an attack designed to strike the opponents' defensive weaknesses even more than a defense set up to meet his attack. That is why I believe that scouting makes a more interesting game of football offensively, contrary to the general opinion that it serves to tighten up the game. If it were not for scouting, the chances are we would spend a great portion of our practice time on defensive work, attempting to cover the entire realm of defensive football for each opponent. With scouting, hours are not

(Continued on page 56)

THE END OF A PERFECT SMOKE



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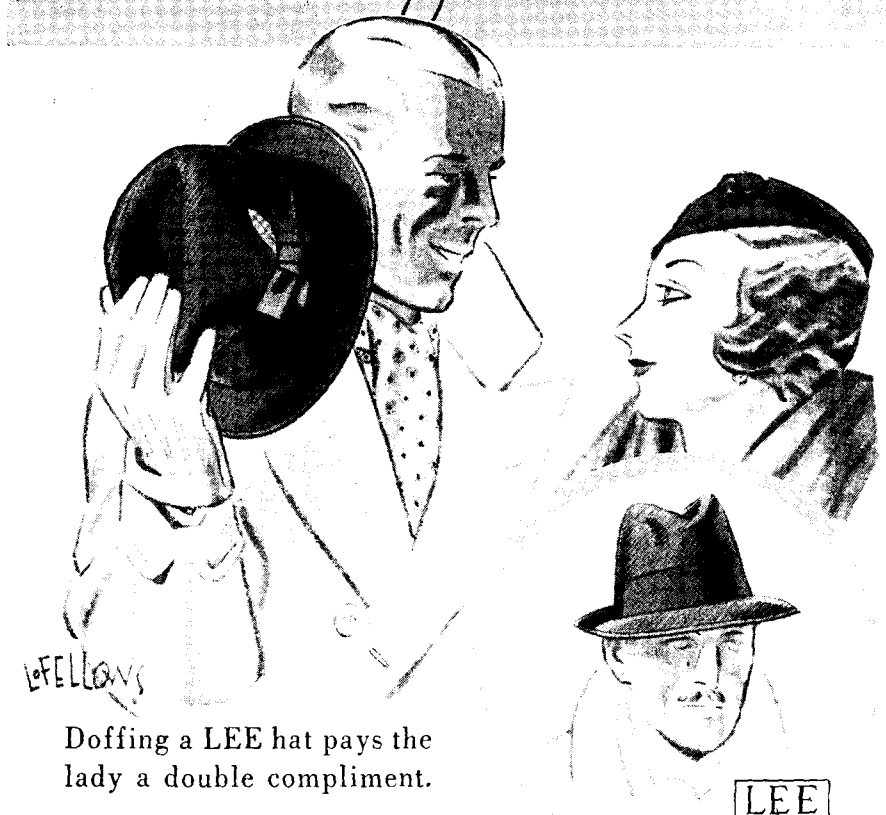

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(Continued from page 55)

wasted in futile work. The boys know what they are trying to do. They know what plays may be expected from certain formations. They know, too, that those expectations must vary from week to week according to the opponents' personnel.

Two years ago, Army and Cornell ran the majority of their plays from an almost identical formation, the single wingback. But a team preparing to meet Army and Cornell on successive Saturdays would have prepared an essentially different defense. Facing Army, the stress would have been placed on the defense against flanking and forward pass plays because of the speed and versatility of Ken Fields and Jack Buckler, Army's two fine triple-threat backs. But against Cornell, the defense would have been set up primarily to stop the terrific line-smashing of Bart Viviano, a black-haired, rampaging young terror who went into a line with the ungentle nudge of a four-ton truck. Cornell is one of Columbia's annual major opponents and it was with great relief that I read of the graduation with honors of young Mr. Viviano from Ithaca's halls of learning.

Try It Yourself

Every football scout of experience learns to look for the little telltale things. Wideawake players learn to look for the same things in a new opponent after a game starts. A frequent habit of backs about to throw a pass is to wet the tips of the fingers of the passing hand with the tongue. Cliff Montgomery, although an unusually smart player, used to betray himself by wiping his right hand on his jersey before passing. It required a season to break him of that. Scouts notice such things.

It is almost impossible to keep an inexperienced back from fixing his eyes on the ball under center as his signal is being called. One back I recall used to swallow hard when his signal was called. A sharp-eyed scout with the aid of field-glasses noticed that. Others tense the muscles of their hands so that the knuckles show white. That is a tip-off for which the player giving defensive signals is always told to watch. Perhaps the running guard lines up a few inches off the line of scrimmage, his feet shifted ever so slightly from normal position or his body swayed just a bit to one side or the other. Unconsciously he is doing that for the purpose of swinging out of the line faster to lead the interference. But he's advertising the type and direction of the play.

I've been trying to show you, Reader, that a scouting report might have helped you against the deception of that attack you faced out there at right end for two or three plays as this article began. Quite probably that left halfback who ran around you for a touchdown gave some indication of what he was going to do as his signal was being called. Perhaps he came up on his toes just a trifle more than his mates. Maybe his eyes fastened themselves too intently on that ball under center. Perhaps a little flush came to his face. Maybe he edged back a foot or two behind his normal spot in the formation to get a better start. But you, and the back directing your defense, didn't know what to look for.

Play the part of a football scout some Saturday afternoon this season. Take a pair of field-glasses with you. Sit at the end of the field behind the goal posts for a period or a half, as many scouts do, to get a different perspective on the teams. Forget the man with the ball sometimes. Try to note the tiny details in a team's tendencies as they line up on certain plays, then remember what followed. Note the varying positions in the defense and offense. Try to spot the "giveaways." They may be slight but they are there on every team.

I think you'll treat yourself to an interesting afternoon as a voluntary member of football's "intelligence department." And you'll come away with a fuller appreciation of the mentality that goes into making a college football game well played.

The next article of this series, Tuning Up the Team, will appear in next week's Collier's.

Singing in the Sun

Continued from page 22

behind the long tables and filled paper plates with huge helpings of kid and beef and frijoles. Cowboys who had volunteered to act as bartenders kept the cold beer flowing. Children sat on the grass under the trees looking their amazement. Many had never before been away from the ranches on which they had been born. This was a new world to them. Now the orchestra arrived. Four Mexican boys they were, and the leader had been blind since birth—but he could play an accordion. You couldn't name a Mexican or a cowboy song that these boys didn't know.

The sun was high in the heavens now and it poured down a blistering barrage of heat, but there was plenty of beer, and lemonade for the youngsters, and there was shade in the back of the ranch house. Cowboys mingled with ranch owners and they swapped tales, and if you listened you heard stories that thrilled you. There was Uncle Pete Johnson, for instance. He was sitting there on the grass with Will Ed Harris and Dewey Stokes.

"In 1885," he was saying, "I drove a herd of cattle right through this valley. I brought them from Texas all the way to Iowa and didn't lose a single head. Yes, sir, started out with 3,500 of them, too. Of course, I gave a few to the Indians on the way. If I hadn't of, I would of lost the whole herd—but the Indians were reasonable, even in those days."

A group of youngsters had surrounded Buck Higgins, looking at him with worship in their eyes. Buck is the world's champion bulldogger, holding the record at two and two-fifths seconds. He hails from the Diamond-A ranch over in Arizona. He talked casually of Breezy Cox, Ed Bowman, Bob Crosby and the other heroes of the rodeos, and the eyes of the youngsters glistened.

Smiling Through Tragedy

The orchestra was playing now. Sometimes the boys played cowboy songs, sometimes ordinary tunes and then they'd play Mexican songs. When they played Mexican songs they sang softly.

The crowd, laughing, acquainted now, moved toward the dance floor. Huge tubs of ice cream had replaced the beer behind the bar and cowboys with guns at their belts were eating large plates of it. Ice cream is a real delicacy in the ranch country—especially during a drought. Everyone was gay and if underneath the gayety you could detect a faint hysterical note, well, you knew the

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reason for that. You knew that every rancher there was facing ruin and you knew that the smiling women who were dancing had been through a ghastly year. Many men there had spent their lifetimes building up great herds, only to see ten months of drought destroy their labor and turn their herds into scrawny, bloodless caricatures of what they had been. The worst drought since 1904, they said. But now today they were forgetting it.

The Mexican boys played on and they came to the song of the man who cried, "I am the abandoned one—but it is the will of God and I accept it." The guitars strummed, the accordion cried and the violin sighed. . . .

Pioneer Stock

They swung into gayer tempo, the lilting tune of a square dance and Jim Cooper and his wife, the best square dancers in the county, brought shrieks of delight from the crowd. You looked about and you noticed that, unlike most crowds, this was a crowd composed of individuals. There were marks on each face and there was a story behind each face, because these men and women were all pioneers or the sons and daughters of pioneers and their economic fight was not the fight of city folk who fight and compete against one another—but instead a fight against nature, a grim, relentless war in which there is never an armistice.

Get the story of any man or woman there and you'd have a paragraph in the story of the Southwest and of the country. There, for instance, is a smiling white-haired woman. She looks on with placid, serene eyes and the plains are in her eyes and you wonder who she is and you ask and you hear a story. . . .

James Church was a young adventuresome Irishman and in 1880 he decided that Ireland was too small for him. He would, he thought, seek his fortune in the new world and he said goodby to the fairest colleen in the county and he said he'd send for her as soon as he established himself in far-off America.

Off he went and he worked himself west and soon he reached New Mexico and he liked what he looked upon and there he hung his hat and his gun and there he settled. And in due time he sent for his colleen. She came across the sea and then across the country as far as St. Louis; and in those days there was nothing west of St. Louis but a trackless expanse of plain studded with uncharted mountains with hostile Indians always on the alert for plunder. But, undaunted, she managed to get an old army ambulance and six mules and in that manner she came to New Mexico and the arms of her man. Five of the mules died—it had been a horrible trip but the fairest colleen in the country didn't die. She survived and became Mrs. Church and the belle of that part of the country and more than once she danced with Billy the Kid, of whom she says, "He seemed a nice boy." And she lived through hardship and drought and famine and through peace and plenty, and that's why she stands there now looking on at the dancers with serene eyes. There's the woman rancher, Mrs. Stoval, and there's Truman Spencer, owner of the Big Block ranch, and his wife, daughter of the first governor of New Mexico. There's State Senator Taylor of the 1-Bar-X ranch and the Spanish-American rancher, Leander Vegas. There's Dee Brownfield of Deming, who says, smiling, "Folks out east start bawling before they're hurt—we don't out here."

There's Burt Bonnell and his wife, who is the daughter of Frank Coe. Frank and George Coe came to the West from Glencoe, Scotland, when the West was very young and lusty—just as they were young and lusty. George was a bit of a wild one, I guess. He was a pal of Billy the Kid and he lost a thumb in the battle of Brazos Mill that time the sheriff tried to get the Kid. George was later granted amnesty by General Lew Wallace. . . .

Stories? The ranch is full of stories today. Every man here is a story. Take Billy MacDonald, whose blue eyes are twinkling as he watches the dancers. Billy grew up in Nova Scotia with Max Aitken, who later became Lord Beaverbrook and the greatest journalistic figure in England. Billy has followed the trail of gold all his life and he's been in every gold rush from Alaska to Argentina. During the war he was with the British Intelligence service. Now he's working the Vera Cruz mine high in the hills and his eyes are full of the hope which is in the heart of all gold miners. The big strike is always just ahead.

Brave folk these, and you watch them dance and sing and laugh, and you who have seen lesser mortals bow their heads under blows not nearly so severe as they are taking feel thrilled at knowing them and feel a great wonder at their courage.

Now purple shadows are beginning to creep down the mountain sides, heralding the approach of a cool sunset. The word passes around that it is time for the horse races.

The crowd leaves the scant remains of 1,200 pounds of beef and of two hundred gallons of beer and troops past the ranch house toward the lower plain beyond the corral. The course is marked out and automobiles line one side of it. Cowboys and vaqueros on horseback line the other side and they look a bit contemptuously at the cars. They do, in fact, look out of place standing there hub-deep in sagebrush and mesquite and Spanish dagger.

A Mexican boy on the black horse finds favor with the crowd. He wears no shoes or stockings and his saddle is a worn-out blanket. He scorns stirrups and a bit of lariat serves him as a rein. His flat-bellied, long-legged horse looks like all speed, though. Two other riders wear no shoes. They all carry quirts. Good riders all—after all, riding is their business and their life. Bob Boise, Bob Pfingsten, Bob Crenshaw—then they're off and the crowd shrieks.

A Day to Talk About

A blanket would cover the first three horses to finish but Crenshaw's bay is a nose in front. Monty Gardenshire rides a little Indian paint to victory in the next race.

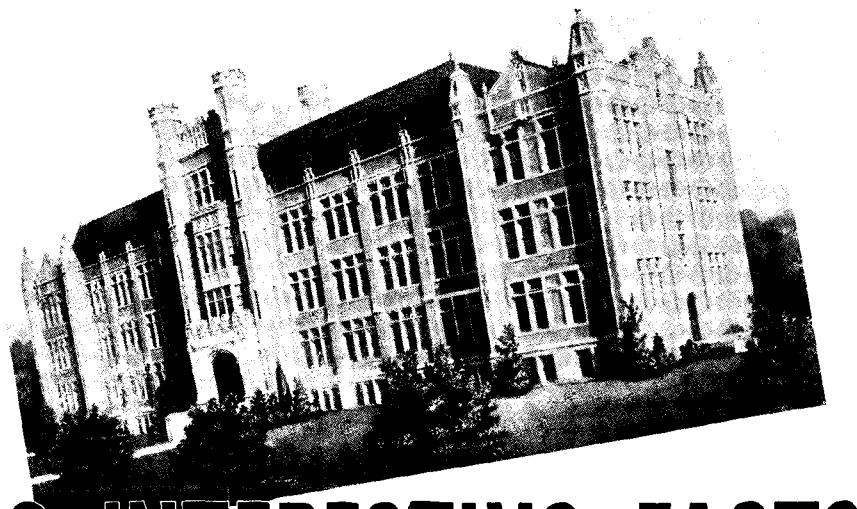
So it goes until the sun goes down and the valley is cool now. There are chores to be done at home—and home in most cases is a long way off.

It has been a day to talk about for months.

The road from the plain is a narrow winding road and automobiles form a two-mile-long snake that slithers through the sagebrush of the valley. The cowboys stay on awhile talking and here and there a horse deal is consummated. Then they too start home—home to the drought-scarred range.

They turn their ponies down the road. They ride slowly and they are filled with peace. One drops behind to fix a loosened saddle girth. Then he remounts and gallops his pony toward the rest. And he sings the doleful song of the range and it comes to you, clearly, for the valley is quiet now. He sings:

"I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
And a long, long way from home."



12 INTERESTING FACTS

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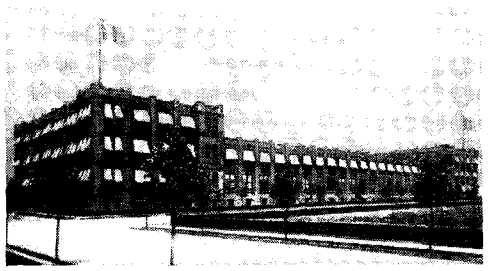

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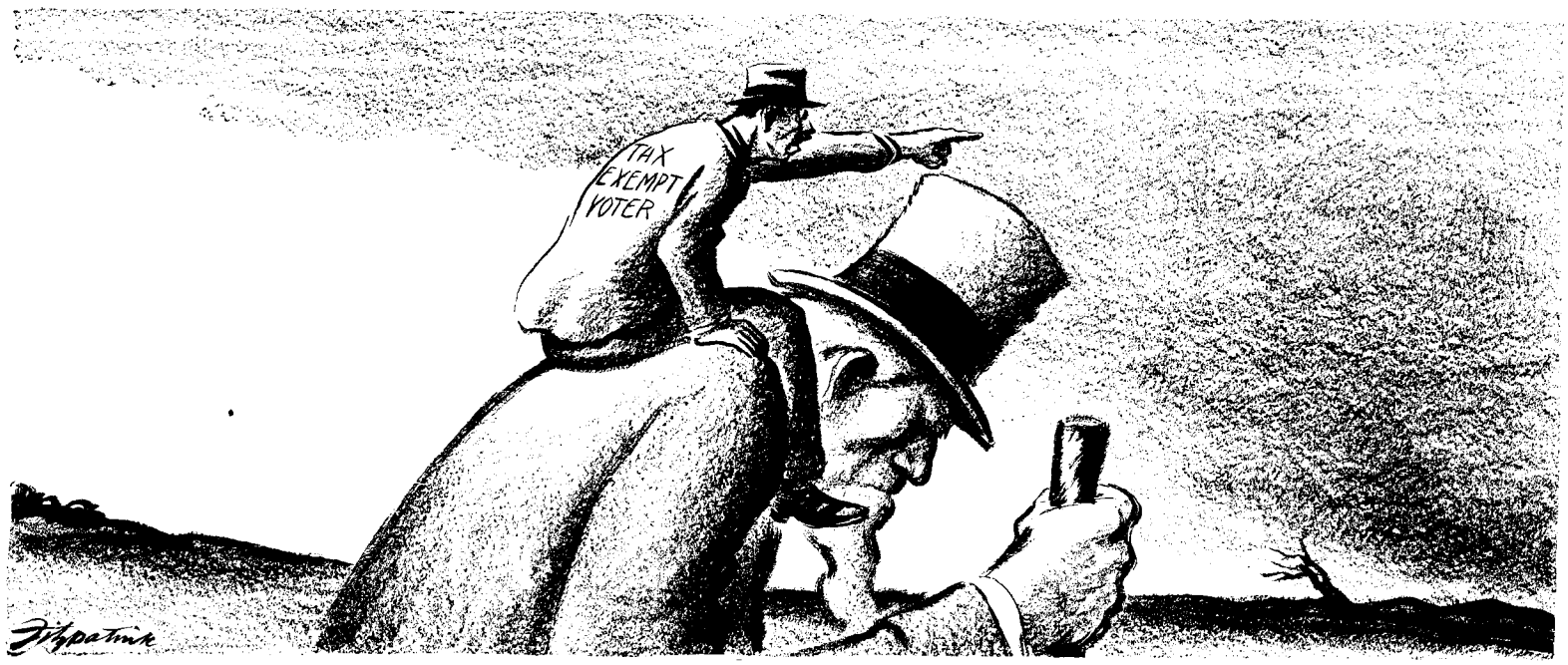

Representation Without Taxation

A NEW and dangerous principle is being applied in the levying of our taxes, federal, state and local.

We began our separate life as a nation by fighting an eight years' war to establish the validity of the rule of no taxation without representation. We won our national independence on that foundation. Now, in place of no taxation without representation, federal, state and local governments are levying taxes on the slogan, "soak the rich." A hundred years ago a man could not vote unless he paid taxes. Today politicians are doing their utmost to relieve the largest groups of voters from the necessity of paying taxes. The cycle is complete and ominous.

For the moment, "soak the rich" is a popular political principle. The rich have few friends in government. No congressman or legislator or local taxing authority sheds tears when a rich man protests against the blows of the tax collector. Never in history have the rich had less voice in the making of governmental decisions. A rich friend is an embarrassment to an active politician.

There is no need to worry over the eclipse of the rich. They enjoyed their long day of privilege and favor. Perhaps they will enjoy another such day. Charles II's gay years came after England tired of the dour Cromwell. The pendulum still swings and social change is as inevitable as the recurrence of the seasons.

But wholly apart from any other consideration, a taxing policy which seeks to lay the burden of governmental support on the backs of the few is poison in the springs of democracy. It may be argued, not very soundly, that the rich can afford to support the government, but it is certainly true that the rest of the nation cannot afford to allow the rich to carry the entire burden.

For just as soon as we cease to pay taxes or to be in any way responsible for the acts of our government, we lose a vital connection with government. If the decisions of our representatives mean nothing to our pocketbooks, we are not concerned in their decisions. A democracy can survive only if its people are intelligently interested in their public affairs. Deprive the citizens of the need of contributing to the support of government and little interest in government survives.

The principle of taxing only the few has arisen unobtrusively. No radical advocated such a policy. It is the unconscious work of routine politicians.

The taxman must, of course, everywhere and at all times gather revenue where revenue exists. This is fundamental economics. It is also fundamental politics to irritate as few voters as possible and taxes are admittedly irritating. So quite naturally, with no hullabaloo and little argument as to principle, Democrats and Republicans alike have been trying to find taxes which hit the fewest number practicable.

The income tax, after long debate, commended itself to public opinion and the Sixteenth Amendment was deliberately written into the Constitution to eliminate all constitutional objection to a graduated income tax. No party now opposes income taxes.

Even a good tax, however, may be overworked. The effort recently has been to exempt as many as possible from income-tax payments and to increase the levies on those of higher incomes. Only about two million people pay income taxes out of a voting population of approximately forty million. There is thus one income-tax payer to twenty voters.

When the federal government reëstablished income taxes in 1913, it was thought that this sort of taxation would be reserved for the federal government. In recent years, however, many of the states adopted income-tax laws and now numerous cities are considering it. Already New York City has set the example. In 1935 the resident of New York will be subject to three separate income taxes—national, state and municipal.

The same tendency is shown in other fields of taxation. Upton Sinclair promised, as a candidate, to exempt from real estate taxation California homes worth $3,000 or less. On the existing basis of assessment, that actually means that homes worth as much as $8,000 would be tax-free. Three fourths of all home owners would be tax-exempt under such a scheme. Of course, neither Mr. Sinclair nor any other politician could redeem such a promise, but, as it has been said, it is hard to vote against Santa Claus.

Large corporations, like the rich, are also preferred objects of taxation. Corporations can't vote and are generally unpopular. Fewer than a quarter of a million corporations pay taxes to the federal government.

The automotive industry has been singled out for taxation on the fallacious notion that automobiles are luxuries rather than necessary utilities. Altogether, last year automobile users paid $1,137,872,000 in taxes.

The present tendency of income and business taxes is to impose burdens too heavy to be endured. Enterprise and initiative are slowed down. The taxgatherer can destroy the sources of future public revenue. In such times as these taxes must be heavy, but in the public interest taxes should never be destructive. Government must be supported for many years after the present emergency has become merely a memory. The public welfare demands that the sources of revenue be not destroyed.

Our taxing officials—national, state and local—must reconsider and reorganize our entire system of public revenue. The responsibility of supporting the government cannot be safely left to the few.

These are elementary facts which too many congressmen, legislators and local officials seem in the excitement of the moment to have forgotten. We shall move ahead faster as reason and equity are restored to our taxation policies.

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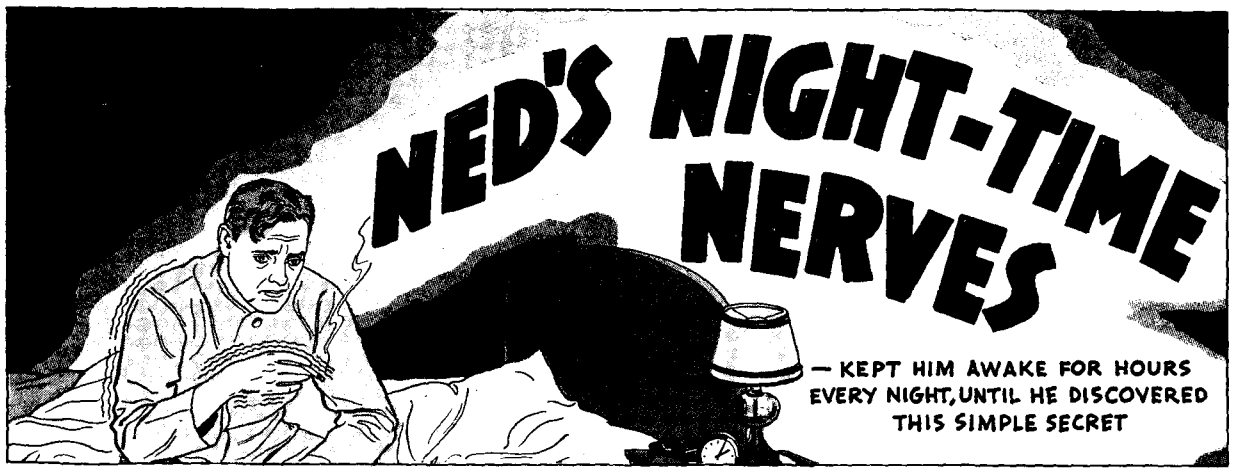

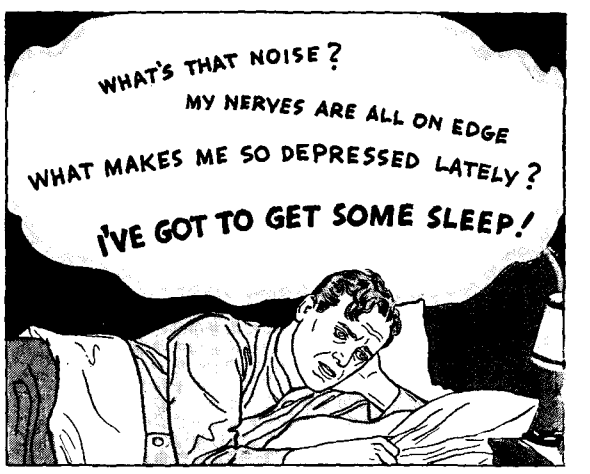

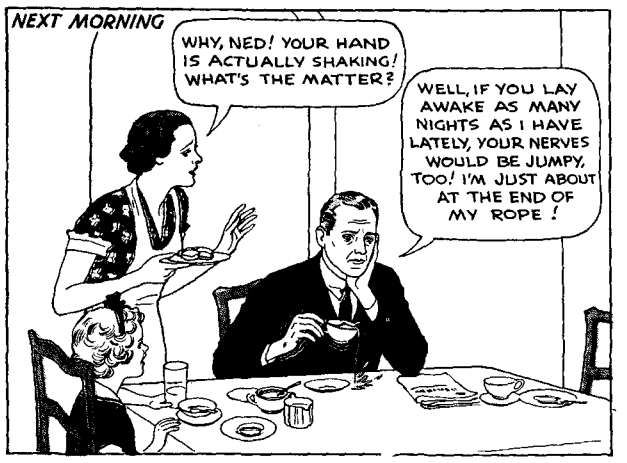

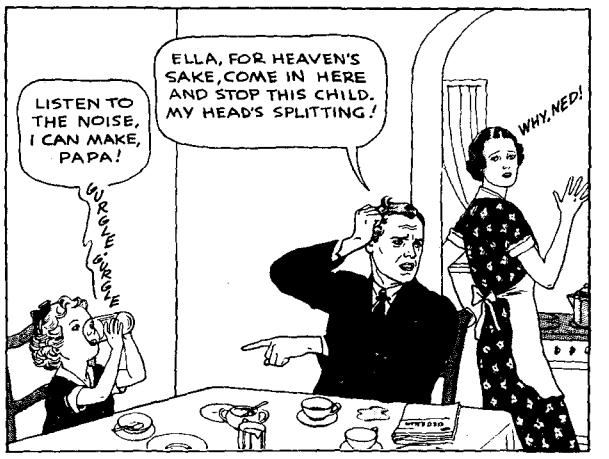

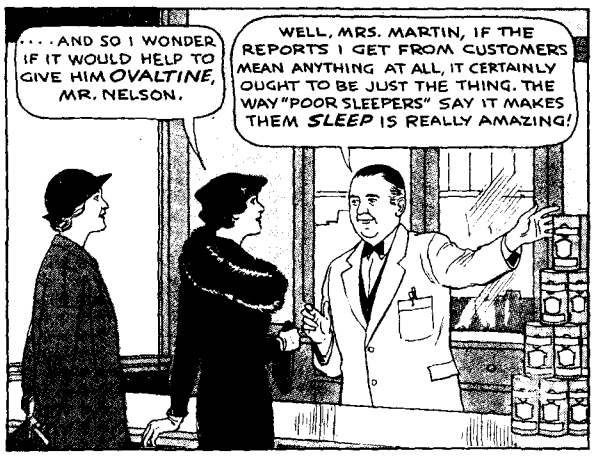

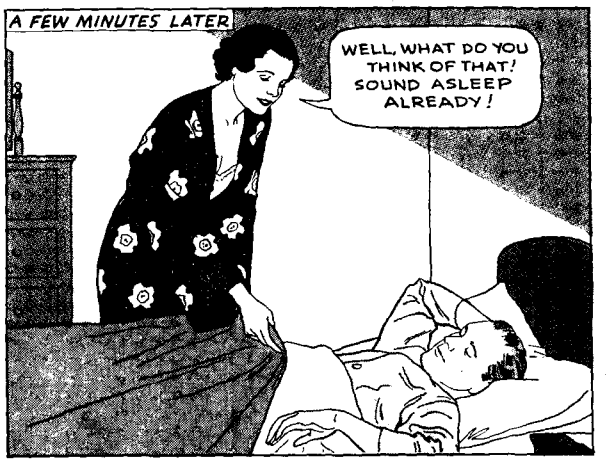

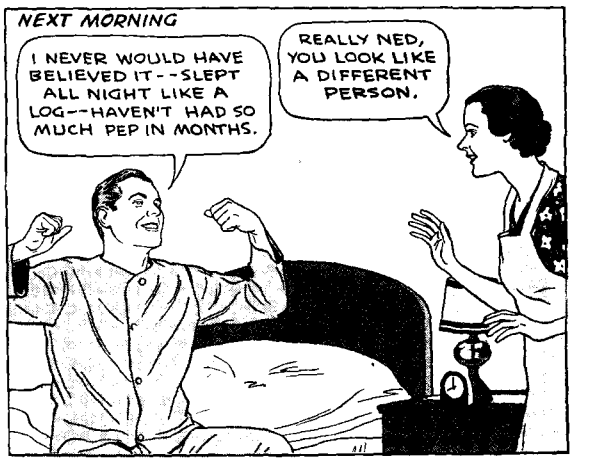

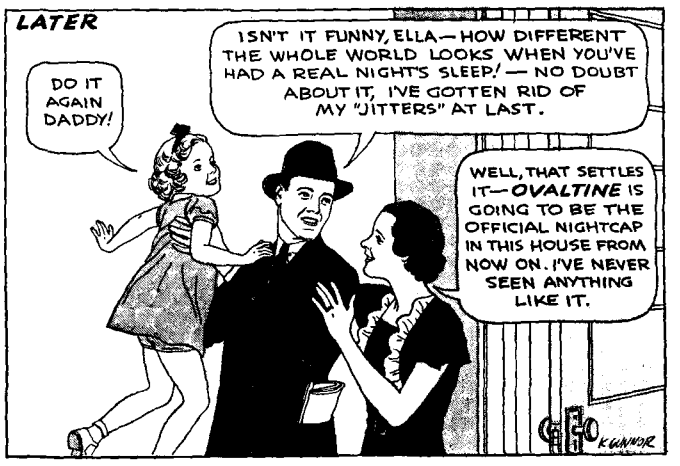

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